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THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

A sick woman in a squalid rear tenement, so wretched and so pitiful that, in all the years since, I have not seen anything more appealing, determined me, within half an hour, to live on the East Side.

I had spent two years in a New York training-school for nurses; strenuous years for an undisciplined, untrained girl, but a wonderful human experience. After graduation, I supplemented the theoretical instruction, which was casual and inconsequential in the hospital classes twenty-five years ago, by a period of study at a medical college. It was while at the college that a great opportunity came to me.

I had little more than an inspiration to be of use in some way or somehow, and going to the hospital seemed the readiest means of realizing my desire. While there, the long hours 'on duty' and the exhausting demands of the ward work scarcely admitted freedom for keeping informed as to what was happening in the world outside. The nurses had no time for general reading; visits to and from friends were brief; we were out of the current and saw little of life save as it flowed into the hospital wards. It is not strange, therefore, that I should have been ignorant of the

various movements which reflected the awakening of the social conscience at the time, or of the birth of the 'settlement,' which twenty-five years ago was giving form to a social protest in England and America. Indeed it was not until the plan of our work on the East Side was well developed that knowledge came to me of other groups of people who, reacting to a humane or an academic appeal, were adopting this mode of expression and calling it a 'settlement.'

Two decades ago the words 'East Side' called up a vague and alarming picture of something strange and alien: a vast crowded area, a foreign city within our own, for whose conditions we had no concern. Aside from its exploiters, political and economic, few people had any definite knowledge of it, and its literary 'discovery' had but just begun.

The lower East Side then reflected the popular indifference — it almost seemed contempt — for the living conditions of a huge population. And the possibility of improvement seemed, when my inexperience was startled into thought, the more remote because of the dumb acceptance of these conditions by the East Side itself. Like the rest of the world I had known little of it, when friends of a philanthropic

institution asked me to do something for that quarter.

Remembering the families who came to visit patients in the wards, I outlined a course of instruction in home nursing adapted to their needs, and gave it in an old building in Henry Street, then used as a technical school and now part of the settlement. Henry Street then as now was the centre of a dense industrial population.

From the schoolroom where I had been giving a lesson in bed-making, a little girl led me one drizzling March morning. She had told me of her sick mother, and gathering from her incoherent account that a child had been born, I caught up the paraphernalia of the bed-making lesson and carried it with me.

The child led me over broken roadways, — there was no asphalt, although its use was well established in other parts of the city, — over dirty mattresses and heaps of refuse, — it was before Colonel Waring had shown the possibility of clean streets even in that quarter, — between tall, reeking houses whose laden fire-escapes, useless for their appointed purpose, bulged with household goods of every description. The rain added to the dismal appearance of the streets and to the discomfort of the crowds which thronged them, intensifying the odors which assailed me from every side. Through Hester and Division streets we went to the end of Ludlow; past odorous fish-stands, for the streets were a marketplace, unregulated, unsupervised, unclean; past evil-smelling, uncovered garbage-cans; and — perhaps worst of all, where so many little children played — past the trucks brought down from more fastidious quarters and stalled on these already overcrowded streets, lending themselves inevitably to many forms of indecency.

The child led me on through a tene-

ment hallway, across a court where open and unscreened closets were promiscuously used by men and women, up into a rear tenement, by slimy steps whose accumulated dirt was augmented that day by the mud of the streets, and finally into the sickroom.

All the maladjustments of our social and economic relations seemed epitomized in this brief journey and what was found at the end of it. The family to which the child led me was neither criminal nor vicious. Although the husband was a cripple, one of those who stand on street corners exhibiting deformities to enlist compassion, and masking the begging of alms by a pretence at selling; although the family of seven shared their two rooms with boarders, — who were literally boarders, since a piece of timber was placed over the floor for them to sleep on, — and although the sick woman lay on a wretched, unclean bed, soiled with a hemorrhage two days old, they were not degraded human beings, judged by any measure of moral values.

In fact it was very plain that they were sensitive to their condition, and when, at the end of my ministrations, they kissed my hands (those who have undergone similar experiences will, I am sure, understand), it would have been some solace if by any conviction of the moral unworthiness of the family I could have defended myself as a part of a society which permitted such conditions to exist. Indeed my subsequent acquaintance with them revealed the fact that, miserable as their state was, they were not without ideals for the family life, and for society, of which they were so unloved and unlovely a part.

That morning's experience was a baptism of fire. Deserted were the laboratory and the academic work of the college. I never returned to them. On my way from the sickroom to my comfort-

able student quarters my mind was intent on my own responsibility. To my inexperience it seemed certain that conditions such as these were allowed because people did not *know*, and for me there was a challenge to know and to tell. When early morning found me still awake, my naïve conviction remained that, if people knew things, — and ‘things’ meant everything implied in the condition of this family, — such horrors would cease to exist, and I rejoiced that I had had a training in the care of the sick that in itself would give me an organic relationship to the neighborhood in which this awakening had come.

II

To the first sympathetic friend to whom I poured forth my story, I found myself presenting a plan which had been developing almost without conscious mental direction on my part. It was, doubtless, the accumulation of many reflections inspired by acquaintance with the patients in the hospital wards, and now, with the Ludlow Street experience, resistlessly impelling me to action.

Within a day or two a comrade from the training school, Mary Brewster, agreed to share in the venture. We were to live in that neighborhood as nurses, identify ourselves with it socially, and, in brief, contribute to it our citizenship. That plan contained in embryo all the extended and diversified social interests of our settlement group to-day.

When I first entered the training-school my outpourings to the superintendent, — a woman touched with a genius for sympathy, — my youthful heroics, and my vow to ‘nurse the poor’ were met with what I deemed vague reference to the ‘Mission.’ Afterwards when I sought guidance I found that in New York the visiting (or dis-

trict) nurse was accessible only through sectarian organizations or the free dispensary.

As our plan crystallized, my friend and I were certain that a system for nursing the sick in their homes could not be firmly established unless certain fundamental social facts were recognized. We tried to imagine how loved ones for whom we might be solicitous would react were they in the place of the patients whom we hoped to serve, and this test gave us vision to establish certain principles, whose soundness has been proved during the growth of the service. The staff, which in the beginning consisted of two nurses, my friend, and myself, has been increased until it now covers two great boroughs of New York City. In the year 1913-14, calls came from nearly 1100 more patients than the combined total of those treated during the same year in three of the large hospitals — a comparison valuable chiefly as measuring the growing demand of the sick for home nursing. The work thus begun comprised in simple form all those varied lines of activity which have since been developed into the many highly specialized branches of public health nursing now covering the United States and engaging thousands of nurses. With time, experience, and the stimulus of creative minds, our technique and administrative methods have improved, but our whole later work is found in embryo in our first two years.

We perceived that it was undesirable to condition the nurse’s service upon the actual or potential connection of the patient with a religious institution or free dispensary, or to have the nurse assigned to the exclusive use of one physician; and we planned to create a service on terms most considerate of the dignity and independence of the patients. We felt that the nursing of the sick in their homes should be under-

taken seriously and adequately; that instruction should be incidental and not the primary consideration; that the etiquette, so far as doctor and patient were concerned, should be analogous to the established system of private nursing; that the nurse should be as ready to respond to calls from the people themselves as to calls from physicians; that she should accept calls from all physicians, and with no more red tape or formality than if she were to remain with one patient continuously.

The new basis of the visiting-nurse service which we thus inaugurated reacted almost immediately upon the relationship of the nurse to the patient, reversing the position the nurse had formerly held. Chagrin at having the neighbors see in her an agent whose presence proclaimed the family's poverty or its failure to give adequate care to its sick member, was changed to the gratifying consciousness that her presence, in conjunction with that of the doctor, 'private' or 'Lodge,'¹ proclaimed the family's liberality and anxiety to do everything possible for the sufferer. For the exposure of poverty is a great humiliation to people who are trying to maintain a foothold in society for themselves and their families.

My colleague and I realized that there were large numbers of people who could not, or would not, avail themselves of the hospitals. It was estimated that ninety per cent of the sick people in cities were sick at home, — an estimate which has been corroborated (1913-14) by the investigation of the Committee of Inquiry into the Departments of Health, Charities, and Bellevue and Allied Hospitals of New York, — and a humanitarian civilization demanded that something of the nursing care given in hospitals should be

accorded to sick people in their homes.

We decided that fees should be charged when people could pay. It was interesting to discover that, although nominal in amount compared with the cost of the service, these fees represented a much larger proportion of the wage in the case of the ordinary worker who paid for the hourly service, than did the fee paid by a man with a salary of \$5000, who engaged the full time of the nurse. Our plan, we reasoned, was analogous to the custom of 'private' hospitals, which give free treatment or charge according to the resources of the ward patients. Both private hospitals and visiting nursing are thereby lifted out of 'charity' as comprehended by the people.

We felt that for economic reasons valuable and expensive hospital space should be saved for those for whom the hospital treatment is necessary; and an obvious social consideration was that many people, particularly women, cannot leave their homes without imperiling, or sometimes destroying, the home itself.

We set to work immediately to find quarters — no easy task, as we clung to the civilization of a bathroom, and according to a legend current at the time there were only two bathrooms in tenement houses below Fourteenth Street. Chance helped us here. A young woman who for many years played an important part in the life of the East Side, overhearing a conversation of mine with a fellow student, gave me an introduction to two men who, she said, knew all about the quarter of the city which I wished to enter. I called on them immediately, and their response to my need was as prompt. Without stopping to inquire into my antecedents or motives, or to discourse on the social aspects of the community, of which, I soon learned, they were competent to speak with authority, they

¹ The 'Lodge' doctor is the physician provided by a mutual benefit society or 'Lodge' to attend its members. — THE AUTHOR.

set out with me at once, in a pouring rain, to scour the adjacent streets for 'To Let' signs. One sign which seemed to me worth investigating, my newly acquired friends discarded with the explanation that it was in the 'red light' district and would not do. Later I was to know much of the unfortunate women who inhabited the quarter, but at the time the term meant nothing to me.

After a long tour one of my guides, as if by inspiration, reminded the other that several young women had taken a house on Rivington Street for something like my purpose, and perhaps I had better live there temporarily and take my time in finding satisfactory quarters. Upon that advice I acted, and within a few days Miss Brewster and I found ourselves guests at the luncheon table of the College Settlement on Rivington Street. With ready hospitality they took us in, and, during July and August, we were 'residents' in stimulating comradeship with serious women, who were also the fortunate possessors of a saving sense of humor.

Before September of the year 1893 we found a house on Jefferson Street, the only one in which our careful search disclosed the desired bathtub. It had other advantages — the vacant floor at the top (so high that the windows along the entire side wall gave us sun and breeze), and, greatest lure of all, the warm welcome which came to us from the basement, where we found the janitress ready to answer questions as to terms.

Naturally, objections to two young women living alone in New York under these conditions had to be met, and some assurance as to our material comfort was given to anxious, though at heart sympathetic, families by compromising on good furniture, a Baltimore heater for cheer, and simple but adequate household appurtenances.

Painted floors with easily removed rugs, windows curtained with spotless but inexpensive scrim, a sitting-room with pictures, books, and restful chairs, a tiny bedroom which we two shared, a small dining room in which the family mahogany did not look out of place, and a kitchen, constituted our home for two full years.

The much-esteemed bathroom, small and dark, was in the hall, and necessitated early rising if we were to have the use of it; for, as we became known, we had many callers anxious to see us before we started on our sick rounds. The diminutive closet-space was divided to hold the bags and equipment we needed from day to day, and more ample store-closets were given us by the kindly people in the school where I had first given lessons to East Side mothers. Any pride in the sacrifice of material comfort which might have risen within us was effectually inhibited by the constant reminder that we two young persons occupied exactly the same space as the large families on every floor below us, and to one of our basement friends at least we were luxurious beyond the dreams of ordinary folk.

The little lad from the basement was our first invited guest. The simple but appetizing dinner my comrade prepared, while I set the table and placed the flowers. The boy's mother came up later in the evening to find out what we had given him, for Johnnie had rushed down with eyes bulging and had reported that 'them ladies live like the Queen of England and eat off of solid gold plates.'

We learned the most efficient use of the fire-escape and felt many times blessed because of our easy access to the roof. We also learned the infinite uses to which stairs can be put. Later we achieved 'local color' in our rooms by the addition of interesting pieces of brass and copper purchased from

a man on Allen Street whom we and several others had 'discovered.' His little dark shop under the elevated railway was fitfully illuminated by the glowing forge. On our first visit the proprietor emerged from a still darker inner room with prayer-shawl and phylactery. He became one of our pleasant acquaintances and lost no occasion of acknowledging what he considered his debt to the appreciative customers who had helped to make him and his wares known to a wider circle than that of the neighborhood.

The mere fact of living in the tenement brought undreamed-of opportunities for widening our knowledge and extending our human relationships. That we were Americans was wonderful to our fellow-tenants. They were all immigrants — Jews from Russia or Roumania. The sole exception was the janitress, Mrs. McD., who at once dedicated herself and her entire family to the service of the top floor. Dear Mrs. McD.! From her basement home she covered us with her protecting love and was no small influence in holding us to sanity. Humor, astuteness, and sympathy were needed and these she gave in abundance.

It was vouchsafed us to know many fine personalities who influenced and guided us from the first few weeks of residence in the friendly college settlement through the many years that have followed. The two women who stand out with greatest distinction from the first are this pure-souled Scotch-Irish immigrant and Josephine Shaw Lowell. Both, if they were here, would understand the tribute in linking them together.

Occasionally Mrs. McD. would feel impelled to reprove us for 'overdoing' ourselves, and from our top story we were hard pushed to save visitors from being sent away when she thought we needed to finish a meal or go to bed.

Cautious as we were not to make any distinctions in commenting upon the visitors who came to see us, she made her own deductions. At whatever hour we returned, she would be at the door to welcome us and to report on the happenings during our absence. 'So-and-so was here': shrewd descriptions which often enabled us to identify individuals when names were forgotten. 'Lots of visitors to-night,' she would report. 'Were messages left, or names?' we would naturally inquire. 'No, darlints, nothing at all. I know sure they did n't bring you anything.'

The key to our apartments, usually left with her, was one day forgotten, and when, upon unlocking the door, we saw a well-known society woman seated in our little living-room, we were naturally puzzled to know how she had arrived there. Mrs. McD. explained that she had taken her up the fire-escape! — no slight venture and exertion for the inexperienced. We suggested that other ways might have been more agreeable and safer. 'Whisht,' said Mrs. McD., with a smile and a wink, 'it's no harm at all. She'll be havin' lots of talk for her friends on this.'

When her roving husband died at home, the funeral arrangements were given a last touch by Mrs. McD., who placed on the casket his tobacco and pipe and ordered the procession to pass his tenement home twice before driving to the cemetery, 'So he'd not think we were not for forgivin' him and hurryin' him away.'

Her first love went to my comrade, whose beauty and humor and goodness captured her Celtic heart. During our second year in the tenement Miss Brewster was taken seriously ill, and one evening we had at last succeeded in forcing Mrs. McD. to go home and had locked the door. Unknown to us the dear friend remained on the floor outside all through the night, trying to

catch the sound of life from the loved one.

Bringing up a large family with no help from the 'old man,' and with stern ideals of conduct and integrity, was not easy. Some of her children, endowed with her character, gave her solace, but she was too astute not to estimate each one properly.

When we moved from the tenement to our first house Mrs. McD. and her family gave up the basement rooms, which were rent free because of her janitor service, in order to be near us, and she spread her warmth over the new abode. When, some years later, she was ill and we knew that the end was near, one close to me in my own family claimed my attention. Torn between the two affections, I was loath to leave the city while Mrs. McD. was so ill. She guessed the cause of my perturbed state and advised me to go. 'Darlin', you ought to go. You go. I promise not to die until you come back.'

Letters kept up this assurance and the promise was fulfilled.

III

Almost immediately we found patients who needed care, and doctors ready to accept our services with probably the least amount of friction possible under the circumstances; for those doctors who had not been internes in the hospitals were unfamiliar with the trained nurse, whose work was little known at that time outside the hospitals and the homes of the well-to-do.

Despite the neighborhood's friendliness, however, we struggled, not only with poverty and disease, but with the traditional fate of the pioneer: in many cases we encountered the inevitable opposition which the unusual must arouse. It seems almost ungracious to relate some of our first experiences with doctors. No one can give greater tribute

than do the nurses of the settlement to the generosity of physicians and surgeons when we recall how often paying patients were set aside for more urgent non-paying ones; the counsel freely given from the highest for the lowliest; the eager readiness to respond. Occasionally sage advice came from a veteran who knew the people well and lamented the economic pressure which at times involved, to their spiritual disaster, doctors as well as patients.

The first day on which we set out to discover the sick who might need a nurse, my comrade found a woman with high temperature in an airless room, more oppressive because of the fetid odor from the bed. Service with one of New York's skilled specialists had trained the nurse well and she identified the symptoms immediately. 'Yes, there was a Lodge doctor. — He had left a prescription. — He might come again.' With fine diplomacy an excuse was made to call upon the doctor and to assume that he would accept the nurse's aid. My colleague presented her credentials and offered to accompany him to the case immediately, as she was 'sure conditions must have changed since his last visit or he would doubtless have ordered' so-and-so, — suggesting the treatment the distinguished specialists were then using. He promised to go, and the nurse waited patiently for hours at the woman's bedside. When he arrived he pooh-poohed and said, 'Nothing doing.' We had ascertained the financial condition of the family from the evidence of the empty push-cart and the fact that the fish-peddler was not in the market with his merchandise. Five dollars was loaned that night to purchase stock next day.

My comrade and I decided to visit the patient early the next morning, to mingle judgments on what action could be taken in this serious illness with due respect to established etiquette. When

we arrived, the Lodge doctor and a 'Professor' (a consultant) were in the sick room, and our five dollars, left for fish, was in their possession. Cigarettes in mouths and hats on heads, they were questioning husband and wife, and only Dickens could have done justice to the scene. We were not too timid to allude to the poverty and the source of the fee, and felt free when we were told to 'go ahead and do anything you like.' That permission we acted upon instantly and received, over the telephone, authority from the distinguished specialist to get to work. We were prudent enough to report the authority and treatment given, with solemn etiquette, to the physician in attendance, who in turn congratulated us on having helped him to save a life!

Not all our encounters with this class of practitioner were fruitful of benefit to their patients. Heartbreaking was the tragedy of Samuel, the twenty-one-year-old carpenter, and Ida, his bride. They had been boy and girl sweethearts in Poland, and the coming to America, the preparation of the clean two-roomed home, the expectation of the baby, made a pretty story which should have had happy succeeding chapters, the start was so good. Samuel knocked at our door, incoherent in his fright, but we were fast accustoming ourselves to recognize danger-signals, and I at once followed him to the top floor of his tenement.

Plain to see, Ida was dying. The midwife said she had done all she could, but she was obviously frightened. 'No one could have done any better,' she insisted, 'not any doctor'; but she had called one and he had left the woman lacerated and agonizing because the expected fee had been paid only in part. It was Samuel's last dollar. The septic woman could only be sent to the city hospital. The ambulance surgeon was persuaded to let the boy husband ride

with her, and he remained at the hospital until she and the baby died a few hours later.

Here my comrade and I came against the stone wall of professional etiquette. It seemed as if public sentiment ought to be directed by the doctors themselves against such practices, but although I finally called upon one of the high-minded and distinguished men who had signed the diploma of the offending doctor, I could not get reproof administered, and my ardor for arousing public indignation in the profession was chilled. Later, when I heard protests from employers against insistence by labor organizations on the closed shop, it occurred to me that they failed to recognize analogies in the professional etiquette which conventional society has long accepted.

However, many friendly strong bonds were made and have been sustained with a large majority of the doctors during all the years of our service. We have mutual ties of personal and community interests, and work together as comrades; the practitioners with high standards for themselves and ideals for their sacred profession comprehend our common cause and strengthen our hands. It is rare now, although at first it was very frequent, that the physician who has called in the nurse for his patient demands her withdrawal when he himself has been dismissed. He has come to see that although the nurse exerts her influence to preserve his prestige, for the patient's sake as well as his own, nevertheless, emotional people, unaccustomed to the settled relation of the family doctor, may and often do change physicians from six to ten times in the course of one illness. The nurse, however, may remain at the bedside throughout all vicissitudes.

The most definite protest against the newer relationship came from a woman active in many public movements,

who was a stickler for the orthodox method of procuring a visiting nurse only through the doctor. To illustrate the importance of freedom for the patients, I cited the case of the L— family. A neighbor had called for aid. 'Some kind of an awful catching sickness on the same floor I live on, to the right, front,' she whispered. A worn and haggard woman was lifting a heavy boiler filled with 'wash' from the stove when I entered; on the floor in the other room three little children lay ill with typhoid fever, one of them with meningitis. The feather pillows, most precious possession, had been pawned to pay the doctor. The father dared not leave the shop, for money was needed and all that he earned was far from enough. The mother, when questioned as to the delay in sending for nursing help, said that the doctor had frightened her from doing so by telling her that the children would surely be sent to the hospital. No disinfectant was found in the house and the mother declared that no instructions had been given her.

The nurse who took possession of the sickroom refrained from mentioning the hospital; but when the mother saw the skilled ministrations, and the tired father, on his return from work, watched the deft feeding of the unconscious child, they awoke to their limitations. The poor, unskilled woman, bent with fatigue, exclaimed, 'O God, is that what I should have been doing for my babies?' When the nurse started to leave them for the night the parents clung to her and asked if a hospital would do as much as she had done. 'More, much more, I hope,' she said. 'I cannot give here what the little ones need.' Late at night three carriages started for the children's ward of the hospital: the father, the mother, the nurse, each with a patient across the seat of the carriage.

Said the critic when I had finished my story: 'I think the nurse should have asked permission of their doctor before she granted the request of the parents.'

IV

Times were hard that year. In the summer the miseries due to unemployment and rising rents and prices began to be apparent, but the pinch came with the cold weather. Perhaps it was an advantage that we were so early exposed to the extraordinary sufferings and the variety of pain and poverty in that winter of 1893-94, memorable because of extreme economic depression. The impact of strain, physical and emotional, left neither place nor time for self-analysis and consequent self-consciousness, so prone to hinder and to dwarf wholesome instincts, and so likely to have proved an impediment to the simple relationship which we established with our neighbors.

It has become almost trite to speak of the kindness of the poor to each other, yet from the beginning of our tenement-house residence we were much touched by manifestations of it. An errand took me to Michael the Scotch-Irish cobbler as the family were sitting down to the noonday meal. There was a stranger with them, whom Michael introduced, explaining when we were out of hearing that he thought I would be interested to meet a man just out of Sing Sing prison. I expressed some fear of the danger to his own boys in this association. 'We must just chance it,' said Michael. 'It's no weather for a man like that to be on the streets, when honest fellows can't get work.'

When we first met the G— family they were breaking up the furniture to keep from freezing. One of the children had already died and had been buried in a public grave. Three times that year did Mrs. G. painfully gather to-

gether enough money to have the baby disinterred and fittingly buried in consecrated ground, and each time she gave up her heart's desire in order to relieve the sufferings of the living children of her neighbors.

Another instance of this unfailing goodness of the poor to each other was told by Nellie, who called on us one morning. She was evidently embarrassed and with difficulty related that, hearing of things to be given away at a newspaper office, she had gone there hoping to get something that would do for John when he came out of the hospital. She said, 'I drew this and I don't know exactly what it is meant for,' and displayed a wadded black satin 'dress-shirt protector,' in very good condition, and possibly contributed because the season was over! Standing outside the circle of clamorous petitioners, Nellie and the woman next her had exchanged tales of woe. When she mentioned her address the new acquaintance suggested that she seek us.

Nellie proved to be a near neighbor. There were two children: a nursing baby 'none so well,' and a lad. John, her husband, was 'fortunately' in the hospital with a broken leg, for there were 'no jobs around loose anyway.' When we called later in the day to see the baby, we found that Nellie was stopping with her cousin, a widower who 'held his job down.' There were also his two children, the widow of a friend 'who would have done as much by me,' and the wife and two small children of a total stranger who lived in the rear tenement and were invited in to meals because the father had been seen starting every morning on his hunt for work, and 'it was plain for any one with eyes to see that he never did get it.' So this one man, fortunate in having work, was taking care of himself and his children, the widow of his friend, Nellie and her children, and was feeding the

strangers. Said Nellie, 'Sure he's doing that, and why not? He's the only cousin I've got outside of Ireland.'

Mrs. S., who called at the settlement a few days ago, reminded me that it was twenty-one years since our first meeting, and brought vividly before me a picture of which she was a part. She was the daughter of a learned rabbi, and her husband, himself a pious man, had great reverence for the traditions of her family. In their extremity they had taken bread from one of the newspaper charities, but it was evidently a painful humiliation, and before we arrived they had hidden the loaf in the ice-box. My visit was due to a desire to ascertain the condition of the families who had applied for this dole. Both house and people were scrupulously clean. It was amazing that under the biting pressure of want and anxiety such standards could be maintained. Yet, though passionately devoted to his family, the husband refused advantageous employment because it necessitated work on the Sabbath. This would have been to them a desecration of something more vital than life itself.

We found that winter, in other instances, that the fangs of the wolf were often decorously hidden. In one family of our acquaintance the father, a cigarmaker, left the house each morning in search of work, only to return at night hungrier and more exhausted by his fruitless exertions. One Sabbath eve I entered his tenement, to find the two rooms in scrupulous order and the mother and children prepared for the holy night. Over a brisk fire fed by bits of wood picked up by the children, two covered pots were set as if a supper were being prepared. But under the lids it was only water that bubbled. The proud mother could not bear to expose her poverty to the gossip of the neighbors, the humiliation being the greater

because she was obliged to violate the sacred custom of preparing a ceremonious meal for the united family on Friday night.

If the formalism of our neighbors in religious matters was constantly brought to our attention, instances of their tolerance were also far from rare. A Jewish woman, exhausted by her long day's scrubbing of office floors, walked many extra blocks to beg us to get a priest for her Roman Catholic neighbor whose child was dying. An orthodox Jewish father, who had been goaded to bitterness because his daughter had married an 'Irisher' and thus 'insulted his religion,' felt that the young husband and his mother were equally wronged. This man, when I called on a Sabbath evening, took one of the lights from the table to show the way down the five flights of dark tenement stairs, and to my protest, — knowing, as I did, that he considered it a sin to handle fire on the Sabbath, — he said, 'It is no sin for me to handle a light on the Sabbath to show respect to a friend who has helped to keep a family together.'

There was the story of Mary, eldest daughter, as we supposed, of an orthodox family. When we went to her engagement party we were surprised to see that the young man was not of the family faith. The mother told us that Mary, 'such a pretty baby,' had been left on their doorstep in earlier and more prosperous days in Austria. 'The Burgomeister had made proclamation,' but no one came to claim her, and the husband and wife, who as yet had no children of their own, decided to keep her. 'God rewarded us and answered our prayers,' said Mrs. L., for many children came afterward; but Mary, blonde and blue-eyed, was always the most cherished, the first-comer who had brought the others. When she was quite a young girl she was taken ill — a cold following exposure after her first

'grown-up' party, for which her foster-mother had dressed her with pride. It seemed that nothing could save her, and the foster mother in her distress thought with pity of the woman who had borne this sweet child. Surely she must be dead. No living mother could have abandoned so lovely a baby. And if she were dead and in the Christian heaven, she would look in vain there for her daughter. 'So I called the priest and told him,' said Mrs. L., 'and he made a prayer over Mary and said, "Now she is a *Krist*." The doctor, we called him too, and he said to get a goat, for the milk would be good for Mary; and she got well, but no so strong, as you see, and that is why she don't go out to work like her brothers and sisters. We lose our money, that's why we come to America, and Mary, now she marry a *Krist*.'

Gradually there came to our knowledge difficulties and conflicts not peculiar to any one set of people but intensified in the case of our neighbors by poverty, unfamiliarity with laws and customs, the lack of privacy, and the frequent dependence of the elders upon the children. Workers in philanthropy, clergymen, orthodox rabbis, the unemployed, anxious parents, girls in distress, troublesome boys, came as individuals to see us, but no formal organization of our work was effected till we moved into the house on Henry Street, in 1895.

So precious were the intimate relationships with our neighbors in the tenement that we were reluctant to leave it. My companion's breakdown, the persuasion of friends who had given their support and counsel that there was an obligation upon us to effect some kind of formal organization without further delay, finally prevailed. As usual the neighborhood showed its interest in what we did; and though my comrade and I had carefully selected

men from the ranks of the unemployed to move our belongings, when all was accomplished not one man of them all could be induced to take a penny for the work.

From this first house have since developed the manifold activities in city and country now incorporated as the Henry Street Settlement.

I am reluctant to close this first article without making it clear that we were from the very beginning most profoundly moved by the wretched in-

dustrial conditions which were constantly forced upon us. In succeeding articles I hope to tell of the constructive programmes that the people themselves have evolved out of their own hard lives, of the ameliorative measures, ripened out of sympathetic comprehension, and, finally, of the social legislation that expresses the new compunction of the community.

[The next chapter of this history will discuss 'Children and Play.']

WHITHER?

I

In a final division of household possessions of my ancestors, a quaint gray chest has brought me a heritage of unexpected value in packages of letters, written many years ago, and tossed carelessly here with mouse-eaten diplomas and articles of ancient wear. As I read, deciphering oftentimes with difficulty the old-fashioned handwriting on the yellowing paper, I pause to marvel. What fullness of life is here! What richness! What greatness!

There are letters from a mother to a little daughter at school in the city; letters from an aged father who has been visiting his clergyman son; glad letters, written to bring joy at marriages; solemn, and yet joyous letters, written to console in death. Doubtless they are akin to hundreds of others still resting in the corners of boxes and old desks, and to others innumerable which have perished, recording the experience of a generation, two generations ago. Written out of nar-

rower lives, so far as mere worldly circumstances go, than those with which I come in contact to-day, they reveal a far deeper life, a profounder hope and faith, a recognition of wider horizons than most of our contemporary world knows. Here is a knowledge of spirit as the one great reality; of divine meanings everywhere; a sense of the greatness of the issue in life as a warfare waged in the name of the soul; faith in the undying character of righteousness, in the endlessness of human hope. Words are here traced which take away one's breath, in the grandeur of their denial of that which seems, in the splendor of assurance: 'My sister Mary to-day entered upon eternal life —'

It is not primarily theology upon which they dwell: dogma plays a lesser part here than I should have supposed. It is upon the inner sources of hope and consolation, the life-giving power of faith, faith drawn often from hard experience, faced in the light of a great hope. Here is a real sense of the swift flitting of things earthly, and the great

promise therein; here is a constant dwelling upon the Master, the face of the Master, the vision of perfectness. Those writers repeat lovingly his words, thus bringing one another courage in sharp anguish of grief and at beds of illness; and the thought of sacrifice is ever in their minds, of outer loss that is great inner gain. One is aware of certain immovable tenets of hard theology, but I note that these have small part in their thought, their feeling, in the way in which faith vitalizes their daily lives.

Letters that I am privileged to see today are as different as if they were written by a different race; chance articles in newspapers and journals, intended to appeal to the contemporary public, reinforce the impression in regard to our present absorptions, our present limitations. These later letters are no less full of human tenderness, and possibly they are more outspoken in regard to it, but they bespeak an inner poverty, a contrasting narrowness of life. Their largeness, if wide horizons are suggested, is external, geographical, — the largeness of travel abroad, by land or sea, of motor-trips there or at home. They are full of restlessness, desire for change, rushing hither and yon. Their great concern is with material things: diet, dress, details of operations, fluctuations in stocks. There is much about reform, suffrage, the fighting of Tammany, measures for the physical betterment of factory boys and girls. There are many wrongs to right, for the most part centring in the body; but, in spite of my sympathy with each distinct measure and my strenuous efforts to help forward some of them, I feel great sense of lack. The horizon is near and attainable; the sky comes down like a brass bowl over our heads; I stifle in this world of nostrums, of remedies, of external cures for moral evils. This superficial material optimism which ig-

nores the deepest need, the deepest answer, fails to suffice. One is aware of a lessening life, a drying of the very sources of vitality; the old sense of illimitable destiny, of greatness, of the challenge of eternity, is gone.

A kind of materialistic Epicureanism dominates our modern world; robbed of Eternity, we mean to make Time pay to the uttermost, — hence this nervous excitement, this feverish activity. Has any question been more absorbing during the last decades than the question how much space could be covered, on earth or in air, in a minute of time? Back of our hurry lies something deeper than the mere desire to excel in this or that sport, this or that means of rapid transit, this or that business enterprise or philanthropy. It is an unconfessed manifestation of our immense sense of loss; a morbid outpouring of that energy which might work healthily and to great ends if the old hope were there of endless destiny. We have but a few minutes in which to rob the house of life; let us seize all the articles in sight; death, the householder, is even now waiting to take us into custody. We want as much as we can get; we want all, and we foolishly think that hurrying feet and twitching muscles can win it. We will crowd all into the swift, flitting minutes, though Life should break in the process.

II

The question why we, who are the heirs of all the ages, should be so much worse off than our ancestors in that which means essential life might well give us pause. In all external matters we seem to have made great gain. We are carried about more swiftly; our houses have far superior plumbing; the goods we purchase are delivered more promptly, and existence has in every way become far more convenient and

easy. Is not this the age of progress? Progress — it is a word constantly on men's lips; have earlier ages ever heard such a din of talk about progress? It would appear as if our forefathers had little claim to be called happy, having lived before the time of great modern inventions and discoveries; yet, with this sheaf of old records in my hands, and many memories at work, I am forced to admit that the comparison works the other way. Here, in these fading papers, is a sense of significance in living, of illimitable destiny, that makes me ask why we are thus stripped, robbed, disinherited. Why is it that we seem to have inherited all of life except the point? The willful poverty of our spiritual lives contrasts strangely with their quiet sense of great possessions.

After all, are frenzied motion and progress synonymous? Any kitten chasing its own tail might, if we were really observant, disprove for us much of our modern claim of great gain. Would any age of real progress talk so much about progress, and so loudly count its achievements? Is not much of this done to hide the inner sense of loss and lack? Perhaps it is from a far-off country childhood that I derive a persistent belief, not obscured by all the noise and dust and glamour of our time, that real growth is silent. For many and many a day I have heard this glowing talk of progress, of widening intellectual horizons, and for many a day have watched the growing wistfulness of human faces. The more thoughtful become increasingly sad, while the number of the merely stolid increases apace, as do the restless ones, with their apparent longing for distraction and change. Unfinished faces, unsatisfied faces, are familiar to us all. They lack the high record of experience greatly taken; expression that denotes profound inner life. To-day we are so

comfortable, so enlightened, and, with our widening philanthropy, so estimable, that we surely ought to be happy! Yet we see few satisfied faces, such as we can remember from long ago, full of inner content, — faces 'on which the dove of peace sat brooding,' — and we pause to ask what our boasted progress has to offer by way of compensation for the great loss that has come through the seeming gain of these later years?

The whole emphasis of life has changed since those days; its focus has shifted. The meanings of existence were to our ancestors inner meanings; now, passionate clutching at externals betrays a different aim. They show themselves capable of fault and error in these recorded experiences of old days, yet they are lightened and lifted by a great power; they touch ever the divine. Their contrasted reading of the significance of life shows most emphatically in this: they thought and felt in terms of the spirit. The modern world thinks and lives and speaks in terms of the body, not of mind and soul. The soul, that secret of personality, conceived as a part of one not wholly caught in the mechanical chain of things and capable of choice, was their great concern. To them a little child was something sacred, immortal, whose endless destiny commanded of those to whom it was entrusted, alertness, watchfulness, lest its feet should go astray from the narrow path that led to the heavenly hills. Words spoken near the cradle where the new-born baby lay, turned the spot to holy ground.

To those of us who are most advanced to-day, a little child is a little animal; few are left who, in its presence, think of sacredness any more than in the presence of a little pig. There is the utmost alertness in meeting its physical needs; there is, if possible, a trained nurse to bring scientific knowledge to its requirements, to keep lov-

ing fingers away; but the ideas that encircle it concern for the most part its body. Meanwhile, the most progressive thought of the age is busy with the question whether its standard cannot be raised to that of choice animal stock; whether the infant human being may not be bred, as colt or calf of approved ancestry is bred, by choice of the physically fit. This represents the furthest vision of the future; this is the goal against which the imagination of the present dreams.

III

It is an era of the flesh and its needs, its possibilities, — of unawareness, for the most part, of any aspects deeper than the physical. Many of us can remember the day when we were taught that we had immortal souls, to whose safeguarding thought and care and profound endeavor must go. The chief question was, 'Is it right or wrong?' The chief question to-day is, 'Is it sterilized?' Life, which used to be a brave flight between heaven and hell, has come to be a long and anxious tip-toeing between the microbe and the anti-septic. It is not that I object to anti-septics, but that I object to the amount of good brain-space they have come to occupy, to the exclusion of more important matters.

The modern world has a new and elaborate dogma of the body, but conviction (if it exist) in regard to the soul is tentative and wary. For many a past year the faith has been taught, the belief has been growing, that physically fit of necessity means mentally fit, that physical power is the measure of a man's efficiency. The one glory of our college life lies in its sports, and education of mind is more and more giving way to education of muscle. The only ideal of perfection now in evidence is an ideal of physical perfection; for this, no sac-

rifice is too great, no case too onerous. Images of perfect bodily development are kept before the young, — the Apollo, with beauty of sinew and muscle; but the face of the Christ is growing ever more and more dim before their eyes, and is more and more apologetically presented, if presented at all.

Yet this worship of the body, with its elaborate ritual of observances, its priests, its solemn rites; its great festivals wherein spellbound spectators, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand strong, in huge amphitheatres witness contests of physical strength; this monotheistic devotion, made up of fears for the flesh, and hope for the flesh, lacks much of a true religion.

I have often of late wished that some one wise enough in knowledge of things Latin would write the history and the inner development of a young Roman Progressive in the early stages of the Roman decadence. What feeling of growth and gain would be there to record! What assurance of outdistancing his crude forefathers! What sense of widening horizons, and of sudden freedom in laying aside old scruples! The point of time chosen should be that at which the word *Salus*, salvation, began to be interpreted as physical salvation, and the persistent concern with bodily life marked the beginnings of decay.

The one saving grace of our time perhaps lies in its generous philanthropic and social effort. We are more sensitive to our neighbor's needs than we used to be, but we have a most limited conception of our neighbor's needs, and, with all our quickened sympathy, we do our neighbor injustice in failing to recognize his deepest necessity. Grown so pitiful of hunger, why do we fail to realize the spiritual starvation of these years? We devise all sorts of machinery for ameliorating his physical condition, for getting him more pay, securing him better dramatic spectacles; we

teach him that his house should be plumbed, his children's food sterilized; but for him and for his benefactors wider vision would mean great gain. We are feeding the lesser hunger, — that is well, but it is not enough; we are arming him to meet the lesser foe. Does he too feel a sense of inner loss and lack in it all? All that America has to offer may be a poor exchange for the mystic faith brought with him from the fatherland. At least we should beware lest harm come to our neighbor through our manifold preoccupations with the needs of the body, through the contagion of an ideal of material comfort as the greatest earthly good; for even perfect physical well-being has its limitations as a solution of the problem of existence. The destiny of man — once terror and splendor attended the word; it was once a spiritual mystery, connoting endless endeavor, endless opportunity. Now the highest dream of high destiny is the porcelain bathtub, or some safe shelter behind a wire screen, beyond the attack of germs.

One wonders, moreover, why so much applied Christianity to-day fails to recognize itself as Christianity, and is disassociated from the faith in spiritual verities which brought it into being. Now and then one hears a philanthropic scientist claim that the new efforts to aid humanity originated with beneficent science, or an economist that the move toward betterment is the result of economic thought, both ignoring the great force which has kept alive through ages the impulse toward love of one's brother; both mistaking new methods for ancient motive power and unaware of their own relation to it. Yet back of this recent effort is the impetus of long years of definite religious teaching, with its potency in quickening the will, — to be reinforced perhaps, but never replaced, by the teaching of practical efficiency. Will this effort to succor

continue, as that diviner pity, that healing done in the name of the Father, slips more and more from men's minds? Will this present sense that one's neighbor should have similar clothing and similar 'modern conveniences' to one's own prove a lasting basis of human brotherhood? The love of one's fellow man must be fed from deeper springs.

We have need of profounder faith, and of more poignant fear than this age knows. I am not sure that all the physical benefits that could be imagined or enumerated for ourselves or for others could make up for the supreme loss in this shifting the attention, altering the whole emphasis of life in the innumerable ways in which the physical now obtains over the mental and spiritual. We look longingly back to our forefathers, who lived primarily in the spirit, with constant sense of spirit-values, not in the flesh and that hoped-for immortality of the flesh, — or the nearest approximation to it, — that haunts our world to-day. In our great outer prosperity and inner poverty, our immense acquisition of external knowledge, and incalculable loss of deeper realities, our morality shifting its great concern from the welfare of the soul to that of the body, we find no symbol so fitting as the old fable of the dog and his shadow in the brook. Dropping his bone to grasp the shadow of the bone, he went hungry away.

Why this swift renunciation of that which has made for profounder life in our ancestors, and the loud cry of Progress as the treasure slips away? There is no age which has known in theory so much regarding orderly development in human affairs, the growth of the present from the past, and no age which has shown so little sense of the deeper meaning of these laws. The human race has never talked so much of continuity, and never, perhaps, has it made so sharp a turn. Modern science has taught us

much concerning organic growth, cause and effect as dominating the physical world; evolutionary theory is the basis of our study of language, of literature, of all human institutions. Clearly and unmistakably comes the teaching of our time that, in all aspects of life, the present is rooted in the past, indissolubly united in unbroken chain; but, curiously enough, whereas the law has been grasped in connection with matters material, matters intellectual, matters æsthetic, in matters spiritual there is a sudden halt or break. We prattle learnedly of evolution, but we have little conception of it in that which should be the deepest concern of life, the development of the soul. Nature, we are told, admits no gaps, yet it would seem that the great modern majority turns abruptly from the faith which has sustained human life from generation to generation, ignoring, as no age before has done, the best in the past. In so doing, does it not repudiate the law upon which our understanding of everything else is based? Distrusting in the study of physical life any theory not based upon ideas of growth, sequence, old custom, in matters spiritual we demand the fresh, the untried; not for reverence of that which has been attained, but because we find an idea startling and original, do we welcome it.

When Bergson assures us that an element of will is to be reckoned with in all growth, is it because we have drifted so near enslavement to a purely mechanical system of thought that we hail this as new doctrine and therefore acceptable? If it were whispered abroad that the idea is of unimaginable antiquity, that it has been at the basis of every ethical system ever founded, would his large audiences dwindle? If the idea of God, of immortality, could be advertised among the novelties, instead of among the long inheritances, who would refuse to believe? Belief in the universe

as essentially spiritual, God-created; belief in the deathlessness of the human soul, belief in right-doing in the light of these great faiths, have been associated with the age-long growth of the race; can we ignore, or lightly cast aside, that which has been at the very heart of the spiritual evolution of our forefathers?

It is not merely in matters of religious faith that we find this sudden break with the past; the ignorance shown by many modern leaders of the glory of our literature; their pride in this disregard of 'the best that has been thought and said in the world'; their assumption that that which antedates contemporary discovery is worthless, are full of menace. A great thinker of a hundred years ago, I was recently told, is 'a back number,' and therefore valueless. Again comes that puzzling thought of continuity, the necessity of recognizing all the stages of growth. Why the enormous importance of every step in the physical past, this slight regard for the mental development? The race-experience, or the best of it, is recorded in our literature; here again are the foundations upon which we must build, if we are to build truly. Here is treasure too great to throw away so lightly.

IV

Back of all this absorption in physical and material welfare lies, of course, the preponderating intellectual influence of the century just past, with its passionate pursuit of truth through matter. No one wishes to decry the services of science to our knowledge of the physical world; the great discoveries in the theoretical field, the great inventions in the applied. It is one of the profoundest ironies of human existence that our blessings and our curses come subtly intertwined; we mortals forget that one seldom comes without

the other, and are prone to take as pure blessing that which is new. The measure of curse in our latest great achievements may be greater than we dream, although it is difficult for people to believe, in the sweep of a great movement, that it can mean anything but pure progress in a straight line. Yet we move ever by zigzags, this extreme and that. When will the race ever learn the art of mental equilibrium, of steady advance, employing all the human faculties, instead of exploiting a few?

The many subtle wrongs done the human spirit by this complete surrender to the world of matter, it would be difficult to enumerate. I recall the emphatic assertion of one of the new thinkers, arguing with one who held in all sincerity the old, simple faith: 'The only subject worth study is man, man considered from a biological point of view.' The initial genesis, the growth, the inevitable end, the physical actions and reactions, — that is man from the biological point of view. In the presence of people who hold this belief I feel as if an extinguisher were coming down, slowly smothering my very flame of life. You doubtless recall that iron chamber of Spanish Inquisition times, so fashioned that it closed in, day by day, a few inches upon the unfortunate inmate? So life to-day, for unnumbered people, grows narrower, threatening extinction. That earlier victim had no choice; one can but marvel at the modern folk, who themselves turn the key that shuts them in, and are content with their lessening world.

The voices of those who claim that mind is a secretion of matter, of those who find the way to truth through matter only, though not representing the wisest in our intellectual vanguard, have been heard above the others, and humanity is prone to follow where the loud voices call. Whether it is the fault of the leaders, or of the forlorn camp-

followers who trail after the victorious army, picking up and misusing scraps of information; whether it is the fault of passive onlookers, ready to believe anything that is told by anybody, — be it professional utterance or popular inferences therefrom, in many cases unwarranted, — certain it is that we have spent the greater part of our lives in the shadow of the crass materialism which is one of the by-products of the machinery, intellectual and other, of the period just drawing to a close. It is a doctrine which fits absolutely the great and sudden influx of wealth during the last decades, pandering to the same tendencies, the same blindnesses, a twofold materialism of theory and practice.

It is a materialism stupid, unfounded, turning its back upon the earlier idealisms of poet, philosopher, religious believer, not so much because of reasoning processes as because of a sudden shifting of attention. Wonderful things may be observed under the microscope, wonderful things through the telescope; wonderful things are day by day invented. Is it likely that there is anything beyond all this? To recent generations, as to that progressive dog, the reflection in the water seemed for the moment, as is often the case, more real than the reflected object; hence this tragedy of loss.

The human mind has been suddenly diverted by a loud noise outside; a sudden change of tension results. Where one looks quickly, all heads are turned. It is a noise of motor-boats, aeroplanes, engines of all kinds; a sight of airships, flying like birds; of submarines, diving like fish; of moving pictures with their endless panorama. Mankind is childishly diverted; the hearing of the ears, the seeing of the eyes, — it is enough. The skepticisms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries tried to reason out their origins, to explain upon what they

were based; not so here. This is the most unthinking of systems, not troubling to give a rational account of itself. Thought is out of fashion: nowadays we observe! Through this preponderance of observation over thought in this great period, the human mind has greatly suffered in surety of process, in logic, in differentiation of mental processes. The exercise of pure reason has become almost obsolete; the idea that thought can be exercised apart from sense, from study of phenomena, is all but forgotten. Whether or not we assume that matter is the origin and the end of all things, the world of to-day thinks in terms of matter; is content to live and breathe and have its being in matter; hopes, aspires, and prays, if it hope, aspire, and pray at all, in terms of matter.

Our very vocabulary is degraded; the most far-reaching symbols of our language come seldom into use, or appear with diminished meaning. Follow, for instance, the course of the word 'infinite' through the antics of contemporary literature. Our phraseology has become carnal; our vital terms are terms of physical life. Nowhere is the limitation of contemporary thought more apparent than in these instruments of speech. One must read again Wordsworth, Shelley, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Meredith, to meet great words, now little employed, that make you realize the utmost reach of life; in so doing, one pauses in dismay, realizing how full contemporary speech is of lesser terms, how few employ the greater words that tell the inner life of the soul.

All forms of idealism have suffered during the past century of progress, more through being ignored than through being refuted; there still are thinkers who consider Kant, with his demonstration of the universe mind-made, a wiser teacher than any who have followed him, yet these have few

disciples. Of the two old hypotheses, that this is a world of spirit, that it is a world of matter, the latter has been the predominant choice of our time. That choice has been reinforced by the impact of a wonderful physical and material development, while there has been no corresponding gain in the spiritual and the purely intellectual; for many years the best of the fine young energy of the race has busied itself, either in investigation or in invention, with the world of matter. We hear endlessly of the great advance of our time, of the surety of its knowledge, the doing away with baseless old idealisms. What, after all, has been achieved? The origin of human thought, the destination of the human thinker, are as profound a secret as before this unparalleled progress. Science, which has been the great intellectual adventure of the last century, — to what has it led us? Only again to that edge of the unknown, where we confront the infinite. It has not gained by one hair's breadth upon the encompassing mystery of our lives.

V

The special form of idealism held by our forefathers, the Christian faith, with its great central tenets of God, immortality, the necessity of right-doing in the light of these faiths, has suffered with the other forms of idealism during the last decades. Those who, intentionally or unintentionally, have attacked, many of those who have defended, have alike done it injury. Of our intellectual vanguard, some have denied, some have ignored, some have been wisely patient and silent, awaiting the adjustment of new wisdom to old. As for the first, — surely those who hold sense-observation to be the basis of all knowledge should take no such vast leap into the dark as that involved in denial of these old beliefs. It is when certain of these new

thinkers slip beyond their own self-defined province, and philosophize in ways contradicting their own premises, that one fails to follow them; when, grown bold with their conquest of physical nature, they make a vast leap from observation of phenomena into metaphysical statement, without consciousness of what they are doing, that one listens with profound distrust. Doubtless we have all known one or two, ready to make assertions dogmatic beyond the dogmatism of old theology, founded upon nothing but the assumption that they, who can truly observe facts in the physical world, could assert nothing but fact. I respect them when they observe; I tremble when they begin to generalize.

It is indeed a crowning irony when one is called upon to believe, in the name of discoveries in the world of phenomena, that faith in God and in immortality is untenable. Because it is possible to see with the aided eye organisms unsuspected before our day, — this does not prove that the immemorial spiritual instincts of humanity have no foundation. The assumption that the great hopes of mankind cannot be true because they cannot be detected under microscope or through telescope, has floated in the air, darkening wise counsel, has assumed an authority never won; the present is full of unnecessary renunciations and unproved denials. In the intoxication of new discovery regarding the laws of organic growth, the leap from belief in unseen realities to doubt or to denial has been too swift and too absolute. Probably, in a great majority of cases, thought, intellectual process, has had little to do with the change. Humanity has lost hope without knowing why; the air has been thick with doubt and fear. Hearing a great noise in the dark, aware of attack, many have rushed away, leaving great treasure, while the enemy was

still far from taking the stronghold. This new poverty of life which we call Progress is thus, in many cases, the misfortune, but not the fault, of those who, unable to think for themselves, take for granted that the most insistent voice must be the right voice.

How greatly the defenders of the faith, in much of the warfare, have missed the issue! The time that has been lost, the good territory yielded in contesting the literal interpretation of Genesis, may well fill us with shame. If the story of the serpent of Eden must slip from dogma to myth, must faith in the unseen realities therefore go? If our forefathers were wrong in linking the large faith of their spiritual lives indissolubly with the story of Adam and that of Jonah, we must discriminate where they failed to discriminate, remembering in all humility that with their smaller knowledge of external things went a far profounder knowledge than ours of things spiritual. We must keep the greater; the less is not to us the sacrifice it was to them; let it go!

If we ask, why this close linking with myth, who can answer? We know only that the human soul develops slowly; shade by shade the truth grows clear. We, who have learned something of the incredible slowness of physical development, can afford to have patience with the spiritual, but we cannot afford to let slip back anything that the soul has achieved, proved, made its own. In the long quarrels over the husk, the kernel has too often slipped out of sight; essentials have gone with unessentials. We can no longer in good faith teach the young that the misfortune of our present predicament may be traced to eating an apple; but those of us who are unable to step to the marching music of our time may, in impassioned good faith, until modern thinkers make a better case against us than they have

yet made, teach the young that the great realities of life are of mind and soul, not body; that growth and change are necessary, fundamental, vital, the very condition of life; that it is for them to remove reverently whatever outer veil may have obscured their forefathers' great light of faith; but that doom is upon them if they lose the light.

Doubtless the greatest wrong done the Christian faith by its defenders was the attempt to reduce it to a mere matter of reasoning. The pity of it is that, at a time when the whole fabric of Christianity was shaken and the whole spiritual life was at stake, theologians should so have emphasized fact, clinging to a dead literalness of interpretation! Through the long decades of the nineteenth century, trying to meet the geologists upon their own ground, they were very properly worsted. Why borrow, and use weakly, weapons which belong to a different warfare, knowledge? Sense-perception, playing a large part, and rightly, in science, is neither starting-point nor goal here, nor is historical fact. Proofs of a real religion are not limited to repetition of fact. When they imitated the scientists, in their demand for external evidence, and imitated them badly, the inevitable happened. More and more their own great world of spiritual aspiration and endeavor was ignored by those whose high privilege it was to make known the vitalizing power of the faith they held, its subtle answer to the soul's deepest need. The doom of a faith is its loss of inner sources of vitality, its 'materialization in fact,' and perhaps the Church has been rightly punished for forgetting that its weapons should be primarily weapons of the spirit, its world the world of divine endeavor. This is no time to haggle over theology; the object is not to save the church, but to save alive the souls of men.

Myth could go; dogma itself could

go; Christianity would still be. Milestones in the path of the human spirit, dogmas have done great service, but none have been great enough to express the potential greatness of the spiritual life of the human race. Greatly have they helped; at times they have greatly hindered. Seemingly necessary bulwarks in time of stress and siege, the human soul has lived on after their demolishing; the human spirit is greater than they. Modern warfare has demonstrated that great forts and intrenchments are useless; that does not mean that there is to be no fighting. Faiths, beliefs, patriotisms are still there, but the fighting is to be in the open, a matter of life and death, the issue an issue of vitality.

VI

We have our choice; both propositions have been made: we are all body, wholly involved in a mechanical scheme of things, or we are partly free, recognizing within us faculties not wholly subordinated to the rigid physical law of necessity, free to choose, to struggle toward high aims, to succeed in part, in part, perhaps, fail. Pending proof to the contrary, let us assume that our wills have a certain freedom. It is at least better 'strategy and tactics' in the battle of life than the reverse. In the absence of a microscopic test to determine the matter, it may be well to demonstrate the existence of the power by using it, making decisive choice of the finer hypothesis, and asserting our right to do so. Perhaps the trouble has come not wholly from the activity of the materialists, but partly from the failure of the idealists to stand by their guns. The folly of perpetual defensive on the part of the idealist has been abundantly demonstrated in late years; it is for him to take the offensive, to claim and hold his own, ceasing to be shamefaced, explanatory, apologetic! Whatever special

form our denial of the supremacy of matter may take, whether philosophic or religious, of Plato and Kant, or of Christ, we should band together against this tyranny that threatens the inner life of the race, and affirm the supremacy of spirit.

Consider our forefathers' faith in the light of a working hypothesis, if you will. It is an age of hypotheses; science is ceaselessly busy with them. Its finest achievements have followed great imaginative conceptions, some of which have been verified by observed fact, some of which have been disproved, some of which, neither proved nor disproved, are still looked upon as a firm basis of knowledge.

The odd thing is that, in science, a whole fundamental assumption may go without interfering with the validity of the information based thereon; disproving one hypothesis, science goes serenely on. They taught me in my college days the indivisible atom quite as dogmatically as, earlier, I had been taught the literal reality of the story of Eve and the serpent. The fact that the atomic theory is now questioned, if not overthrown, in no way invalidates the truths of chemistry, while the passing of the serpent has, in some strange fashion, meant for many people the passing of the Christian faith. It has, in reality, nothing to do with the central tenets of the Christian faith, which are: that the universe is a universe of spirit, controlled by a great spiritual force, for great ends; that, for the guidance of stumbling humanity, the great spiritual force took human form; that mere human beings, keeping mind and soul intent upon that great example, may work out through love and sacrifice immortal meanings in their lives. Has any better working hypothesis ever been suggested to humankind?

Science says, 'Here are certain phenomena which we can explain in no oth-

er way'; and gives its splendid guess. Why deny to our spiritual life a method freely used in science, the assumption of an hypothesis that most nearly explains observed facts, with the hope of proving it true as knowledge grows more profound? Why may we not say, 'Here are certain persistent hopes, inner needs, longings, which we can explain only on the assumption that the universe is a universe of spirit'? These beliefs have been associated with the age-long growth of the race, and are perhaps the very condition of its mental and spiritual development. These facts of the inner life are as truly facts as are those of the outer world, though scientific absorption in matter has made mankind forget this. It is strange that a generation so fond of emphasizing fact should have ignored or even denied the most important facts of all, and so have brought about a crushing limitation to our endeavor. Not only in the external world are facts to be found: the hope, the faith, the long aspiration of the race, those persistent convictions of enlarging destiny which have played so great a part in human growth, — shall these be of no account? When such immense importance is attached to every phase of physical growth in the past, how can we deny the wealth of spiritual experience without being false to the very laws of thought?

So we ask, not what happened to our remotest forbears in the Garden of Eden, but what has happened to our nearer forefathers, whose needs were akin to our own, that will help our human existence. To what have they gallantly held? To what have they come back? To what did they inevitably turn in cruel times of suffering? What are the hopes they could not forget, slow century by century of trial, disappointment, aspiration, agony? Persistent faith in unending life, in which should come the crowning of the spiritual en-

deavor of this; indomitable belief in righteousness, in distinction between right and wrong; God, a divine wisdom, working through all the show of things, — such was their faith. Our forefathers tried and proved it and found it good, living difficult lives and dying hard deaths full of a sense of conquest, of triumph. Their working hypothesis has yet to be surpassed.

The old teaching — whether or not we share the exact shade of intellectual interpretation of ultimate mystery — brought a better sense of relative values than we have now, and a far greater chance of progress. Faith in soul is a better working programme than faith in body. Working forward, however eugenically, toward the Perfect Brute is a poor hope at best. There can be no growth without the boundless, the ilimitable, ahead, and the great hopes, undisproved, still shine before us. Life must be made great in its scope, its demand, if it is to achieve greatly. It is a sorry thing to have the guiding forces mere shallow intellectual forces, — mere intellectualism is always shallow, — to reduce the whole of the hope and the wonder and the terror of life to the seeing of the eye, the hearing of the ear, the mere logical deduction, while the larger nature sleeps abashed. A sound hypothesis must cope with all the facts involved; our working hypothesis of life must reckon with the deepest striving of our nature, its furthest longing, its most imaginative reach. There has been great waste of unused powers in these later decades of our period of progress. Half only, and the lesser half, of the human being has been called into activity; the better part of the human faculties have been among the ‘unemployed.’

Is it not time for the sleepers to awaken, rub their eyes, and say, ‘There is a greater in us than you have let us recognize. This attempt to solve the prob-

lems of human nature while leaving the best of human nature out of account has shown its inadequacy. The materialistic interpretation of the universe with its attendant cult of the body is a *cul-de-sac*. Life, personality, are full of larger needs and larger powers than the present trend of thought permits us to recognize; and life must know the diviner hunger, the deeper thirst, if it is to win significance.’ This progress, which ignores the higher aspiration, the profounder stirring of the nature, — shall we be therewith content?

Through hope, through faith, through love’s
transcendent dower

We feel that we are greater than we know,

wrote a poet-philosopher who dared trust his soul as leader. In this mathematical and scientific age there is a dread of feeling, of impulse; a fear of this greater self that hopes and fears and prays. We recognize the great part that feeling and impulse play in the evolution of the world of living creatures; yet man, in trying to solve the riddle of his destiny, is forever searching for some narrow rationalistic explanation which will shut these large factors out. There is great distrust of intuition, of the imaginative faculty, when dealing with the inner life; yet imagination, intuition, hold an important place in the study of the outer world; the greatest discoveries in science are, no less than the great achievements of creative art, the result of imaginative grasp of the unrealized. If intuition, daring conjecture, afford such signal service in winning knowledge of the world of matter, why should we, who wish to believe something deeper than that world can ever teach us, be deprived of the use of our larger faculties? Feeling, emotion, play a large part, perhaps the best part, in our sum of human wisdom; passion is a fine instrument of discovery, — spiritual passion, of spiritual truth. Of the utmost help these

can give us we have utmost need, as we have of imagination, the divining power, that seer into the inner realities of things, and of 'the will as vision.'

VII

It is partly because of the largeness of its scope for activity of the entire man, the fullness of its appeal to the whole human being, that Christianity surpasses other idealisms as a working basis of life, proves itself the flower of them all. Sharing with others a purely idealistic theory, faith in the spiritual nature of the universe, it brings home that faith in ways unknown to other systems, makes it human, a matter of the hearth, of daily life. It is an idealism which is within the reach of the humblest intelligence; in its humanness, its simplicity, its nearness to the least, it may almost be said to be the only working idealism of all time. The vision of the Perfect Man appeals to the larger self; feeling is stirred by it, passion touched, and imagination, that power through which alone creative work is done, forever shapes fairer and fairer conceptions. No other idealism has the compelling power which brings the whole nature into play; so many elements to quicken the will and release hidden stores of energy. In all creative work, mere reasoning process lags behind; life, with its high spiritual possibilities, is creative work. It is for us to fashion it in accordance with our clearest vision of perfection; we have need of the largest hope that we can muster, the loftiest aim. For shaping life to great ends, for employment of all the faculties in the service of a great idealism, impulse, intuition, will, there is nothing that can match the Christian faith in the greatness of its simplicity.

The old, old needs of life are always with us, the necessity of consolation in grief and loss, of hope enough to keep

us trudging along our path. Perhaps not even in its swift response to these great needs of the human being comes the profoundest proof of its supremacy. From the point of view of potential evolution, from the greatness and depth of its challenge, we know its greatness. Christianity, with the sting of its challenge for eternity, suggests enough of progress to satisfy the human soul once started on its way. What deeper appeal has ever come than the thought of endless destiny, bringing the awful necessity of living in the light of it?

Not long since, I read in some journal an article in which a writer speaks wistfully of our lost hope in immortality, but adds that we do not so greatly mind, and that our children will mind still less. If this faith is indeed gone, what has happened to rob us of so great a hope, once entertained? How the demonstration of organic processes in the physical world, which has been the great achievement of our time, can be assumed to reach to that which is beyond sense is hard to say; it would need eternity to disprove the belief, as it needs eternity to prove it. When you try with finite means to define the infinite you make trouble for yourself, and perhaps rob the young of inherited hopes. If our children do not mind, it will show a phase of degeneracy in them, of willful shutting off of light and life already attained. We shall count them craven if they let go any high ideal once conceived, for that means inevitable retrogression; this should be held as the unforgotten and unforgettable hope of the race. What mortal, when the splendor of such a thought had dawned on him, could let it go? The endless possibility, the infinite opportunity for growth, the challenge for eternity,—who dare take it, and order his life in accordance with it?

Again, this is the greatest of all idealisms in that it sets for the human being

the hardest and the highest of all human tasks, self-sacrifice. The wonder of it, that across the old physical law of survival of the fittest by brute means, supreme, unchecked, unhindered two thousand years ago, could have crept the gleam of a higher law, strangely contradicting it, — the survival of that which is fittest in the individual, perhaps at the expense of the body. The greatest marvel in all the world's history is that Christ could have been; that the very idea of soul, of human development transcending the physical in utter self-sacrifice, could have come into existence is proof enough of the divine. That teaching, so clear, so unmistakable, has been blurred and forgotten, as nation and individual have succumbed to the lesser law, but it still is there. Christianity left behind? It is millions of years ahead, so far ahead that it is still dim before our vision.

Must æons pass before the human race will begin to realize how great was that message, how divine, how far it reached into depths which nothing else had touched, how high, how all but unattainable its service? Is there no chance for this Christianity, with its stern teaching of sacrifice, of eternal endeavor, for this faith, never tried with sufficient freedom from the trammels of dogma, with the deepest challenge, the highest possibility that has come before the race?

Since no life can be worth living without faith in power transcending nature's manifestations of physical force; without some ideal of human conduct, of right and wrong, rising above the needs of 'biological man'; without a sense of further scope, of wider opportunity than the mere span of human existence allows; since our forefathers held these high beliefs and lived more greatly than we; since no man has disproved them; since the very effort to disprove is a contradiction of the laws of thought,

carrying processes of reason into depths of life profounder than reason; since we have powers, capabilities of emotion, divination of higher meanings; since we know aspiration, hope, love, let us use these greater powers and let them build our greater world. The choice is ours; why choose the less, and fling away the greater?

The only genuine progress for us is progress in the inner life. We know the greater meaning, the higher significance, not in the mere way in which the facts of the physical world are known, but in a far higher way. By that uncertainty, full of challenge, which is the condition of real growth, rousing the creative will, it is ours to make great our lives in accordance with the loftiest hope the race has known.

VIII

Much of what I have been saying was written before this war began. In the great hush that has fallen upon the nations, is it not well for us to stop and ask anew whither our progress has been tending? What words have those who have been taught to live and breathe and think in terms of matter, wherewith to voice this awful stirring of the soul? People cry out that the Dark Ages will come again through this fearful slaughter, this waste of resources intellectual and material. Have not the Dark Ages been with us for decades? For mankind, more and more stripped of the deeper faith, the larger hope, more and more cut off from the finer part of his own nature, what darker ages can there be than these shadowed by the dreary positivism, undiscussed and undefined, but merely assumed, of our day? Many a thinker must see, in this present awful crisis, not an isolated phenomenon, not a mere political event for which a train of political causes had been laid, but also one of the natural results of our

ways of thinking, of our kind of progress. The growth of material over spiritual conceptions in the last fifty years is appalling; to such an end the Gospel of the Perfect Brute legitimately leads. We may believe ourselves through this struggle untouched, apart, and watch with wonder and surprise, but the same forces are at work with us, and potent. This terrible, crashing exposure is something to make us, who are not in the thick of the battle, stop and think.

We are shuddering at a German nation Nietzscheized, brutalized, as we conceive, through a brutal ideal; but are the Germans so far removed? Have they not simply adopted, a little more vigorously, a little more frankly than we, a doctrine which is becoming the moving force in all countries, replacing Christianity? Are they not simply the most progressive of all nations? Since the theory of evolution was demonstrated, the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, which should be taught as the mere working of a physical law, has come to be taught as ethics, and an odd confusion of thought has come about. How insidiously the idea of the biological necessity is coming to be considered the whole necessity of man, we are only now faintly realizing; the need of spiritual struggle, of spur to that instinct which may save man from much that had seemed biological necessity, is becoming more and more dim. It is one thing to recognize warfare in the physical world, the strife that attended the evolution of man; it is another thing to exalt this to a code of conduct and deliberately teach it. A conscious lowering of nature to the first primitive impulse, a deliberate going backward, is a very different matter from following these impulses in the slow process of growth. If a higher thought comes along your line of vision, woe betide you if you choose the lower! Doubtless dragons and prehistoric monsters would have

behaved differently if they had got better ideas into their heads; we shall not be acquitted by posterity if, after a finer ideal has been suggested, we go back to writhing and biting in the slime.

I am a plain American citizen, with no direct connection with this war, as innocent of having anything to do with starting it as the Kaiser is claimed by his upholders to be; yet I feel a sense of guilt. I am ashamed to look the young in the face; it seems to me that, in some way, we older folk have betrayed them in letting humanity come to such a pass; in tampering with the ways of thought and of belief which have let this thing be. This deification of biological man has not as yet gone with us so far as exalting the gospel of warfare; we cry out, when we see the logical outcome of ideas taught with such fervor through the last decades, against the German evangel of the mailed fist.

Yet England too has her theorists teaching the biological necessity of war, that the fundamental laws which govern human conduct are the laws of brute force, the survival of the fittest in death struggle. America has been too profoundly influenced by Germany in educational matters, has sat too submissively at her feet, to escape. Accepting so many of the minor premises of her teaching, will not the major ultimately follow, as a matter of course?

It is Germany that has carried furthest this materialistic modernism, has perfected it. The word Germany has been a name to conjure with in swift denial if one but ventured to suggest the possibility of a spiritual interpretation of life. High intellectual achievement has been that of the Germany of these later years, but not the highest; she has kept the mailed fist upon the spiritual aspirations of mankind, and has made a treaty, on her own terms,

with the human soul, with what loss of territory! We have not yet accepted the whole of this new evangel; we have doubts, mental reserves. Neither have we, in our period of enlightenment, made gain in developing those forces of mind and soul that would enable us to refute it.

Man, from a purely biological point of view, indulging in the biological necessity of war in the year of our Lord 1915, is a sorry spectacle, but perhaps it is, as Mr. Shandy said, 'no year of our Lord at all,' so progressive are we. Now that we make our swift leap backward many thousand years, we pause to wonder whether this means only a quickened pace in a direction already chosen. Of the achievements of the mailed fist the Neanderthaler man, barring a difference of weapons, would have been capable. How shall we escape this progress which is utter retrogression?

This overwhelming catastrophe has brought the issues squarely before us. It is well that the forces we have to fight have come into the open; we know at last the world we live in. We are face to face, with a distinctness never before presented, with two great principles: the law of brute force, of the survival of the fittest, made into a code of conduct; the law of Christianity, with its possibility of higher development, finer progress than brute force dreamed, — the growth of the greater through sacrifice of the less; soul-achievement at the expense of flesh. In this great hour of need shall we let the shallow intellectualism of much recent thought

dominate, or shall we boldly choose that faith in which the best of human life, from its first dim stirring to triumphant self-sacrifice, is summed up? One way lies inevitable slipping backward; the other way lies progress in inner life too great for word or present vision.

These are crucial moments; how great the crisis none may understand. Many an idealist, lost in the more than forty years of materialism of our time, is praying that out of the horror of the present may come better things: a deeper sense of the deepest needs of life; a knowledge that neither material comfort, nor physical health, nor materialistic thought can wholly satisfy; a hunger and thirst for which only the spiritual can suffice. Suffering bears strange fruit, and the suffering of the present days and of the days to come is incalculable. Even the mental anguish of mere watchers of the strife may help reveal to the modern world its profound need of faith.

One thing is evident in all this awful crash: men still are brave; never before, perhaps, have they fought against such great odds. The splendor of their courage dims our eyes. Shall the fighters in the world of spirit, 'fighters in the noblest fight,' be less brave in defending in the face of odds, perhaps never so great before, these inner truths, deeper than dogma, deeper than theology, deeper than life itself, the immemorial heritage of the race, — longing unutterable for righteousness, for faith in the spiritual, for enlarging and unending life?

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT

II. THE ADVENTURE OF CRAZY OLAF

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

IN CAMP, Aug. 31, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

We are across the desert, and camped for a few days' fishing on a shady, bowery little stream. We have had two frosty nights and there are trembling golden groves on every hand. Four men joined us at Newfork, and the bachelors have gone on; but Mr. Stewart wanted to rest the 'beasties' and we all wanted to fish, so we camped for a day or two.

The twenty-eighth was the warmest day we have had, the most disagreeable in every way. Not a breath of air stirred except an occasional whirlwind, which was hot and threw sand and dust over us. We could see the heat glimmering, and not a tree nor a green spot. The mountains looked no nearer. I am afraid we *all* rather wished we were at home. Water was getting very scarce, so the men wanted to reach by noon a long, low valley they knew of; for sometimes water could be found in a buried river-bed there, and they hoped to find enough for the horses. But a little after noon we came to the spot, and only dry, glistening sand met our eyes. The men emptied the water-bags for the horses; they all had a little water. We had to be saving, so none of us washed our dust-grimed faces.

We were sitting in the scant shadow of the wagons eating our dinner when we were startled to see a tall, bare-headed man come racing down the draw.

His clothes and shoes were in tatters; there were great blisters on his arms and shoulders where the sun had burned him; his eyes were swollen and red, and his lips were cracked and bloody. His hair was so white and so dusty that altogether he was a pitiful-looking object. He greeted us pleasantly, and said that his name was Olaf Swanson and that he was a sheep-herder; that he had seen us and had come to ask for a little smoking. By that he meant tobacco.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was eyeing him very closely. She asked him when he had eaten. That morning, he said. She asked him *what* he had eaten; he told her cactus balls and a little rabbit. I saw her exchange glances with Professor Glenholdt, and she left her dinner to get out her war-bag.

She called Olaf aside and gently dressed his blisters with listerine; after she had helped him to clean his mouth she said to him, 'Now, Olaf, sit by me and eat; show me how much you can eat. Then tell me what you mean by saying you are a sheep-herder; don't you think we know there will be no sheep on the desert before there is snow to make water for them?'

'I am what I say I am,' he said. 'I am not herding now because sorrow has drove me to dig wells. It is sorrow for horses. Have you not seen their bones every mile or so along this road? Them's markers. Every pile of bones marks where man's most faithful friend has

laid down at last: most of 'em died in the harness and for want of water.

'I killed a horse once. I was trying to have a good time. I had been out with sheep for months and had n't seen any one but my pardner. We planned to have a rippin' good time when we took the sheep in off the summer range and drew our pay. You don't know how people-hungry a man gets livin' out. So my pardner and me layed out to have one spree. We had a neat little bunch of money, but when we got to town we felt lost as sheep. We did n't know nobody but the bartender. We kept taking a drink now and then just so as to have him to talk to. Finally, he told us there was going to be a dance that night, so we asked around and found we could get tickets for two dollars each. Sam said he'd like to go. We bought tickets.

'Somehow or another they knew us for sheep-herders, and every once in a while somebody would *baa-baa* at us. We had a couple of dances, but after that we could n't get a pardner. After midnight things begun to get pretty noisy. Sam and me was settin' wonderin' if we were havin' a good time, when a fellow stepped on Sam's foot and said *baa*. I rose up and was goin' to smash him, but Sam collared me and said, "Let's get away from here, Olaf, before trouble breaks out." It sounded as if every man in the house and some of the women were *baa-ing*.

'We were pretty near the door when a man put his hand to his nose and *baa-ed*. I knocked him down, and before you could bat your eye everybody was fightin'. We could n't get out, so we backed into a corner; and every man my fist hit rested on the floor till somebody helped him away. A fellow hit me on the head with a chair and I did n't know how I finished or got out.

'The first thing I remember after that was feeling the greasewood thorns tear-

ing my flesh and my clothes next day. We were away out on the desert not far from North Pilot butte. Poor Sam could n't speak. I got him off poor old Pinto, and took off the saddle for a pillow for him. I hung the saddle-blanket on a greasewood so as to shade his face; then I got on my own poor horse, poor old Billy, and started to hunt help. I rode and rode. I was tryin' to find some outfit. When Billy lagged I beat him on. You see, I was thinking of Sam. After a while the horse staggered, — stepped into a badger hole, I thought. But he kept staggerin'. I fell off on one side just as he pitched forward. He tried and tried to get up. I stayed till he died; then I kept walking. I don't know what became of Sam; I don't know what became of me; but I do know I am going to dig wells all over this desert until every thirsty horse can have water.'

All the time he had been eating just pickles; when he finished his story he ate faster. By now we all knew he was demented. The men tried to coax him to go on with us so that they could turn him over to the authorities, but he said he must be digging. At last it was decided to send some one back for him. Mr. Struble was unwilling to leave him, but the man would not be persuaded. Suddenly he gathered up his 'smoking' and some food and ran back up the draw. We had to go on, of course.

All that afternoon our road lay along the buried river. I don't mean dry river. Sand had blown into the river until the water was buried. Water was only a few feet down, and the banks were clearly defined. Sometimes we came to a small, dirty puddle, but it was so alkaline that nothing could drink it. The story we had heard had saddened us all, and we were sorry for our horses. Poor little Elizabeth Hull wept. She said the West was so big and bare, and she was so alone and so sad, she just *had* to cry.

About sundown we came to a ranch and were made welcome by one Timothy Hobbs, owner of the place. The dwelling and the stables were a collection of low brown houses, made of logs and daubed with mud. Fields of shocked grain made a very prosperous-looking background. A belled cow led a bunch of sleek cattle home over the sand dunes. A well in the yard afforded plenty of clear, cold water, which was raised by a windmill. The cattle came and drank at the trough, the bell making a pleasant sound in the twilight.

The men told Mr. Hobbs about the man we saw. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'that is crazy Olaf. He has been that way for twenty years. Spends his time digging wells, but he never gets any water, and the sand caves in almost as fast as he can get it out.' Then he launched upon a recital of how he got sweet water by piping past the alkali strata. I kept hoping he would tell how Olaf was kept and who was responsible for him, but he never told.

He invited us to prepare our supper in his kitchen, and as it was late and wood was scarce, we were glad to accept. He bustled about helping us, adding such dainties as fresh milk, butter, and eggs to our menu. He is a rather stout little man, with merry gray eyes and brown hair beginning to gray. He wore a red shirt and blue overalls, and he wiped his butcher's knife impartially on the legs of his overalls or his towel, — just whichever was handiest as he hurried about cutting our bacon and opening cans for us.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and he got on famously. After supper, while she and Elizabeth washed the dishes, she asked him why he did n't get married and have some one to look after him and his cabin.

'I don't have time,' he answered. 'I came West eighteen years ago to make

a start and a home for Jennie and me, but I can't find time to go back and get her. In the summer I have to hustle to make the hay and grain, and I have to stay and feed the stock all the rest of the time.'

'You write her once in a while, don't you?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Yes,' he said, 'I wrote her two years ago come April; then I was so busy I did n't go to town till I went for my year's supplies. I went to the post office, and sure enough there was a letter for me, — been waitin' for me for six months. You see the postmaster knows me and never would send a letter back. I set down there right in the office and answered it. I told her how it was, told her I was coming after her soon as I could find time. You see, she refuses to come to me 'cause I am so far from the railroad, and she is afraid of Indians and wild animals.'

'Have you got your answer?' asked Elizabeth.

'No,' he said, 'I ain't had time yet to go, but I kind of wish somebody would think to bring the mail. Not many people pass here, only when the open season takes hunters to the mountains. When you people come back will you stop and ask for the mail for me?'

We promised.

In the purple and amber light of a new day we were about, and soon were on the road. By nightfall we had bidden the desert a glad farewell, and had camped on a large stream among trees. How glad we were to see so much water and such big cottonwoods! Mr. and Mrs. Burney were within a day's drive of home, so they left us. This camp is at Newfork, and our party has four new members: a doctor, a moving-picture man, and two geological fellows. They have gone on, but we will join them soon.

Just across the creek from us is the

cabin of a new settler. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I slept together last night, — only we could n't sleep for the continual, whining cry of a sick baby at the cabin. So after a while we rose and dressed and crossed over to see if we could be of any help. We found a woe-fuilly distressed young couple. Their first child, about a year old, was very sick. They did n't know what to do for it; and she was afraid to stay alone while he went for help.

They were powerfully glad to see us, and the young father left at once to get Grandma Mortimer, a neighborhood godsend such as most Western communities have one of. We busied ourselves relieving the young mother as much as we could. She would n't leave the baby and lie down. The child is teething and had convulsions. We put it into a hot bath and held the convulsions in check until Mrs. Mortimer came. She bustled in and took hold in a way to insure confidence. She had not been there long before she had both parents in bed, 'saving themselves for to-morrow,' and was gently rubbing the hot little body of the baby. She kept giving it warm tea she had made of herbs, until soon the threatening jerks were over, the peevish whining ceased, and the child slept peacefully on Grandma's lap. I watched her, fascinated. There was never a bit of faltering, no indecision; everything she did seemed exactly what she ought to do.

'How did you learn it all?' I asked her. 'How can you know just what to do, and then have the courage to do it? I should be afraid of doing the wrong thing.'

'Why,' she said, 'that is easy. Just do the very best you can and trust God for the rest. After all, it is God who saves the baby, not us and not our efforts; but we can help. He lets us do that. Lots of times the good we do goes beyond any medicine. Never be afraid to

help your best. I have been doing that for forty years and I am going to keep it up till I die.'

Then she told us story after story — told us how her different ambitions had 'boosted' her along, had made her swim when she just wanted to float. 'I was married when I was sixteen, and of course, my first ambition was to own a home for Dave. My man was poor. He had a horse, and his folks gave him another. My father gave me a heifer, and mother fitted me out with a bed. That was counted a pretty good start then, but we would have married even if we had n't had one thing. Being young we were over-hopeful. We both took to work like a duck to water. Some years it looked as if we were going to see every dream come true. Another time and we would be poorer than at first. One year the hail destroyed everything; another time the flood carried away all we had.

'When little Dave was eleven years old, he had learned to plough. Every one of us was working to our limit that year. I ploughed and hoed, both, and big Dave really hardly took time to sleep. You see, his idea was that we must do better by our children than we had been done by, and Fanny, our eldest, was thirteen. Big Dave thought all girls married at sixteen because his mother did, and so did I; so that spring he said, "In just three years Fanny will be leaving us and we *must* do right by her. I wanted powerfully bad that *you* should have a blue silk wedding dress, mother, but of course it could n't be had, and you looked as pretty as a rose in your pink lawn." But I've always wanted you to have a blue silk. As you can't have it, let us get it for Fanny; and of course we must have everything else according.'" And so we worked mighty hard.

'Little Dave begged to be allowed to plough. Every other boy in the neighborhood did, — some of them younger

than he, — but somehow I did n't want him to. One of our neighbors had been sick a lot that year and his crops were about ruined. It was laying-by time and we had finished laying by our crops — all but about half a day's ploughing in the corn. That morning at breakfast, big Dave said he would take the horses and go over to Henry Boles's and plough that day to help out, — said he could finish ours any time, and it did n't matter much if it did n't get ploughed. He told the children to lay off that day and go fishing and berrying. So he went to harness his team, and little Dave went to help him. Fanny and I went to milk, and all the time I could hear little Dave begging his father to let him finish the ploughing. His father said he could if I said so.

'I will never forget his eager little face as he began on me. He had a heap of freckles; I remember noticing them that morning; he was barefooted, and I remember that one toe was skinned. Big Dave was lighting his pipe, and till to-day I remember how he looked as he held the match to his pipe, drew a puff of smoke, and said, "Say yes, mother." So I said yes, and little Dave ran to open the gate for his father.

'As big Dave rode through the gate, our boy caught him by the leg and said, "I just *love* you, daddy." Big Dave bent down and kissed him, and said, "You're a *man*, son." How proud that made the little fellow! Parents should praise their children more; the little things work hard for a few words of praise, and many of them never get their pay.

'Well, the little fellow would have no help to harness his mule; so Fanny and I went to the house, and Fanny said, "We ought to cook an extra good dinner to celebrate Davie's first ploughing. I'll go down in the pasture and gather some blackberries if you will make a cobbler."

'She was gone all morning. About ten o'clock, I took a pail of fresh water down to the field. I knew Davie would be thirsty, and I was uneasy about him, but he was all right. He pushed his ragged old hat back and wiped the sweat from his brow just as his father would have done. I petted him a little, but he was so mannish he did n't want me to pet him any more. After he drank, he took up his lines again, and said, "Just watch me, mother; see how I can plough." I told him that we were going to have chicken and dumplings for dinner, and that he must sit in his father's place and help us to berry-cobbler. As he had only a few more rows to plough, I went back, telling myself how foolish I had been to be afraid.

'Twelve o'clock came, but not Davie. I sent Fanny to the spring for the buttermilk and waited a while, thinking little Dave had not finished as soon as he expected. I went to the field. Little Dave lay on his face in the furrow. I gathered him up in my arms; he was yet alive; he put one weak little arm around my neck, and said, "Oh, mammy, I'm hurt. The mule kicked me in the stomach."

'I don't know how I got to the house with him; I stumbled over clods and weeds, through the hot sunshine. I sank down on the porch in the shade, with the precious little form clasped tightly to me. He smiled, and tried to speak, but the blood gurgled up into his throat and my little boy was gone.

'I would have died of grief if I had n't had to work so hard. Big Dave got too warm at work that day, and when Fanny went for him and told him about little Dave, he ran all the way home; he was crazy with grief and forgot the horses. The trouble and the heat and the overwork brought on a fever. I had no time for tears for three months, and by that time my heart was hardened against my Maker. I got deeper in the

rut of work, but I had given up my ambition for a home of my own; all I wanted to do was to work so hard that I could not think of the little grave on which the leaves were falling. I wanted, too, to save enough money to mark the precious spot, and then I wanted to leave. But first one thing and then another took every dollar we made for three years.

'One morning Big Dave looked so worn out and pale that I said, "I am going to get out of here; I am not going to stay here and bury *you*, Dave. Sunrise to-morrow will see us on the road West. We have worked for eighteen years as hard as we knew how, and have given up my boy besides; and now we can't even afford to mark his grave decently. It is time we left."

'Big Dave went back to bed, and I went out and sold what we had. It was so little that it did n't take long to sell it. That was years ago. We came West. The country was really wild then; there was a great deal of lawlessness. We did n't get settled down for several years; we hired to a man who had a contract to put up hay for the government, and we worked for him for a long time.

'Indians were thick as fleas on a dog then; some were camped near us once, and among them was a Mexican woman who could jabber a little English. Once, when I was feeling particularly resentful and sorrowful, I told her about my little Dave; and it was her jabbered words that showed me the way to peace. I wept for hours, but peace had come and has stayed. Ambition came again, but a different kind: I wanted the same peace to come to all hearts that came so late to mine, and I wanted to help bring it. I took the only course I knew. I have gone to others' help every time there has been a chance. After Fanny married and Dave died, I had an ambition to save up four hundred dollars with which to buy an entrance into an

old ladies' home. Just before I got the full amount saved up, I found that young Eddie Carwell wanted to enter the ministry and needed help to go to college. I had just enough; so I gave it to him. Another time I had almost enough, when Charlie Rucker got into trouble over some mortgage business; so I used what I had that time to help him. Now I've given up the old ladies' home idea and am saving up for the blue silk dress Dave would have liked me to have. I guess I'll die some day and I want it to be buried in. I like to think I'm going to my two Daves then; and it won't be hard, — especially if I have the blue silk on.'

Just then a sleepy little bird twittered outside, and the baby stirred a little. The first faint light of dawn was just creeping up the valley. I rose and said I must get back to camp. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I had both wept with Mrs. Mortimer over little Dave. We have all given up our first-born little man-child; so we felt near each other. We told Mrs. Mortimer that we had passed under the rod also. I kissed her toilworn old hands, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy dropped a kiss on her old gray head as we passed out into the rose-and-gold morning. We felt that we were leaving a sanctified presence, and we are both of us better and humbler women because we met a woman who has buried her sorrow beneath faith and endeavor.

This does n't seem much like a letter, does it? When I started on this trip, I resolved that you should have just as much of the trip as I could give you. I did n't know we would be so long getting to the hunting-ground, and I felt you would *like* to know of the people we meet. Perhaps my next letter will not be so tame. The hunting season opens to-morrow, but we are several days' travel from the elk yet.

Elizabeth behaves queerly. She does

n't want to go on, stay here, or go back. I am perfectly mystified. So far she has not told us a thing, and we don't know to whom she is going or anything about it. She is a likable little lady, and I sin-

cerely hope she knows what she is doing. It is bedtime and I must stop writing. We go on to-morrow.

With affectionate regards,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

RESURRECTION: AUGUST, 1914

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

THE Deluge first and after it the Dawn. —

The misery of dull enduring years,
The hopeless travail, and the desperate tears
Of patient peoples overwhelmed and worn
Beneath a burthen hardly to be borne.
The Whirlwind leaps; the starry splendor clears;
Swift dissipates the stifling fog of fears.
Triumphant breaks the Resurrection Morn.

Oh, praise and pray! We waited on the Word
That stilled the billowy waves of Galilee.
It came at last, inscribed upon a Sword
That flashed in fury over land and sea.
We sought our knees; and lo! the Risen Lord,
The stone rolled back, was greeting you and me.

MAXIM SILENCERS FOR OLD WHEEZES

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

I

THEY are good souls. But so was the section hand who laid a railroad tie across the track to save the train. True, the train did not strike the splintered rail: there was not enough left of it. This, of those first- and second-class passengers who, over coffee in the old-rose dining saloon, casually discuss that mutiny of crew and steerage which they know by the comfortable title of 'Unrest.'

The discussion is chronic. The world is eternally plagued by a class of estimable people who dread the new. Their instinct is to club it over the head. Since that primitive implement went out of fashion they have carried an antique flint-lock pistol known as an Old Wheeze. With this they take deliberate aim and the noise which follows is, 'Of course, there is some truth in what you say, but you can never change human nature.' Now while old campaigners like Columbus, Darwin, Cromwell, and Giordano Bruno could view this weapon with equanimity, it did often terrify amateur rebels into silence, until one bolder than the rest looked unflinchingly into the bore. The reward of his courage was this damaging discovery: the Old Wheeze is loaded with nothing but blank cartridges.

Still, the noise is annoying. It disturbs rational conversation; and then there are the fledgling revolutionists who wonder if the thing might not be loaded after all. Hence the invention of the Maxim Silencer. Unlike the Old

Wheeze, it is loaded: not to kill, but to quell. Its action is at once salutary and humane. Since the culprits are not personal offenders but class offenders, exemplary persons, — pillars of society, — if they were maimed we should be the first to grieve. But silenced they must be, as much for their own sakes as for ours. So these little implements will be found useful, not only in self-defense, but in defense of those dumb, sweating myriads of our fellow humans who are being offered up daily on the bloody altar of our criminal complacency.

The most serious thing in the world is a joke. That is why earnest people, when all the ordinary forms of language have failed them, are thrust back on paradox. When they begin walking on their hands, you may know that they are converted. 'A dodge to court publicity!' Not at all. Walking on their hands is a spiritual necessity. For the test of belief is the ability to laugh: none but robust believers can risk a joke about their creed. Carlyle knew this. 'Faith,' says he, 'is properly the one thing needful. How, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; and without it, Worldlings puke-up their sick existence, by suicide, in the midst of luxury.' The lukewarm marvel at Salvationists, radiantly penniless, yet in perpetual high spirits; just as your conservative stares in wonderment at a tableful of radicals who rock and cackle over remarks which he supposes not only meaningless but silly.

Humor is our safety-valve for hearts

and minds surcharged. You may recall having seen, perhaps to your horror and amazement, fairly well-civilized families returning in a state bordering on hilarity from the new-made grave of one bitterly mourned. Or the day a college instructor returned from his mother's funeral, and, to the dismay of himself and his class, kept them in a gale. Suffering, on our own behalf or on behalf of others, intensifies our faculties; and when we can bear no more, we joke. Therefore, good neighbors, do not be misled by these gibes into supposing that the social throes which gave them birth are funny.

There was a sentence in the old grammar which we learned to parse. It went thus: 'Our sincerest laughter is fraught with some pain.' We learned to parse that sentence; did we learn, I wonder, the meaning of laughter born of pain? We earn the right to laugh at serious fun by having first suffered. Are our souls robust enough to laugh among the flames — not cynically, not bitterly, but in that bold, gay spirit which can find even among these shadows a smile to brighten the gloom for its fellows?

These jokes, then, are for the serious. And I can at least rely on revolutionist Christians (at once the most serious and the most frivolous of people) to see the fun.

II

Enter, therefore, that grizzled progenitor of all Old Wheezes, that prehistoric refuge of the dunce, 'You must be crazy.' The Maxim Silencer coolly replies, 'Madness is the state of being in the minority.' Then next, hardly less ancient of days, is, 'If we did divide every thing equally, we should soon have it all back again exactly as it is now.' Your Maxim Silencer rejoins, 'If we did jam the tiller as hard to starboard as it is now jammed to port (which nobody proposes), we would only be steering in a

circle, — as we are doing.' And, giving that time to seep in, it asks, 'Why not steer a straight course for a change?'

Just why the topic of poverty should be the instant signal for a riotous orgy of Old Wheezes is not clear, unless from the flurried impulse of us all to prove that we, personally, cannot be held responsible, and if we can, there is really nothing to be done. The kind of thing you get is, —

'If they spent less money on drink, they would not be so poor.'

The short, sharp shock for this is, —
No; nor you so rich.

But another, mindful of the alcoholism inbred by underfeeding and overwork, replies to this smooth apology of the overfed and underworked, —

Quite so. If they were not so poor, they would have more money; and if they had more money, they would not be so poor.

Like the line-for-line dialogue, the stichomuthiae of Greek drama, another collection of these hoary saws whereby the well-housed are wont to shunt their accountability, piles up as does the climacteric page of Æschylean tragedy: —

'I am willing to aid the worthy poor, but . . .'

If they are worthy why should they be poor?

'They don't save what they get.'

Nothing from nothing leaves nothing.

'If you did pay them more, they would only spend it foolishly.'

On whose example?

'Of course, I will help all I can.'

All you can without getting off their backs.

At this point occurs that serene dismissal of the whole housing problem: —

'Give them bathtubs, and they put ashes in them.'

Do you wish that considered as comment on what has been done for them, or on what needs to be done?

'The trouble is we are letting in too many of these damn foreigners.'

That is what they think.

'Why all this discontent? I can't see that things are any different now from what they have been.'

That is why.

'Well, I believe, not in revolution, but in evolution.'

So did the Court of Louis XVI.

III

Be warned. This duty of squealing the fuddy-dufs can get very awkward. First, like the college graduates torpid with baccalaureate sermons, you conceive yourselves to be Battling with Wrong. This picturesque illusion is shattered by the discovery that you are battling in haggard reality with certain revered aunts, cherished sisters, neighbors who were so kind when the children had measles, and your brother whom you positively know to be a prince of fine fellows even though he does superintend a spinning-mill. Next it appears that you are not battling with them, but with their stupidity. Now they are apparently clever enough in other ways, and certainly not the bloody-minded despots their own words would lead us to believe; so you are forced to the conclusion that you are struggling, not with their stupidity, but with their misinformation. And since they, like yourself, have been lavishly miseducated from first youth up to extreme old age, the job of changing their minds, — not to mention their hearts, — is no forenoon's coupon-clipping.

But meanwhile they must not be allowed to spring these rusty triggers under the impression that they are passing intelligent comment on the social earthquake. Not only is it unfair, — unfair to them, but still more unfair to those who are perishing in the clumsy machinery which persists by grace of these vain repetitions of the social heathen, — it is worse: it is unsafe.

A phrase much in use among those who would designate persons not of their own stratum is, 'These People.' 'These people' (you are to understand) 'do not appreciate what is done for them.' Or we learn that all those interlocking shackles of unemployment are to be knocked off the wrists of the down-and-outs with the bland assumption, 'If you did offer these people a job, they would n't work.' Now, waiving the somewhat obvious deduction that for the immigrants of yesterday to refer to the immigrants of to-day as 'These People' is to imply a fundamental difference between us and them which it is unsafe to assume, let me merely give warning that this particular wheeze is a gun which can be turned on its users to deadly execution. 'These people' can quite as well signify the cultured 'goops' who speak of their supposed social inferiors in this general tone of contemptuous pity. 'These people' are quite as truly the social heathen of our own class, our own set, our own households, whom it is the main, and about the only business of our time to convert from churchianity to Christ.

It was only the other day that we began to smell a mouse in the meal of philanthropy. First, the 'worthy poor' aforementioned, spying, it may be, a spot of their own blood on the conscience money, declined it without thanks. Then Dr. Gladden signed a minority report. That minority is speedily becoming a plurality as it dawns on us that industrialism, with the devastating zeal for improvement which diverts a woodland brook through a brand-new iron sewer-pipe, has jobbed out that gracious Christian virtue, charity, as the impulse to share our best, to the ruthless section boss of competition. Charity no longer begins at home. Charity begins at the directors' meeting, if not at the Probate Court. Charity is not puffed up for the simple reason that it

must get out and hustle. Nor need we be surprised when competitive charity behaves exactly as any other competitive industry is obliged to behave if it intends to continue in business. It has this warning in its ears: 'Stand in with the owning class, and your philanthropy is secure. Forfeit their favor, and you go begging with the other beggars.' Thus, the Maxim Silencer is prompt in response to the recommendation, —

'Let the worthy poor apply to organized charity,' —

Organized charity is the sterilized milk of human kindness.

Of course, until we can enforce our demand not for charity but for sharity, sterilized milk is better than none. The point is, if the milk were pure it would never need to be sterilized at all. But when, emboldened by this concession, the philanthropy-monger returns to the joust with, —

'What would the hospitals do; what would the colleges do; what would the churches themselves do without our millionaire philanthropists?' — let him be told, —

Lose their bodies and save their souls.

More explicitly, it may be said of these million-dollar philanthropists: —

Having sold their souls for a million, they are now dickering to buy them back for five hundred thousand — the bargain-hunt of eternity.

IV

In that after-dinner peace-on-earth which descends on the genteel when they have pushed back from the table and lighted private-brand cigars, expect the one about widows and orphans. Or let it be written as financiers, schooled to plausible glibness, pronounce it: widowzanorphans. I may as well confess that this one had me puzzled for a middling good while. To be sure, I was unable to encounter any of those down-trodden investresses, save a few

who had endured, I admit, the not inconsiderable hardship of riding in a motor car of last year's model; but the bankers and brokers lifted lamentation so feelingly, and spoke in terms of such evident intimacy with these injured ladies and their distressed offspring that one felt convinced of deep sorrow — somewhere. That finance should so take to heart this form of oppression when its sympathies were beckoned to water with their tears a field so much more fertile among the children of the Southern textile industry and the widows of striking miners, was also bewildering. Yet in the mahogany sanctuaries of the ticker-tape, drop by drop, distilled these mournful dews for widowzanorphans.

But quite recently, a breath of rash candor from the heart of a great banking house has blown this fog out to sea. The coastline stands revealed. Thus reads the widowzanorphans' riddle: —

These mourning crocodiles are the Sairy Gamps of finance: and Widowzanorphans are their Mrs. Harris.

It seems a pity that from the little list of the Lord High Executioner, Koko should have omitted the gentleman who, while bragging that his children have never had anything but the best, imparts the ingenious theory, —

'Anyhow, these children are better off working in the mills than running the streets.'

Explain that, —

If mills were run for children, children would be running neither the streets nor the mills.

Also, with the Great Unmissed classify him who propounds either or both of the barnacled objections to disturbing the mildew of the law. He exclaims, —

'Freak legislation!'

Remind him, —

The freak legislation of to-day is the tradition of to-morrow.

Or he protests, —

'This is an infringement of personal liberty,' — permitting the reply, on a basis of no very searching Biblical scholarship, —

The most sweeping infringement of personal liberty in history is the Decalogue.

At this, scenting the sulphurous pit-fumes of government ownership, he is sure to yell, —

'It's confiscation: that's what it is!'

You have your chance: —

Yes, but they did n't pay for the slaves.

For educated illiterates — the ones who remark that Millet's art was so exquisite, is n't it a pity he chose such common subjects? — there is a special course of sprouts. Their first offense is as follows, —

'If they don't like this country, why don't they get out?'

Because (explains the Silencer) the steamship companies and mill corporations which brought them here have n't the same inducement to take them back.

And their second is like unto it, —

'They wouldn't keep clean if you gave them a chance. They don't wish to live any other way.'

If that were true (says the Silencer) we should all still be living as 'they' are.

Or the stock objection to social revolution, —

'The trouble is, it is a gospel of hatred.'

This soft impeachment the revolutionist may admit with the best grace in the world, —

A gospel of hatred of injustice.

And then comes that rudimentary thought of the unthinking, 'The fact is, most people don't think.' There follows a disquisition on 'the essential shallowness of human nature,' which totally overlooks the unflattering light which such an opinion throws on the holder of it, ending with, —

'People are just like a flock of sheep.'

It is then time to quote, with all the gentleness which the words deserve, —

And he saw the multitude and had compassion on them, for they were as sheep not having a shepherd.

The same god-like dream, the same vision of poor, herded humanity that visited Christ has visited us. It moved Him to compassion. It moves us to contempt.

And if, after this, you are told, —

'Still, you cannot expect me to consider them my intellectual equals,' — it is permissible to say, without temper, though, it may be, with some regret, —

That point may disturb you. It never bothered Christ.

V

It was the end of summer, and, in a garage beside the strand of the much-sounding sea, the piano and pianola of a bird-of-passage cottager were in pickle pending shipment back to town. The jolly young chauffeurs, with that blend of mechanical expertness and personal freedom with the property under their charge for which they draw their pay, quickly learned to operate this machine without a license. When all the tangos in its repertory had been rehearsed, to the nausea even of themselves, they blew the dust off a few rolls of 'that classy stuff.' Then befell a wondrous thing. Liszt's *Rigoletto* Fantasia came pealing out of the garage. And, as poor Snout screamed on beholding Bottom wearing the ass's head, so might any amateur of music have cried, 'O Liszt! thou art changed: what do I see on thee?' Or with Quince, 'Bless thee, Liszt! bless thee! thou art translated.' Such a *Rigoletto* Fantasia as never was. Rhythms inverted; *tempo* sprinting or hobbling at a limp, — a *Rigoletto* gone stark, raving daft. The chauffeurs were performing the physical interpretation of Liszt's none-too-heady virtuoso piece, unsuspecting that certain mental processes were intended to accompany the performance.

This 'admired disorder' of the chauffeurs and the demented pianola I can only compare, for razzle-dazzling chaos, with the 'admired disorder' of the public mind during strike time. To cull from this season of quacking folly only a few of the choice ones, this pronouncement occurs early in the disturbance:—

'Business conditions are not such as to warrant an increase in wages at this time.'

A constellation of quotation marks would not faintly indicate the repetitions of this immemorial wheeze. Revolutionists who have opened their eyes and begun to mew know, of course, that,

Whenever workmen ask for higher pay, an acute business depression instantly precedes.

Next, the professional, professorial, clerking, shop-keeping classes, — all the poor relations, — dutifully repeat, —

'Strikers who resort to violence forfeit all claim on public sympathy.'

Let such gentry be informed: —

Had the same principle been applied in the struggle for political liberty which you thus apply to the struggle for industrial liberty, you would now be warbling for your national anthem, 'God Save the King.'

At this point, the college graduate who, chiefly because he owed it to his social position, chose banking as his vocation and a crack cavalry troop as his avocation, and is now engaged in the exalted task of cowing hungry men and women, promulgates the decree, —

'If there is more rioting by the strikers I will place the city under martial law.'

Or, as the little boy was heard to say early one morning to his baby brother who slept with him, —

Donald, why can't you lie still and let me spank you in peace?

Meanwhile, the managers of the industry will not have failed to assure the respectables through the columns of the soft-pedal press, —

'Our employees were perfectly satisfied with conditions until outside agitators came in to stir up trouble.'

The managers can receive at least this encouragement, —

You have good Scriptural authority for this: it was the grievance of the Jewish ruling classes against an outside agitator from Nazareth. The law, fortunately, was with them. It is still.

Also, unless all signs fail, expect this: —

'Should there be a return to violence, the manager said, the plant may be removed from this town altogether.'

Although, sobered by the knowledge that the same threat was recently invoked by an exasperated university president, we might hesitate to comment on the imbecility of this, still, when we picture the probable vicissitudes of, let us say, a soap-factory which would flee as a bird to some blessed isle where industrial squabbles never intrude, no Maxim Silencer quite so serves this egregious nonsense as does the couplet, easily its peer for maudlin hilarity, —

O Mr. Captain, stop the ship.
I want to get off and walk!

Those who complain that syndicalists 'do not fight in the open' may be referred to this definition of sabotage: —

Sabotage is shooting at the British from behind stone fences.

Finally, for an epilogue to the Congressional inquiries which roar you as gently as a sucking dove, and to the conspiracy trials from which these our (cater)pillars of society emerge triumphantly vindicated, give us an academic investigator of the stand-pat variety, lecturing likewise on the ethics of Syndicalism (ahem!) to remark, —

'The militia are very forbearing. In fact, several of the companies were composed largely of union men.'

RAUCOUS VOICE (from rear of hall):
Were there union labels on the bullets?

VI

Let me explain why it is without the least misgiving that I come to the Old Wheeze as it is cherished, like the flint-lock over the kitchen mantelpiece, by that section of society which has 'settled down.' It is, I know, the popular belief that he who takes his lamp and descends into these mine-damps of received opinion does so at no small personal risk; that the gaseous formulas — substitutes for thought — which compose the intellectual atmosphere of these narrow, dark galleries are, in contact — let us say — even with lamplight, violently explosive. The danger is greatly overrated. Thinkers of every stripe — poets, dramatists, sages, novelists, holy men, and artists — have been doing it continually and coming back unsinged. The truth is, the case between society and its critics is much the case of capitalism versus militant democracy as studied in its industrial wing, the I.W.W. Capitalism and the I.W.W. are not so far apart as they suppose. Each is a better friend to the other than it is to itself. That is the encouraging part. Capital makes propaganda for the I.W.W. far faster than the I.W.W. could hope to manufacture propaganda for itself; and the I.W.W., by letting noisy steam out of the safety-valve, defers a threatened bursting of the boiler which would wreck the plant.

Similarly, the family, as the cellular form of our social organism, has less to lose and more to gain by renovating criticism than any other single institution. Yet here is the hitch. No amount of patient explaining seems to carry it to the comprehensions of the unthinking timid that an attack can be aimed, not at an institution, but at the abuse of it, — especially if with them, as with the money-changers in the temple, the abuse *is* the institution. Hence the agonized clucking and cackling which goes up at

the faintest suggestion that everything is not up to actuarial standards within the four walls of the home has frightened off all but the bolder spirits. The others, though they may have come along with only the most generous intentions of freshening up the coop, resent the suspicion that they are out to steal the chickens. Perhaps the point can be made clear by saying that the reproach is not against the family at all, but against that brand of comfort-besotted domesticity which has forsaken its place in the ranks of the mighty onward march of the world's militants — a domesticity which is bound to grow a thick skin against the smart of desertion, and which flouts the impetuous acts of impassioned altruism with the sneer, 'It is not good taste.'

Waiving the retort that good taste is a luxury for non-combatants, the Silencer says, —

Moral conviction and good manners never did keep house together. Gentleman is a compound word — of aristocratic origin — in which the important half is not gentle, but man.

Then, if domesticity is unwary enough to drag out and train its pre-revolutionary nine-pounder, —

'Of course, what you say is true, but this is not the time or place to say it,' — let the Maxim Silencer up and at it: —

The only season for preaching is out of season, because the truth is always out of season.

One seems to remember that it was the Victorian age which was so emphatic on the indecorum of 'washing dirty linen in public.' The result is that the laundry has all been left for the children. Speak gently to the twentieth century: its Monday wash is a hard one. As for decency itself, that sniff which shirks the whole responsibility of sex-education with 'It's not proper,' merits the rebuke, —

In the toleration of free speech, and in

equanimity in the presence of the nude, custom is everything.

If this misses, there is another with aim more deadly, —

The Pauline doctrine slandered the very sources of life. Is it any wonder that life has slandered Paulinanity?

And when, after all that has happened, domesticity is found harboring those beneficiaries of the iniquity they defend — those who announce, —

‘There is and always must be one code of morals for men and another for women,’ —

let them hear the scientific fact of a male autocracy contending for its property rights in sex: —

A governing class instinctively legislates in its own interest. Men are the governing class. Hence the double code.

But be more gentle with that pathos of frustration which sends each generation yearning forward into the future of its children, — unless an age *lies down* on its offspring with the sigh, —

‘I hope to see my son achieve what I myself have failed to do.’

Then inquire, —

On what assurance? Why make fatherhood Failure’s plot to succeed by proxy?

The worst of these aspirations of the parent age which strain forward into the new for their fulfillment is that they shackle the young; for the new generation, if it is worth its salt, will have fashioned a few ideals of its own, and they will be different. Each age has its own definition of romance, and the split is bound to come. More awkward still, it becomes a theorem in world-history that the Maxim Silencer of one age is the Old Wheeze of the next. Here they stand, in deadly parallel, —

The old idea of romance: The country boy goes to the city, marries his employer’s daughter, enslaves some hundreds of his fellow humans, gets rich, and leaves a public library to his hometown.

The new idea of romance: *To undo*

some of the mischief done by the old idea of romance.

It should be added that the newness of this idea of romance is a newness not confined to this or any other single age of history. Always half the task of the children is knocking down the black walnut of their parents to the lowest bidder, or bestowing it on any settlement house which will give it room.

Two dogged and persistent offenders remain. The first, which exhumes clan morality in the early dawn of internationalism, — a very vile kind of body-snatching indeed, — the Silencer may admonish, —

‘Blood’ while ‘thicker than water’ requires thinning for use as a social beverage.

But the other, the degrading excuse of a parent age too laggard to keep up with its children, —

‘Yes, but he never misses a Sunday at church,’ —

you are not to spare. Straight from the shoulder with the left-arm jab let it come: —

Church-going is the anæsthesia of the social conscience.

VII

If cultivated people (people who know a mezzotint from a dry-point, a tonic from a dominant, Sheraton from Chippendale, an Anacreontic from a Sapphic, — and the age we have just had the privilege of burying preened itself that it did, in matters like these, know a hawk from a handsaw, — will insist on uttering these social blasphemies, then ‘What’ — to borrow their own language — ‘can we expect from the Lower Classes?’ Well, let them hear: red revolution. As ye go, preach, saying, ‘Repent, for the kingdom of heaven on earth is at hand.’

For the Lower Classes are much better educated these days than their cul-

tured brethren. It came about by accident, — as we say. Wrenched by the pain of the burden that had lain so long on its right shoulder, the working class writhed, the other day, to shift the weight to its left. In transit, the balance of the burden was disturbed. It wobbled. The bearer suddenly guessed that the whole weight might be toppled off. And since that day, nothing has been the same.

And it will never be the same again. There is not much to fear for to-day. The bearer is a patient beast. But there is an end to his patience, and this article is consumed with imprudent rapidity by 'social superiors' who are as some otherwise admirable person who was simply never taught that it is wrong to steal; or as a dear little boy whose elders neglected to tell him that if he meant to keep friends with himself and the world, he must eschew the green apples of cut-throat industrialism. Or they are as two gentle old ladies, neighbors of my aunt, who were bequeathed a parrot by an adventurous nephew of a sardonic turn. Geoffrey, sojourning in Cuba with the army of occupation, had there acquired the parrot, which spoke only Spanish, but spoke that tongue with a fluency and an emphasis truly astounding in so scrubby a bird. Most of it was unintelligible, save one phrase which may better be conveyed in a purely onomato-poetic line after the Aristophanic manner, as thus: —

Alla lolla begolla.

This phrase so delighted the old gentlewomen that it passed into a byword with them. They babbled 'Alla lolla begolla' to each other in sheer lightness of heart as they went about their household tasks, until a military superior of their late nephew, a guest in their house, chanced to hear it, and stiffened with horror. He forebore, like the gentleman he was, to take the ladies at their word, but hastened to inform them as expli-

citly as decorum would permit, that, were he to do so, they could not possibly be considered ladies.

So when I hear dear old persons and dear young persons, too, of the 'sheltered-lives' variety, sweetly observing: 'If "they" would rather starve in the cities than live comfortably in the country, why, let them,' I do not tell them that they are uttering a shocking blasphemy compared to which 'Alla lolla begolla' is a golden text to be lisped by the infant class. I merely inquire,

Why starve them at all?

Of course, it is not remotely intimated that any one who will read these lines has ever emitted any such anti-social bulls. Only don't do it again.

And now, if those ante-bellum contemporaries of ours will pause in their vehement denials that such things as class-lines exist in this land of the free, — long enough to reflect that such a contention is essentially a class-view, — perhaps we can then set tooth to the kernel of the matter. Good neighbors, to the prayers you murmur morning and evening, add another petition, and throw into it all the strength of your souls: 'Lord, visit not on those who are dear to me my eighth and deadliest sin — the sin of indifference.'

For the platitudinarians who grind out the brutal phrases of this tabulation are folks whom we know to be a dozen times sweeter, a hundred times finer, than we can ever hope to be. They are old teachers who led us one spring along the golden road of Homeric verse; music masters who first unlocked for us the treasure-chest of Beethoven's chamber music; uncles who 'understood boys,' perhaps because they never had any of their own; and grandfathers who risked their necks relaying runaway slaves along the underground railway of the fifties. Not one of them, you see, who is not the real thing. Not one of

them but would be crushed with remorse did he realize half the social import of these formulas he repeats with such confident glibness. Now, while these shibboleths of the pass-by-on-the-other-siders are what we naturally expect from the rich malefactors of the newspaper cartoonists, when such raw atrocities begin to proceed out of the mouths of our own folks, it is time to worry. The sweet faces, the snowy hair, the kind hearts, the white lives, show in sinister contrast to the stark, blood-chilling horror of the things they say, or rather, repeat. From the lips of an aged jurist of ripe scholarship and character rugged as the Berkshire granite which fashioned it, I have heard this comment on the Crucifixion, —

‘I do not see how Pilate could have acted otherwise than as he did. He had to consider what the home government wanted of him.’

With such philosophy as this in the pates of our elders, is it any wonder that the young stand stock-still, appalled? Is it any wonder that those revolutionists who are doing their utmost to save us from ourselves suffer the stripes and spitting of that other ‘stirrer-up of the people’? Is it any wonder that to the reproach of anti-patriotism from the anti-patriots these world-patriots reply sadly, —

The man least acceptable to an established government is a patriot. The man least acceptable to an established religion is a Messiah?

IN NO STRANGE LAND

BY KATHARINE BUTLER

HE was in the heart of the crowd, in it, and of it, — the crowd of late afternoon whose simultaneous movement is the expression of a common wish to cease to be a crowd. His was one of the thousand faces that are almost tragical with weariness, tragical without thought. At five o’clock the sparkle of the morning is forgotten. There is no seeking of hidden treasure in the face opposite, for the face opposite, whosoever it may be, has become too hatefully intrusive with its own burden to yield any light of recognition.

He was running down the Elevated stairs at the appointed minute, when his foot slipped and he fell. It seemed hardly a second before he was up again,

angered by the sudden congestion about him. One white-cheeked woman put her hand to her mouth and gave a cry.

‘Let me by!’ he exclaimed, straining to break through the fast-pressing barrier. The very throng of which he had been an undistinguishable member had suddenly closed round him, focusing its Argus glance upon him, nearer and nearer, and it was only by extreme struggle that he was able to push away and be free.

He sat down in the train, breathless from his final sprint. He felt as if the incident had roused him from some deep lethargy of which he had hitherto been unaware. With his quickened pulse, his thoughts ran more quickly, more

crystally onward. He felt as if a wonderful but unknown piece of luck had befallen him. An ecstatic sense of fortune made him wonder at himself.

'What am I so damned happy about, all of a sudden?' he thought.

He made an indifferent survey of his fellow passengers, and as he noted the familiar heads and shoulders, he had a most curious sensation of utter bliss, and thanked heaven that his lot was not theirs.

'Am I dreaming?' he asked himself. 'Am I about to discover a gold-mine, or what?'

As the train moved out he sank comfortably back into his seat and with his chin on his hand he took up his accustomed nightly gaze on the outer landscape. His thoughts ran back to the morning. He saw the room where he had gone to wake his children. It was a large, square room, with colored nursery pictures on the walls and a collection of battered toys in the corner. The place was fresh and cool with the sparkling air of early day, and through the open windows he had seen the lawn thick spread with cobwebs. And in each of the three small beds a pretty child of his lay stretched in a childish attitude of sleep. Very tender they looked, very lovable, in their naïve curlings-up, a young, shapely arm flung out in the restlessness of approaching day, lips and nostrils just stirred by the tiny motion of their breathing, and an unbelievable, blossomy hand spread in fairy gesture across a pillow. As he walked through the room, he heard the boy John murmur in his waking dreams. Alicia sat up suddenly, as thin and straight as a new reed in her prim nightgown. Her eyelashes were black and her eyes were heather-purple.

'Father!' she had cried, 'I know what day it is!' And in a moment three small whirlwinds stood up on the floor, dropped their nightgowns, and began

to fling their arms and legs into their morning apparel, and there was a great deal of loud conversation full of the presage of festivity. Their father had forgotten that he had a birthday until his wife and children had recovered it from obscurity and made it a day of days.

As he left the house he had looked at Maggie, his fragile, high-hearted wife, and urged her not to get tired with the nonsense. She had looked back at him with mock haughtiness and warned him not to be late to supper, or make light of feast days. He did not notice her words; he was curiously unable to grow accustomed to her face. The more he saw it, the more unbelievably beautiful, the more eloquent in delicate and gentle meanings, it became to him. She looked into his eyes quickly, with a question for his sudden absent-mindedness.

'Because your face is so heavenly,' he answered reverently.

As the train moved on, he saw that a fresh, green haze had begun to veil and adorn the landscape which through the cold months had been so gaunt and ugly to his daily observation. The hint of fever was in the air—the slight madness that accompanies the pangs of seasonal change.

Love glowed in his heart and touched all the veins of his body with its wine-like warmth, its inimitable winelike bouquet. 'Life is sweet! Life is sweet!' his body said, echoing and reëchoing through all the channels of his being. And as the train carried him on through the fields and woods outside the city something almost like the fervor of genius took hold of him, plucking at his heart for words, crying to him out of the silent fields and woods for words, words!

A slight rain was in the air, darkening the twilight, when he stepped down from the train. He was grateful for the darkness, for the soft air on his face,

grateful indeed for the silence. Evening had brought him back to his obscure town, a small station marked by one lantern swung in the stiff grasp of an ancient man. The usual handful of three or four passengers alighted, and exchanging remarks up and down the village street, quickly disappeared within the generous portals of their hereditary houses. The sound of a door opening and shutting, the pleasant light of lamps, the brief glimpse of a shining supper-table, the departing whistle of the train as it shot away through field and thicket, and the remote town was undisturbed again.

He was grateful indeed for the nightly renaissance of his spirit in the clear air and gracious heaven of the place. On this May night of mist and darkness he took up again the thread of his real existence. Only to-night it seemed more golden, more palpitating with hope and mystery, — a still moment wherein one could only half distinguish between the future and the past. He was thirty years old to-day, he told himself, and he had a wife and three children. A short swift time it had been! Had he them then, or was it a dream? Where were his footsteps taking him down the empty street? To Babylon, or some lost coast of gods and visions? He turned a familiar corner. A fresh breeze struck his face with a sudden shower of drops, and he saw in the dim light the heads of crocuses shaking in the grass beside the walk. He flung open the door and heard Maggie's voice in the dining-room and the laughter of Alicia.

'Hallo!' he called; and getting no answer, he walked into the dining-room. There was a circle of candles on the table, unlighted as yet, and a bowl of flowers.

Maggie was sitting by the fire, cracking nuts, and telling a story to the children who sat about her in white frocks, the firelight on their faces. The boy

John was staring into the flame with the look that made his mother believe that she had given habitation to a poet's soul, and that inspired her to tell the most extravagant tales of wonder that her brain could conjure. Vibrant mystery rang in the low monotony of her voice.

Their father checked himself at the doorway, thinking that he had done violence to the etiquette of birthdays by allowing himself to view the preparation. He laughed and stepped out again.

'Oh, I see you don't want me. I really did n't look at a thing!' And he called back from the stair, 'How soon *may* I come?'

He heard nothing but the cracking of nuts, Maggie's enchanting tone, and the short laughter of Alicia.

'O Maggie, dear!' he called again.

No reply, — only the soft continuance of the magic tale in the inner room.

'By the way,' — He stepped down a stair. 'By the way, Maggie, May I see you a second?'

The story had ceased, but Maggie neither answered nor came. He stepped to the dining-room door with a curious sense of apprehension. There was a touch of surprise in his tone.

'Maggie!'

She looked round and on her face was the quick and strange reflection of his bewilderment. Yet she looked beyond him, through him, as if he had not been there. The boy John was still staring into the fire, folded deep in the robe of enthrallment his mother had made. As if from the hushed heart of it, he said, —

'What did you hear, mother?'

She gave him a startled glance, and then she smiled upon him, tenderly, warmly.

'Only the wind outside, dear child. It is a rainy and windy night.'

She looked again toward the door of the room.

'Maggie!'

Such was the sudden torture and fear in his breast, he could scarcely lift his voice. He put one hand to his head and stepped nearer his wife.

As if to find tranquillity in a moment of nervousness, she rested her soft glance on Alicia, the child of delicate hands and delicate thoughts.

Robbie, the importunate youngest, leaned against his mother with heavy and troubled eyes.

'I thought I heard something, mother,' he said.

She bent over him, visibly trembling.

'What did you think it was, darling?' she asked.

'I thought it was the rain hitting the window and trying to get in.'

She laughed and rose uneasily from her chair, and taking the child in her arms, she walked up and down before the friendly fire. For a long time there was no sound in the room except the vague sound of wind, of flame, and of Maggie's footsteps.

Suddenly Robbie gave a little cry from her shoulder.

'Why does n't father come?'

The man rushed toward his wife to clasp her and the child in his arms, crying, —

'O Maggie!'

She sank to her chair, trembling and stroking the head of her child with fearful compassion.

'O heavy mystery! Is this life,' he cried, 'or death?' He stretched out his arms in vain. The impassable gulf lay between them. Then as he turned away from her the walls of the house grew heavy upon him, the fire sent forth a smothering heat, and incomprehensible, unendurable became the spectacle of human grief.

He went toward the door. Hesitat-

ing he looked back again. Robbie's face was buried in her breast; her eyes were deep and dark with the half-guessed truth.

There came a sound at the door, that caused Maggie to start piteously. He forgot his desire to be free in his desire to clasp her again and console her.

She left the children and went unhesitating and pale to answer the summons, he hovering beside her. What a flower she looked and how fragilely shaken, like the rain-beaten crocuses in the grass!

As the door opened he saw two men standing in the dark and wet. For a moment neither spoke. One looked at the other, and broke out, —

'You tell her, for God's sake!'

This came to him dimly as if he were a thousand miles away. He heard no more. He had gone out into the wind and rain. It struck his breast again with its incomparable sweetness. He saw dark hills lying before him. Gateways long barred within him rushed open with a sound of singing and triumph. He felt no more sorrow, no more pity, — only incredible freedom and joy. The stone had been rolled away.

'Death is sweet! Death is sweet!' echoed and reëchoed through all the passages of his being. He smelt the icy breath of mountains, and he knew the vast solitude of the plains of the sea. The veins of his body were the great rivers of the earth, sparkling in even splendor. His head was among the stars, he saw the sun and the moon together, and the four seasons were marshalled about him. The clouds of the sky parted and fell away, and across the blue sward of heaven he saw the procession of glowing, gracious figures whose broken shadow is cast with such vague majesty across the face of the earth.

THE AMENITIES OF BOOK-COLLECTING

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

If my early training has been correct, which I am much inclined to doubt, we were not designed to be happy in this world. We were simply placed here to be tried, and doubtless we are — it is a trying place. It is, however, the only world we are sure of, so in spite of our training we endeavor to make the best of it, and have invented a lot of little tricks with which to beguile the time.

The approved time-killer is work, and we do a lot of it. When it is quite unnecessary, we say it is in the interest of civilization; and occasionally work is done on so high a plane that it becomes sport, and we call these sportsmen, 'Captains of Industry.' One once told me that making money was the finest sport in the world. This was before the rules of the game were changed.

But for the relaxation of those whose life is spent in a persistent effort to make ends meet, games of skill, games of chance, and kissing games have been invented, and indoor and outdoor sports. These are all very well for those who can play them, but I am like the little boy who declined to play Old Maid because he was always 'it.' Having early discovered that I was always 'it' in every game, I decided to take my recreation in another way. I read occasionally and have always been a collector.

Many years ago, in an effort to make conversation on a train, — a foolish thing to do, — I asked a man what he did with his leisure, and his reply was,

'I play cards. I used to read a good deal but I wanted something to occupy my mind, so I took to cards.' It was a disconcerting answer.

It may be admitted that not all of us can read all the time. For those who cannot and for those to whom sport in any form is a burden not to be endured, there is one remaining form of exercise, the riding of a hobby, — collecting, it is called, — and the world is so full of such wonderful things that we collectors should be as happy as kings.

Horace Greeley once said, 'Young man, go West.' I give advice as valuable and more easily followed: I say, young man, get a hobby; preferably get two, one for indoors and one for out; get a pair of hobby horses that can safely be ridden in opposite directions.

We collectors strive to make converts; we want others to enjoy what we enjoy; and I may as well confess that the envy shown by our fellow collectors when we display our treasures is not annoying to us. But, speaking generally, we are a bearable lot, our hobbies are usually harmless, and if we loathe the subject of automobiles, and especially discussion relative to parts thereof, we try to show an intelligent interest in another's hobby, even if it happen to be a collection of postage-stamps. Our own hobby may be, probably is, ridiculous to someone else, but in all the wide range of human interest, from postage-stamps to paintings, — the sport of the millionaire, — there is nothing that begins so easily and takes us so far as the collecting of books.

And hear me. If you would know the delight of book-collecting, begin with something else. I care not what. Book-collecting has all of the advantages of other hobbies without their drawbacks. The pleasure of acquisition is common to all, — that's where the sport lies; but the strain of the possession of books is almost nothing; a tight, dry closet will serve to house them if need be.

It is not so with flowers. They are a constant care. Some one once wrote a poem about 'old books and fresh flowers.' It lilted along very nicely; but I remark that books stay old, indeed get older, and flowers do not stay fresh; a little too much rain, a little too much sun, and it is all over.

Pets die too, in spite of constant care — perhaps by reason of it. To quiet a teething dog I once took him, her, it, to my room for the night and slept soundly. Next morning I found that the dog had committed suicide by jumping out of the window.

The joys of rugs are a delusion and a snare. They cannot be picked up here and there, tucked in a traveling bag and smuggled into the house; they are hard to transport, there are no auction records against them, and the rug market knows no bottom. I never yet heard a man admit paying a fair price for a rug, much less a high one. 'Look at this Scherazak,' a friend remarks; 'I paid only ninety dollars for it and it's worth five hundred if it's worth a penny.' When he is compelled to sell his collection, owing to an unlucky turn in the market, it brings seventeen-fifty. And rugs are ever a loafing place for moths — but that's a chapter by itself.

Worst of all, there is no literature about them. I know very well there are books about rugs; I own some. But as all books are not literature, so all literature is not in books. Can a rug-collector enjoy a catalogue? I sometimes think that for the overworked business

man a book-catalogue is the best reading there is. Did you ever see a rug-collector pencil in hand poring over a rug-catalogue?

Print-catalogues there are; and now I warm a little. They give descriptions that mean something; a scene may have a reminiscent value, a portrait suggests a study in biography. Then there are dimensions for those who are fond of figures and states and margins, and the most ignorant banker will tell you that a wide margin is always better than a narrow one. Prices too can be looked up and compared, and results satisfactory or otherwise recorded. Prints, too, can be snugly housed in portfolios. But for a lasting hobby give me books.

II

Book-collectors are constantly being ridiculed by scholars for the pains they take and the money they spend on first editions of their favorite authors; and it must be that they smart under the criticism, for they are always explaining, and attempting rather foolishly to justify their position. Would it not be better to say, as Leslie Stephen did of Dr. Johnson's rough sayings, that 'it is quite useless to defend them to any one who cannot enjoy them without defense'?

I am not partial to the 'books which no gentleman's library should be without,' fashionable a generation or two ago. The works of Thomas Frognall Dibdin do not greatly interest me, and where will one find room to-day for Audubon's *Birds* or Roberts's *Holy Land* except on a billiard table or under a bed?

The very great books of the past have become so rare, so high-priced, that it is almost useless for the ordinary collector to hope ever to own them, and fashion changes in book-collecting as in everything else. Aldines and Elzevirs are no longer sought. Our interest

in the classics being somewhat abated, we pass them over in favor of books which we tell ourselves we expect some day to read, the books written by men of whose lives we know something. I would rather have a *Paradise Lost* with the first title-page, in contemporary binding, or an *Angler*, than all the Aldines and Elzevirs ever printed.

That this feeling is general accounts, I take it, for the excessively high prices now being paid for first editions of modern authors like Shelley, Keats, Lamb, and, to come right down to our own day, Stevenson. Would not these authors be amazed could they know in what esteem they are held and what fabulous prices are paid for volumes which when they were published fell almost still-born from the press? We all know the story of Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*, how a 'remainder' was sold by Quaritch at a penny the copy. It is now worth its weight in gold, and Keats's *Endymion*, once a 'remainder' bought by a London bookseller at four pence, now commands several hundred dollars. I paid three hundred and sixty dollars for mine — but it was once Wordsworth's and has his name on the title-page.

But it is well in book-collecting, while not omitting the present, never to neglect the past. 'Old books are best,' says Beverly Chew, beloved of all collectors, and I recall Lowell's remark: 'There is a sense of security in an old book which time has criticized for us.' It was a recollection of these sayings that prompted me, if prompting was necessary, to pay a fabulous price the other day for a copy of *Hesperides or the Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.*, a beautiful copy of the first edition in the original sheep.

We collectors know the saying of Bacon, 'Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested'; but the revised version is, Some books are to be

read, others are to be collected. Mere reading books, the five-foot shelf, or the hundred best, every one knows at least by name. But at the moment I am concerned with collectors' books and the amenities of book-collecting; for frankly,

I am one of those who seek
What Bibliomaniacs love.

Some subjects are not for me. Sydney Smith's question, 'Who reads an American book?' has, I am sure, been answered, and I am equally sure I do not know what the answer is. 'Americana' — which was not what Sydney Smith meant — have never caught me, nor has 'Black Letter.' It is not necessary for me to study how to tell a Caxton. Caxtons do not fall in my way, except single leaves now and then, and these I take as Goldsmith took his religion, on faith.

Nor am I the rival of the man who buys all his books from Quaritch. Buying from Quaritch is rather too much like the German idea of hunting: namely, sitting in an easy chair near a breach in the wall through which game, big or little, is shooed within easy reach of your gun. No, my idea of collecting is 'watchful waiting,' in season and out, in places likely and unlikely, most of all in London. But one need not begin in London; one can begin wherever he has pitched his tent.

I have long wanted Franklin's *Cato Major*. A copy was found not long since in a farmhouse garret in my own county, but unluckily I did not hear of it until its price, through successive hands, had reached three hundred dollars. But if one does not begin in London, one ends there. It is the great market of the world for collectors' books — the best market, not necessarily the cheapest.

My first purchase was a Bohn edition of Pope's Homer, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in two volumes — not a bad

start for a boy; and under my youthful signature with a fine flourish is the date, 1882.

I read them with delight, and was sorry when I learned that Pope is by no means Homer. I have been a little chary about reading ever since. We collectors might just as well wait until scholars settle these questions.

I have always liked Pope. In reading him one has the sense of progress from idea to idea, not a mere floundering about in Arcady amid star-stuff. When Dr. Johnson was asked, what is poetry, he replied, 'It is much easier to say what it is not.' He was sparring for time and finally remarked, 'If Pope is not poetry it is useless to look for it.'

Years later, when I learned from Oscar Wilde that there are two ways of disliking poetry, — one is to dislike it and the other, to like Pope, — I found I was not entirely prepared to change my mind about Pope.

In 1884 I went to London for the first time, and there I fell under the lure of Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb. After that the deluge.

London of 1884 was the London of Dickens. There have been greater changes since I first wandered in the purlieus of the Strand and Holborn than there were in the hundred years before. Dickens's London has vanished almost as completely as the London of Johnson. One landmark after another disappeared, until finally the County Council made one grand sweep with Aldwych and Kingsway. But never to be forgotten are the rambles I enjoyed with my first bookseller, Fred Hutt of Clements' Inn Passage, subsequently of Red Lion Passage, now no more. Poor fellow! when early last year I went to look him up I found he had passed away, and his shop was being dismantled. He was the last of three brothers, all booksellers.

From Hutt I received my first lesson

in bibliography, from him I bought my first *Christmas Carol*, with 'Stave 1,' not 'Stave One,' and with the green end papers. I winced at the price: it was thirty shillings. I saw one marked twenty guineas not long ago. From Hutt, too, I got a copy of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, 1866, with the Moxon imprint, and had pointed out to me the curious eccentricity of type on page 222. I did not then take his advice and pay something over two pounds for a copy of *Desperate Remedies*. It seemed wiser to wait until the price reached forty pounds, which I subsequently paid for it. But I did buy from him for five shillings an autograph letter of Thomas Hardy to his first publisher, 'old Tinsley.' As the details throw some light on the subject of Hardy's first book, I quote the letter, from which it will be seen that Hardy financed the publication himself.

BROCKHAMPTON
DORCHESTER, Dec. 20, 1870.

SIR: —

I believe I am right in understanding your terms thus — that if the gross receipts reach the costs of publishing I shall receive the £75 back again, & if they are more than the costs I shall have £75, added to half the receipts beyond the costs (i.e. assuming the expenditure to be £100 the receipt £200 I should have returned to me £75 + 50 = 125). Will you be good enough to say too if the sum includes advertising to the customary extent, & about how long after my paying the money the book would appear?

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS HARDY.

Only those who are trying to complete their sets of Hardy know how difficult it is to find *Desperate Remedies* and *Under the Greenwood Tree* 'in cloth as issued.'

My love for book-collecting and my

love for London have gone hand in hand. From the first, London with its wealth of literary and historic interest has held me; there has never been a time, not even on that gloomy December day twenty years ago, when, with injuries subsequently diagnosed as a 'compound comminuted tibia and fibula,' I was picked out of an overturned cab and taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital for repairs, that I could not say with Boswell, 'There is a city called London for which I have as violent an affection as the most romantic lover ever had for his mistress.'

The book-shops of London have been the subject of many a song in prose and verse. Every taste and pocket can be satisfied. I have ransacked the wretched little shops to be found in the by-streets of Holborn one day, and the next have browsed in the artificially stimulated pastures of Grafton Street, Bond Street, and with as much delight in one as in the other.

I cannot say that 'I was "broke" in London in the fall of '89,' for the simple reason that I was not in London that year; but I am never long in London without finding myself as light in heart and pocket as Eugene Field — the result of yielding to the same temptations.

I knew the elder Quaritch well, and over a cup of tea one winter afternoon years ago, in a cold, dingy little room filled with priceless volumes in the old shop in Piccadilly, he confided to me his fears for his son Alfred. This remarkable old man, who has well been called the Napoleon of booksellers, confided to me that Alfred would never be able to carry on the business when he was gone. 'He has no interest in books, he is not willing to work hard as he will have to to maintain the standing I have secured as the greatest bookseller in the world.' Quaritch was very proud, and justly, of his eminence.

How little the old man knew that this son, when the time came, would step into his father's shoes and stretch them. Alfred, when he inherited the business, assumed his father's first name and showed all of his father's enthusiasm and shrewdness. He probably surprised himself as he surprised the world, by adding lustre to the name of Bernard Quaritch, so that when he died a year ago the newspapers of the English-speaking world gave the details of his life and death as matters of general interest.

The book-lovers' happy hunting ground is the Charing Cross Road. It is a dirty and sordid street, too new to be picturesque; but almost every other shop on both sides of the street is a bookshop, and the patient man is frequently rewarded by a find of peculiar interest.

One day, a year or so ago, I picked up two square folio volumes of manuscript bound in old, soft morocco, grown shabby from knocking about. The title was *Lyford Redivivus or A Grandame's Gar-rulity*. Examination showed me that it was a sort of dictionary of proper names. In one volume there were countless changes and erasures; the other was evidently a fair copy. Although there was no name in either volume to suggest the author, it needed no second glance to see that both were written in the clear, bold hand of Mrs. Piozzi. The price was trifling and I promptly paid it and carried the volumes home. Some months later I was reading a little volume, *Piozziana*, by Edward Mangin, the first book about Mrs. Thrale Piozzi, when to my surprise my eye met the following: —

'Early in the year 1815, I called on her [Mrs. Piozzi] then resident in Bath, to examine a manuscript which she informed me she was preparing for the press. After a short conversation, we sat down to a table on which lay two

manuscript volumes, one of them, the fair copy of her work, in her own incomparably fine hand-writing. The title was "Lyford Redivivus"; the idea being taken from a diminutive old volume, printed in 1657, and professing to be an alphabetical account of the names of men and women, and their derivations. Her work was somewhat on this plan: the Christian or first name given, Charity, for instance, followed by its etymology; anecdotes of the eminent or obscure, who have borne the appellation; applicable epigrams, biographical sketches, short poetical illustrations, &c.

'I read over twelve or fourteen articles and found them exceedingly interesting; abounding in spirit, and novelty; and all supported by quotations in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Celtic, and Saxon. There was a learned air over all, and in every page, much information, ably compressed, and forming what I should have supposed, an excellent popular volume. She was now seventy-five; and I naturally complimented her, not only on the work in question, but the amazing beauty and variety of her hand-writing. She seemed gratified and desired me to mention the MS. to some London publisher. This I afterwards did, and sent the work to one alike distinguished for discernment and liberality, but with whom we could not come to an agreement. I have heard no more of "Lyford Redivivus" since, and know not in whose hands the MS. may now be.'

A moment later it was in mine, and I was examining it with renewed interest.

My secret is out. I collect, as I can, human-interest books — books with a *provenance* as they are called; but as I object to foreign words, I once asked a Bryn Mawr Professor, Dr. Holbrook, to give me an English equivalent. 'I should have to make one,' he said. 'You

know the word *whereabouts*, I suppose.' I admitted I did. 'How would *whenceabouts* do?' I thought it good.

III

In recent years, presentation or association books have become the rage, and the reason is plain. Every one is unique, though some are unique than others. My advice to any one who may be tempted by some volume with an inscription of the author on its fly-leaf or title-page is, 'Yield with coy submission' — and at once. While such books make frightful inroads on one's bank account, I have regretted only my economies, never my extravagances.

I was glancing the other day over Arnold's *Record of Books and Letters*. He paid in 1895 seventy-one dollars for a presentation Keats's *Poems*, 1817, and sold it at auction in 1901 for five hundred. A few years later I was offered a presentation copy of the work, with an inscription to Keats's intimate friends, Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, for a thousand dollars, and while I was doing some preliminary financing the book disappeared, and forever; and I have never ceased regretting that the dedication copy of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, passed into the collection of my lamented friend, Harry Widener, rather than into my own. 'I shall not pass this way again' seems written in these volumes.

But my record is not all of defeats. The 'whenceabouts' of my presentation *Vanity Fair* is not without interest — its story is told in Wilson's *Thackeray in the United States*.

'The great man took particular delight in schoolboys. When, during his lecturing tour, he visited Philadelphia he presented one of these boys with a five-dollar gold-piece. The boy's mother objected to his pocketing the coin, and Thackeray vainly endeavored to

convince her that this species of beneficence was a thing of course in England. After a discussion the coin was returned, but three months later the lad was made happy by the receipt of a copy of *Vanity Fair*, across the title page of which he saw written, in a curiously small and delicate hand, his name, Henry Reed, with W. M. Thackeray's kind regards, April, 1856.'

One day, some years ago, while strolling through Piccadilly, my attention was attracted by a newspaper clipping posted on the window of a bookshop, which called attention to a holograph volume of Johnson-Dodd letters on exhibition within. I spent several hours in careful examination of it, and, although the price asked was not inconsiderable, it was not high in view of the unusual interest of the volume. I felt that I must own it.

When I am going to be extravagant I always like the encouragement of my wife, and I usually get it. I determined to talk over with her my proposed purchase. Her prophetic instinct in this instance was against it. She reminded me that the business outlook was not good when we left home and that the reports received since were anything but encouraging. 'That amount of money,' she said, 'may be very useful when you get home.' The advice was good; indeed her arguments were so unanswerable that I determined not to discuss it further, but to buy it anyhow and say nothing. Early the next morning I went back and to my great disappointment found that some one more forehanded than I had secured the treasure. My regrets for a time were keen, but on my return to this country I found myself in the height of the 1907 panic. Securities seemed almost worthless and actual money unobtainable; then I congratulated my wife on her wisdom, and pointed out what a fine fellow I had been to follow her advice.

Six months later, to my great surprise, the collection was again offered me by a bookseller in New York at a price just fifty per cent in advance of the price I had been asked for it in London. The man who showed it to me was amazed when I told him just when he had bought it and where, and the price he had paid for it. I made a guess that it was ten per cent below the figure at which it had been offered to me. 'I am prepared,' I said, 'to pay you the same price I was originally asked for it in London. You have doubtless shown it to many of your customers and have not found them as foolish in their enthusiasm over Johnson as I am. You have had your chance to make a big profit; why not accept a small one?' There was some discussion, but as I saw my man weakening, my firmness increased, and it finally ended by my handing him a check and carrying off the treasure.

The collection consists of original manuscripts relating to the forgery of Dodd, twelve pieces being in Dr. Johnson's handwriting. In 1778 Dr. William Dodd, the 'unfortunate' clergyman, as he came to be called, was condemned to death for forging the name of his pupil, Lord Chesterfield, to a bond for forty-two hundred pounds. Through their common friend Edmund Allen, Johnson worked hard to secure Dodd's pardon, writing letters, petitions, and addresses to be presented by Dodd, in his own or his wife's name, to the King, the Queen, and other important persons, Johnson taking every care to conceal his own part in the matter. In all there are thirty-two manuscripts relating to the affair. They were evidently used by Sir John Hawkins in his *Life of Johnson*, but it is doubtful whether Boswell, although he quotes them in part, ever saw the collection.

Pearson, from his shop in Pall Mall Place, issues catalogues which for size,

style, and beauty are unexcelled — they remind one more of publications *de luxe* than of a bookseller's catalogue. It is almost vain to look for any item under a hundred pounds, and not infrequently they run to several thousand. A catalogue now on my writing table tells me of a Caxton: *Tully, His Treatises of Old Age and Friendship*, one of four known copies, at twenty-five hundred pounds, and I'd gladly pay it did my means allow.

From Pearson I secured my holograph prayer of Dr. Johnson, of which Birkbeck Hill says: 'Having passed into the cabinet of a collector, it remains as yet unpublished.' It is dated Ashbourne, September 5, 1784 (Johnson died on December 13 of that year), and reads: —

'Almighty Lord and Merciful Father, to thee be thanks, and praise for all thy mercies, for the awakening of my mind, the continuance of my life, the amendment of my health, and the opportunity now granted of commemorating the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Enable me, O Lord, to repent truly of my sins — enable me by Thy Holy Spirit to lead hereafter a better life. Strengthen my mind against useless perplexities, teach me to form good resolutions and assist me that I may bring them to effect, and when Thou shalt finally call me to another state, receive me to everlasting happiness, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.'

Prayers in Dr. Johnson's hand are excessively rare. He wrote a large number, modeled evidently upon the beautiful Collects — prose sonnets — of the Church of England Prayer Book; but after publication by their first editor, Dr. George Strahan, in 1785, most of the originals were deposited in the Library of Pembroke College, Oxford; hence their scarcity.

From Pearson too came my beauti-

ful uncut copy of *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, with a receipt for one hundred pounds in Johnson's handwriting on account of the copy-right of the book, and, more interesting still, a brief note to Mrs. Horneck (the mother of Goldsmith's *Jessamy Bride*), reading: 'Mr. Johnson sends Mrs. Horneck and the young ladies his best wishes for their health and pleasure in their journey, and hopes his Wife [Johnson's pet name for the young lady] will keep him in her mind. Wednesday, June 13.' The date completes the story. Forster states that Goldsmith in company with the Hornecks started for Paris in the middle of July, 1770. This was the dear old Doctor's good-bye as the party was setting out.

To spend a morning with Mr. Sabin, the elder, in his shop in Bond Street is a delight never to be forgotten. The richest and rarest volumes are spread out before you as unaffectedly as though they were the last best-sellers. You are never importuned to buy; on the contrary, even when his treasures are within your reach, it is difficult to get him to part with them. One item which you particularly want is a part of a set held at a king's ransom; some one has the refusal of another. It is possible to do business, but not easy.

His son, Frank, occasionally takes advantage of his father's absence to part with a volume or two. He admits the necessity of selling a book sometimes in order that he may buy another. This I take it accounts for the fact that he consented to part with a copy of *The Works of that Famous English Poet, Mr. Edmond Spenser*, — the fine old folio of 1679, with the beautiful title-page. A 'name on title' ordinarily does not add to a book's value, but when that name is 'John Keats' in the poet's hand, and in addition, 'Severn's gift, 1818,' one is justified in feeling elated.

John Keats! who in the realm of poetry stands next to the great Elizabethans. It was Spenser's *Fairy Queen* which first fired his ambition to write poetry, and his lines in imitation of Spenser are among the first he wrote. At the time of the presentation of this volume, Severn had recently made his acquaintance, and Keats and his friends were steeped in Elizabethan literature. The finest edition of the works of Spenser procurable was no doubt selected by Severn as a gift more likely than any other to be appreciated by the poet.

Remember that books from Keats's library, which was comparatively a small one, are at the present time practically non-existent; that among them there could hardly have been one with a more interesting association than this volume of Spenser. Remember too that Keats's poem, —

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song, —

was addressed to my great-great-uncle, George Felton Mathew; and let me refer to the fact that on my first visit to England I had spent several days with his sister, who as a young girl had known Keats well, and it will be realized that the possession of this treasure made my heart thump.

Stimulated and encouraged by this purchase, I successfully angled for one of the rarest items of the recent Browning sale, the portrait of Tennyson reading *Maud*, a drawing in pen and ink by Rossetti, with a signed inscription on the drawing in the artist's handwriting, 'I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood.' Browning's inscription is as follows: —

'Tennyson read his poem of *Maud* to E.B.B., R.B., Arabel and Rossetti, on the evening of Thursday, Sept. 27, 1855, at 13 Dorset St., Manchester Square. Rossetti made this sketch of

Tennyson as he sat reading to E.B.B., who occupied the other end of the sofa.

R.B. March 6, '74,
19 Warwick Crescent.'

W. M. Rossetti and Miss Browning were also present on this famous evening, which is vivaciously described by Mrs. Browning in an autograph letter to Mrs. Martin inserted in the album.

'One of the pleasantest things which has happened to us here is the coming down on us of the Laureat, who, being in London for three or four days from the Isle of Wight, spent two of them with us, dined with us, smoked with us, opened his heart to us (and the second bottle of port), and ended by reading *Maud* through from end to end, and going away at half-past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, certainly he would have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidingness, and unexampled naïveté! Think of his stopping in *Maud* every now and then — "There 's a wonderful touch! That 's very tender. How beautiful that is!" Yes, and it was wonderful, tender, beautiful, and he read exquisitely in a voice like an organ, rather music than speech.'

Thus are linked indissolubly together the great Victorians: Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, and Mrs. Browning. It would be difficult to procure a more interesting memento.

IV

At 27 New Oxford Street, West, is a narrow, dingy little shop, which you would never take to be one of the most celebrated bookshops in London — Spencer's. How he does it, where he gets them, is his business, and an inquiry he only answers with a smile; but the fact is, there they are — just the books you have been looking for, presentation copies and others, in cloth

and bound. Spencer owes it to the book-collectors of the world to issue catalogues. They would make delightful reading. He has always promised to do it, but he, as well as we, knows that he never will.

But he is kind in another way, if kindness it is: he leaves you alone for hours in that wonderful second-story room, subjected to temptation almost too great to be resisted. Autograph letters, first drafts of well-known poems, rare volumes filled with corrections and notes in the hand of the author are scattered about among them, occasionally, such an invaluable item as the complete manuscript of the *Cricket on the Hearth*.

It was from the table in this room that I picked up one day a rough folder of cardboard tied with red tape and labeled 'Lamb.' Opening it I found a letter from Lamb to Taylor & Hessey, 'acknowledging with thanks receipt of thirty-two pounds' for the copyright of 'Elias (Alas) of last year,' signed and dated, June 9, 1824. I felt that it would look well in my presentation *Elia*, in boards, uncut, and was not mistaken.

My acquaintance with Mr. Dobell I owe to a paragraph that I read many years ago in Labouchere's *Truth*. One day this caught my eye: 'From the catalogue of a West End Bookseller I note this: "Garriek, David. 'Love in the Suds. A Town Eclogue,' first edition. 1772. Very rare. 5 guineas." The next post brought me a catalogue from Bertram Dobell, the well-known bookseller, in the Charing Cross Road. There I read, "Garriek, David. 'Love in the Suds. A Town Eclogue,' first edition, 1772, boards, 18 pence." The purchaser of the former might do well to average by acquiring Mr. Dobell's copy.'

Old Dobell is in a class by himself—scholar, antiquarian, poet, and book-

seller.¹ He is just the type one would expect to find in a shop on the floor of which books are stacked in piles four or five feet high, leaving narrow tortuous paths through which one treads one's way with great drifts of books on either side. To reach the shelves is practically impossible, yet out of this seeming confusion I have picked many a rare item.

Don't be discouraged if on your asking for a certain volume Mr. Dobell gently replies, 'No, sorry.' That means simply that he cannot put his mental eye on it at the moment. It, or something as interesting, will come along. Don't hurry; and let me observe that the prices of this eighteenth-century bookshop are of the period.

I once sought, for years, for a little book of no particular value; but I wanted it to complete a set. I had about given up all hope of securing a copy when I finally found it in a fashionable shop in Piccadilly. It was marked five guineas, an awful price, but I paid it and put the volume in my pocket. That very day I stumbled across a copy in a better condition at Dobell's, marked two and six. I bethought me of Labby's advice and 'averaged.'

From Dobell came Wordsworth's copy of *Endymion*, likewise a first edition of the old-fashioned love-story, *Henrietta Temple*, by Disraeli, inscribed, 'To William Beckford with the author's compliments,' with many pages of useless notes in Beckford's hand; he seems to have read the volumes with unnecessary care. Nor should I forget a beautiful copy of Thomson's *Seasons*

¹ I had a letter from Mr. Dobell not long ago, telling me that business was very bad in his line, and that he had taken to writing bad war poems, which, he said, was a harmless pastime for a man too old to fight. I am not sure that the writing of bad poetry is a harmless pastime, and I was just about to write and tell him so, when I read in the *Athenæum* that he had passed away quite suddenly. — THE AUTHOR.

presented by Byron 'To the Hon'ble Frances Wedderburne Webster,' with this signed impromptu: —

Go! — volume of the Wintry Blast,
The yellow Autumn and the virgin Spring.
Go! — ere the Summer's zephyr's past
And lend to loveliness thy lovely Wing.

v

The morning's mail of a busy man, marked 'personal,' takes a wide scope, ranging all the way from polite requests for a loan to brief statements that 'a prompt remittance will oblige'; but at the bottom of the pile are the welcome catalogues of the second-hand booksellers, — for books, to be interesting, must at least be second-hand. Indeed, as with notes offered for discount, the greater the number of good indorsers the better. In books, indorsements frequently take the form of bookplates. I am always interested in such a note as this: 'From the library of Charles B. Foote with his bookplate.'

Auction catalogues come too. These also must be scanned, but they lack the element which makes the dealers' catalogues so interesting — the prices. With prices omitted, book-auction catalogues are too stimulating. The mind at once begins to range. Doubt takes the place of certainty.

The arrival of a catalogue from the Sign of the Caxton Head, Mr. James Tregaskis's shop in High Holborn, in the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Field, always suspends business in my office for half an hour; and while I glance rapidly through its pages in search of nuggets, I paraphrase a line out of Boswell, that 'Jimmie hath a very pretty wife.' Why should n't a book merchant have a pretty wife? The answer is simple: he has, nor are good-looking wives peculiar to this generation of booksellers.

Tom Davies, it will be remembered,

who in the back parlor of his bookshop in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, first introduced Boswell to Johnson, had a wife who, we are told, caused the great Doctor to interrupt himself in the Lord's Prayer at the point 'lead us not into temptation,' and whisper to her with waggish and gallant good humor, 'You, my dear, are the cause of this.' Like causes still produce like effects.

From Tregaskis I secured my *Memoirs of George Psalmanazar*, 1764, an interesting book in itself; but its chief value is the signature and note, 'Given to H. L. Thrale by Dr. Sam Johnson, I suppose about 1770.' Following Mrs. Thrale's usual practice there are scattered through the volume a number of notes and criticisms in her handwriting. It was Psalmanazar, afterwards discovered to be a notorious old scamp, whose apparent piety so impressed Dr. Johnson that he 'sought' his company, and of whom he said, 'Sir, contradict Psalmanazar! I should as soon think of contradicting a Bishop.'

Side by side with this volume on my shelves stands the *Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa*, a work of sheer imagination if ever there was one.

My *Haunch of Venison*, in wrappers, uncut, 1776, with the rare portrait of Goldsmith drawn by Bunbury (he married Goldsmith's Little Comedy it will be remembered), also came from him, as did my *London, A poem in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal*, and the first edition of the first book on London, *Stow's Survey*, 1598.

From another source came one of the last books on London, *Our House*. This book, delightful in itself, is especially interesting to me by reason of the personal inscription of its charming and witty writer: 'To A.E.N., a welcome visitor to "Our House," from Elizabeth Robins Pennell.'

Continuing along Holborn citywards one comes to (and usually passes) the Great Turnstile, a narrow court leading into Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here is another bookshop that I frequent, Hollings's, not for the rarest things, but for the choice little bits which seem almost commonplace when you are buying them, and give so much pleasure when you get them safely on your shelves at home. I never spend a few hours with Mr. Redway, the manager, without thinking of the saying of one of our most delightful essayists, Augustine Birrell, who to our loss seems to have forsaken literature for politics: 'Second-hand booksellers are a race of men for whom I have the greatest respect; . . . their catalogues are the true textbooks of literature.'

One frequently has the pleasure of running across some reference in a catalogue to a book of which one has a better or more interesting copy at a much lower price; for example, I saw quoted in a catalogue the other day at eighty pounds a 'Set of the Life of the Prince Consort in five volumes with an inscription in each volume in the autograph of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The first volume being published before Her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India, she signed as Queen; the other four volumes Her Majesty signed as Queen-Empress.'

In my collection there are seven volumes, the five mentioned above and two additional volumes, the *Speeches and Addresses* and the *Biography of the Prince Consort*. My copies also are signed, but note: the volume of *Speeches and Addresses* has this intensely personal inscription: —

'To Major General, the Hon. A. Gordon, in recollection of his great and good master, from the beloved Prince's broken hearted Widow,
VICTORIA R.
Jan. 1863.'

The *Biography* has this, —

'To Major General, The Honr. Alexander Gordon, C.B. in recollection of his dear Master from the great Prince's affectionate and sorrowing Widow,
VICTORIA R.
April 1867.'

Volume one of the *Life* is inscribed:

'To Lieutenant General, The Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, K.C.B., in recollection of his dear Master, from
VICTORIA R.
January 1875.'

Volume two: —

'To Lieut. General, The Hon. Sir Alexander Hamilton Gordon, K.C.B., from
VICTORIA R.
Dec. 1876.'

Volume three: —

'To General, The Hon. Sir Alex. H. Gordon, K.C.B., from
VICTORIA R.
Dec. 1877.'

The inscriptions in the last three volumes are identical except for the dates. All are written in the large, flowing hand with which we are familiar, and indicate a declining scale of grief. Time heals all wounds, and as these volumes appear at intervals, grief is finally assuaged and Majesty asserts itself.

[A second paper by Mr. Newton, on 'Book-Collecting in America,' will appear in April. — THE EDITORS.]

THE NARROW DOORS

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

THE Wide Door into Sorrow
Stands open night and day.
With head held high and dancing feet
I pass it on my way.

I never tread within it.
I never turn to see.
The Wide Door into Sorrow
It cannot frighten me.

The Narrow Doors to Sorrow
Are secret, still, and low:
Swift tongues of dusk that spoil the sun
Before I even know.

My dancing feet are frozen.
I stare. I can but see.
The Narrow Doors to Sorrow
They stop the heart in me.

— Oh, stranger than my midnights
Of loneliness and strife
The Doors that let the dark leap in
Across my sunny life!

HOW BRADFORD REJOINED HIS REGIMENT

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

I

THE inn at the top of the market-place was not new at the time of the Wars of the Roses, the church rebuilt in the sixteenth century is said to have been originally built in the twelfth century, and the market cross is so old that no one can give it a date; but the market-place itself is older far than any of them.

When the Normans came here they found a Saxon village, and the Saxons when they came found Britons here. They say that the monuments on the moor were raised three thousand years ago, and that some of the men who built them lived in this village. It is one of the oldest villages in the oldest part of Britain,—the west country, where Arthur lived.

Even now there is not much that is modern in the village. The main street is still called Holy Street, and the market-place is paved with cobbles at the side. There is no railway, and the news comes still by coach—a motor coach, but still a coach.

In the early morning the market-place awoke in busy mood. The little shops were opened; there were boys who passed with milk and bread, and the children clattered along to school. Then it relapsed into emptiness and silence for a while, to fill again before eleven. But this time the people were different, and their purpose not apparent.

Two or three dogcarts drove in and waited along one side, and there was a motor car; men and women came along

the road from the little villas built beyond the church; shop-keepers appeared at their doors. The curate arrived, the doctor from his surgery; the one policeman found that he had duty there; some workmen momentarily left their work and came. So that when the church clock pointed to eleven there may have been fifty people in the place, standing about, waiting and doing nothing. They did not even talk. They waited.

Then with a noise and rattle the motor coach rounded the corner, snorted up the hill, and drew up at the Post-Office. The bundle of papers was thrown off and it went on.

And now indeed the people were alive. They thronged the street, the doorway whence the papers would be issued; they formed a queue that extended past the lich-gate of the churchyard. They were excited, anxious, but silent still.

And each one as he got his paper just went away a few yards from the throng and opened it. What news of the war to-day? The scanty bulletin was quickly read and then they formed in little groups and talked.

‘Well! and what do you think of it?’ the doctor asked.

Colonel Bradford shook his head. ‘Not good,’ he said, ‘not good. They tell us little, and behind that little there is much—untold. Not good. Except always that they are gallant lads.’

‘No news of Dick?’

‘None since the card last week, and that only to say he was well.’

'And what more do you want?' said the doctor cheerily. 'He will keep well, and one day he will come back and tell us all about it, eh?'

The old man brightened up and smiled. 'I hope so. Yes.' Then, as a friend beckoned to him, he said, 'There's Stevens, impatient as usual. Are you coming?'

The doctor shook his head and went away, and Bradford joined three other friends, old retired officers like himself, and together they went to the inn. There they had a map upon the wall of the bar parlor, and each day when news came they moved the flags. Then they discussed the situation, and then the little coterie of veterans parted. Each went home to tell his family, to read the paper through and through again and so pass the day — for indeed their day held little else for them than this.

Bradford had not far to go, — just up Holy Street and to the right, and he came to his cottage. There was a garden at the front and back, and that was all he cared for. That the cottage was but small never occurred to him, never had occurred to him even when, over twenty years ago, he had come here with his wife and baby boy, — never would occur to him. Such things mattered to him not at all. Money, luxury, reputation, advancement, amusement, all these things which are so much to most men, had never been anything to him. Even his wife, although he loved her, had not been much. For most of his life there had been only one thing that mattered, — his regiment, and what he could do for it; still there was but one, — the regiment and his son who served in it.

When, at forty-five, he had been obliged to retire, all desire of life went out. To go at forty-five, a young man still — and why? The doctors said his heart was bad — they said that all the

malaria and hardships of an Indian frontier campaign had so affected it that it was too weak to do its duty. Taken care of, it might last him many years, but a sudden strain might burst it. What matter that? Let it fail and break and make an end. But leave the army? No.

And when they made him go he nearly died. For he had no interest in life, no knowledge of life, no desire for life. He was a soldier, and when he ceased to be a soldier he ceased to be anything — so it seemed to him. He was motiveless in a world he neither knew nor cared for. Why live on?

And indeed he probably would have died through sheer unhappiness if his wife had not married him. How it happened he did n't know. It was none of his doing. She simply came and took charge of him and married him, and that was all he knew. And having married him she tried to bring him back to life. She loved him and she hoped that her love and care would stir in him a new pleasure in life and that he would awaken. She studied him and tried to rouse him to some new work, something to take the place of the old regiment.

She failed. Bradford had, during all of his life that he could remember, lived to be a soldier; since he had joined his regiment he lived for it, and now he could not change. No new love could replace the old. The regiment and Bradford's heart were one.

But his wife was a wise woman and she still had hope. She still laughed; she still was happy. She was not jealous that she could not replace the regiment in her husband's love. She tried no more to fight the old devotion. No. She had now a wiser plan: she would enlist it on her side. Then she would win. But meanwhile she would be silent and endure.

And so in truth her victory did come. It came one spring morning very early,

when, the doctor having given leave, Bradford went on tiptoe into his wife's room. She lay exhausted on the bed, her face pale and twisted with the pain she had endured. But when she heard his step and felt him bending over her, she managed just to look at him and smile. And as he bent still lower, 'Look,' she whispered, and she moved her arm, 'Look at your new recruit — for the old regiment,' and dropped into unconsciousness again. And as Bradford looked upon the tiny face it seemed to him that something of the glory of the spring without had come into the room, — new life, new hope, new happiness.

From that moment Bradford was young again. His interest in life returned; the tie with his old regiment, which he thought broken forever, was renewed. The chain he thought had snapped, had only slipped from one link to another.

He was the soldier once again, the colonel with a recruit to train, a draft for the old regiment. Well, he must see about it. Here was work for him to do — and he must do it.

He did it. He wanted to begin at once indeed, and it required much persuasion from his wife to make him see that the recruit must be brought on slowly, and at first by her. He could superintend, of course, if it so pleased him, whistle bugle-calls to stop the recruit crying, and carry him about in a martial manner. But the spare time Bradford could put in by getting himself up to date again. Drill was altering, and strategy and tactics, and if he was to bring up his recruit to be a good officer, he must make himself a good teacher. He must study the history of the past and the evolution of the present. So all his interest in life returned and he became a happy man. He adored his son, and because his wife had given him this son he loved her; and because she was still for many years to

be the recruit's commanding officer he respected her. No other children came; they were content with him they had. They lived in the boy. They left their house at the seaside and came to live in this village, to save money for his education and to help him when he joined. They cared nothing for themselves, only for him, — to bring him up to be a worthy successor to a line of soldiers. And they succeeded. The boy grew up strong and active. He was not spoiled. He gave back freely all the affection he received; he worked and did well in school, so well that his headmaster wanted to send him to Woolwich. But Bradford would not have it. Had he not been announced from the beginning as a recruit for the old regiment? So into the old regiment he must go. The boy passed out of Sandhurst and in due time was gazetted to his father's regiment. He served a couple of years at home, then two in India, and the battalion had been at home again only a few months when war broke out. Then it was sent to France. The Bradfords received a post-card from Boulogne; then silence; and so we come to this day in September where we began.

II

Bradford walked slowly up to his front door. There was a wealth of creeper on the porch, and the roses were still in bloom, but he did not notice them. He was thinking always of the war, — of the retreat from Mons, now at length known; of the battle of the Marne, now in full progress. His wife came out and met him.

'Well?' she said.

He shook his head. 'We hold our own, they say, Mary, and that is all they say. They will not tell us much.'

'And Dick is too busy to write,' she answered.

'Aye, aye,' said Bradford. 'When

you are using the sword and rifle all day the pen is forgotten. Don't blame him, Mary.'

'I don't,' she answered, 'only I want to know. And Mrs. Allan heard last night that her boy was killed.' Tears rose to her eyes.

'The fighting's hard,' said Bradford. 'I thought I had seen service, but it was nothing to this. The losses are terrible, they say. Whole regiments gone. But we will get through all right.'

She did not answer, and the two stood there in silence gazing on the scene. The golden sunshine filled the valley to its brim, making the corn more golden and the grass more green. There was a great peace that held the hills. She gazed upon them; and then her eyes came back to the road below. A boy on a red bicycle had just appeared. She gripped Bradford's arm, her heart grown cold.

'Harry,' she said, 'there is the telegraph boy.'

'There are many wires nowadays,' said Bradford. 'It will be for Johnson. He is always getting them.'

'But he has passed Johnson's house,' she whispered. 'He is coming here. It is for us. O Harry, Harry.'

There was a garden seat close by, and Bradford took her to it. Then with a firm step he went down to the gate. The boy had dismounted from his bicycle and held the telegram.

'For me?'

'Yes, sir. Shall I wait for an answer, sir?'

But Bradford shook his head. He was not a business man and rarely got telegrams. It could be but one thing. 'No,' he said and turned. He put the telegram unopened into his pocket and went up to his wife. 'Let us go in,' he said.

She took his arm and the two went in. The sunshine seemed to have gone cold and dim, and the door closed.

III

In the very early morning of next day, Bradford stood in his bedroom looking down into a trunk. There came from it a scent of naphthaline and camphor, and a gleam of red and gold. How long since last he wore it? He forgot. There was a hot hard feeling in his brain that made him forget everything. The past seemed obliterated; only the future remained. Well, he knew what he was going to do in that future. It was clear enough.

He bent down and took out his uniform, that of a bygone age. Now they wear khaki, but they did not then. He tried it on. Yes, he had not grown fat, he could wear it still, to appear in at the War Office. He would have to get a khaki uniform, of course, at once. He would do that after. He might have gone to the War Office in mufti, as he was retired, but the thought never came to him. Dick was dead. The old regiment was short of a Bradford; therefore he must go himself, to rejoin. From the moment of Dick's death he was called on. It was a pity that rules and regulations prevented his starting at once for the front, and made it necessary to lose valuable time at the War Office getting permission to go. But that could not be helped.

He put the uniform on, fastened his sword, pinned on his medals, and he was ready. He could catch the early train, be up in town by noon and back again by ten o'clock, so he wanted no luggage. His wife watched him wistfully and kissed him in silence. She had tried to talk to him, to persuade him to remain with her, but he had not heard. It was not that he refused to listen; he did not hear.

On the journey, people stared at this old man in his old uniform, but he did not notice. In London the taxi-driver smiled, but Bradford did not see. His

eyes were hard and fixed. He came to the War Office and went in.

Then came the disappointment.

The Military Secretary could not see him. 'Have you an appointment, sir?' he was asked, and when he shook his head, 'The Military Secretary sees no one except by appointment,' he was told. 'You must write and wait.'

They did not want him. Surely they did not want him; and he had thought they would admit his claim at once. He must 'write and wait.' And the old regiment?

He leaned against the wall of the corridor. His heart seemed cold and his head was giddy. Tears rose in his eyes. Well, he would write and wait. He would go now.

A sound came down the corridor and the ring of feet. Some men came down, a tall stern soldier at the head, followed by other soldiers. And Bradford drew himself to the salute. The tall soldier glanced at him and smiled and passed — and stopped and turned. 'Have you seen any one?' he asked.

'No, sir, they say that I must write.'

'Then come with me.'

The great soldier went on again and Bradford followed. They came to a room and entered. 'Now,' he said, 'sit down and tell me.'

Then Bradford told him. 'Let me rejoin,' he added at the end, 'as anything, to take my son's place. I do not want my rank. I want the regiment, and it wants me.'

The great soldier's eyes half closed as if he had been hurt, and opened again.

'I am old,' said Bradford urgently, 'but I am strong and well. And age makes me all the fitter to stop a bullet instead of a young man. Yes, I am strong.'

And he felt strong for a moment, yet suddenly the room got misty and dark, quite dark —

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Then some one out of the mist said, 'Drink this,' and he drank. It was brandy; and then the room came slowly back again to him, and the great soldier and two other officers came into view. One, by his shoulder-straps, was evidently an army doctor, and gave Bradford brandy from a cup. He had been holding his wrist, but dropped it now.

And Bradford felt himself ashamed and afraid. They would never now let him rejoin the old regiment, because he was ill, — ill, and they would scorn him and reject him.

But no, they smiled at him. The doctor said, 'There, there. It's nothing. You were excited, that is all.'

And the great soldier said, 'Good-bye. You shall have your wish. You shall rejoin your regiment.'

'In France?'

There was no answer to this question, but Bradford did not notice.

'And at once, sir?' he continued, a glow of happiness filling all his veins.

'Not quite at once. Go home and wait — it certainly shall come.'

Then Bradford rose, and although they offered him an arm, he would not take it. No, he would walk alone. He saluted and went out.

The soldiers looked at one another.

IV

Bradford got back at ten o'clock. He was very weary, more weary than he had ever been before, and his head was bad. It *would* turn giddy now and then. That was excitement, so he thought. Well, he must fight it.

He told his wife.

'And,' he said to her, 'as orders may come any time, to-morrow, or even to-night, I must get ready. There is much to do.'

'Rest first,' she said.

But no, he would not. He must be

ready when the orders came. His will, — that was already done, but there were other matters. She must go to bed. He would work an hour or two, but she must go to bed. And so, to please him, she went away, but not to bed. She watched.

She saw him open his desk and take out many papers. Some of these he tore up; some he replaced. It took him a long while, for every now and then he would let the papers fall and seem to sleep a little, but, recovering, would continue.

The papers finished, he sat down again and began to write. But now his weariness overcame him, and after

struggling against it for a little he gave in. He put his face on his hands and seemed to sleep.

She watched him.

Then suddenly he woke again. He raised his head as if he heard a call — a bugle-call.

He rose suddenly to his feet — stood for a moment at attention, his face bright with joy, and fell. And when she ran to his assistance he was dead.

So did Bradford rejoin the old regiment. But not in France. For indeed, save for a few wounded, the old regiment was not in France.

He found them where he went.

MON AMIE

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

SHE was French from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, but she was of that France which few Americans, I think, know or imagine. She belonged to that France which Jean-Christophe found in his friend Olivier, a world of flashing ideas and enthusiasms, a golden youth of ideals.

She had picked me out for an exchange of conversation, as the custom is, precisely because I had left my name at the Sorbonne as a person who wrote a little. I had put this bait out, as it were, deliberately, with the intention of hooking a mind that cared for a little more than mere chatter, but I had hardly expected to find it in the form of a young girl, who, as she told

me in her charmingly polished note, was nineteen and had just completed her studies.

These studies formed a useful introduction when she received me in the little old-fashioned apartment in the Batignolles quarter on my first visit. She had made them ever since she was five years old in a wonderful old convent at Bourges; and in the town had lived her grandmother, a very old lady, whom she had gone lovingly to see, as often as she could be away from the watchful care of the nuns. In her she had found her real mother, for her parents had been far away in Brittany. When the old lady died, my friend had to face an empty world, and to become acquainted all over again with a mother whom she confessed she found

'little sympathetic.' But she was a girl of *devoir*, and she would do nothing to wound her.

She told me one afternoon as we took our first walk through the dusky richness of the Musée Cluny, that the shock of death had disclosed to her how fleeting life was, how much she thought of death, and how much she feared it. I used the lustiness of her grandmother's eighty-four years to convince her as to how long she might have to postpone her dread, but her fragile youth seemed already to feel the beating wings about her. As she talked, her expression had all that wistful seriousness of the French face which has not been devitalized by the city, that sense of the nearness of unutterable things which runs, a golden thread, through their poetry. Though she had lived away from Brittany, in her graver moments there was much in her of the patient melancholy of the Breton. For her father's people had been sea-folk, — not fishermen, but pilots and navigators on those misty and niggardly shores, — and the long defeat and ever-trustful suffering was in her blood. She would interpret to me the homely pictures at the Luxembourg which spoke of coast and peasant life; and her beautiful articulateness brought the very soul of France out of the canvases of Cottet and Breton and Carrière. She understood these people.

But she was very various, and, if at first we plumbed together the profoundest depths of her, we soon got into shallower waters. The fluency of her thought outran any foreign medium, and made anything but her flying French impossible. Her meagre English had been learned from some curious foreigner with an accent more German than French, and we abandoned it by mutual consent. Our conversation became an exchange of

ideas and not of languages. Or rather her mind became the field where I explored at will.

I think I began by assuming a Catholic devotion in her, and implied that her serious outlook on life might lead her into the church. She scoffed unmitigatedly at this. The nuns were not unkindly, she said, but they were hard and narrow and did not care for the theatre and for books, which she adored.

She believed in God. 'Et le théâtre!' I said, which delighted her hugely. But these Christian virtues made unlovely characters and cut one off so painfully from the fascinating moving world of ideas outside. But surely after fourteen years of religious training and Christian care, did she not believe in the Church, its priesthood and its dogmas?

She repudiated her faith with indescribable vivacity. A hardened Anglo-Saxon agnostic would have shown more diffidence in denying his belief in dogma or the Bible. As for the latter, she said, it might do for children of five years. And the cutting sweep of that 'enfants de cinq ans!' afforded me a revealing glimpse of that lucid intelligence with which the French mind cuts through layers and strata of equivocation and compromise.

Most Frenchmen, if they lose their faith, go the swift and logical road to atheism. Her loss was no childish dream or frenzy; she still believed in God. But as for the Church and its priesthood, — she told me, with malicious irony, and with the intelligence that erases squeamishness, of a friend of hers who was the daughter of the priest in charge of one of the largest Parisian churches. Would she confess to a member of a priestly caste which thus broke faith? Confession was odious anyway. She had been kept busy in school inventing sins. She would go

to church on Easter, but she would not take the Eucharist, though I noticed a charming lapse when she crossed herself with holy water as we entered Notre Dame one day.

Where had she ever got such ideas, shut up in a convent? — Oh, they were all perfectly obvious, were they not? Where would one not get them? This amazing soul of modern France! — which pervades even the walls of convents with its spirit of free criticism and its terrible play of the intelligence; which will examine and ruthlessly cast aside, just as my vibrant, dark-haired, fragile friend was casting aside, without hypocrisy or scruple, whatever ideas do not seem to enhance the clear life to be lived.

II

Accustomed to grope and flounder in the mazes of the intellect, I found her intelligence well-nigh terrifying. I would sit almost helplessly and listen to her sparkle of talk. Her freedom knocked into pieces all my little imagined world of French conventionalities and inhibitions. How could this pale, dignified mother, to whom I was presented as she passed hurriedly through the room one day, allow her to wander so freely about Paris parks and museums with a foreign young man? Her answer came superbly, with a flare of decision which showed me that at least in one spot the eternal conflict of the generations had been settled: '*Je me permets!*' — I allow myself. She gave me to understand that for a while her mother had been difficult, but that there was no longer any question of her 'living her life' — *vivre sa vie*. And she really thought that her mother, in releasing her from the useless trammels, had become herself much more of an independent personality. As for my friend, she dared,

she took risks, she played with the adventure of life. But she knew what was there.

The motherly Anglo-Saxon frame of mind would come upon me, to see her in the light of a poor ignorant child, filled with fantastic ideals, all so pitifully untested by experience. How ignorant she was of life, and to what pitfalls her daring freedom must expose her in this unregenerate France! I tried and gave it up. As she talked, — her glowing eyes, in which ideas seemed to well up brimming with feeling and purpose, saying almost more than her words, — she seemed too palpably a symbol of luminous youth, a flaming militant of the younger generation, who by her courage would shrivel up the dangers that so beset the timorous. She was French, and that fact by itself meant that whole layers of equivocation had been cut through, whole sets of intricacies avoided.

In order to get the full shock of her individuality, I took her one afternoon to a model little English tea-room on rue de Rivoli, where normal Britishers were reading *Punch* and the *Spectator* over their jam and cake. The little flurry of disapprobation and the hostile stare which our appearance elicited from the well-bred families and discreet young men at the tables, the flaring incongruity of her dark, lithe, inscrutable personality in this bland, vacuous British atmosphere, showed me as could nothing else how hard was the gemlike flame with which she burned.

As we walked in the Luxembourg and along the quays, or sat on the iron chairs in the gardens of Parc Monceau or the Trocadero, our friendship became a sort of intellectual orgy. The difficulty of following the pace of her flying tongue and of hammering and beating my own thoughts into the unaccustomed French was fatiguing,

but it was the fascinating weariness of exploration. My first idle remarks about God touched off a whole battery of modern ideas. None of the social currents of the day seemed to have passed her by, though she had been immured so long in her sleepy convent at Bourges. She had that same interest and curiosity about other classes and conditions of life which animates us here in America, and the same desire to do something effective against the misery of poverty.

I had teased her a little about her academic, untried ideas, and in grave reproof she told me, one afternoon, as we stood — of all places! — on the porch of the Little Trianon at Versailles, a touching story of a family of the poorest of the Parisian poor, whom she and her mother visited and helped to get work. She did not think charity accomplished very much, and flamed at the word 'Socialism,' although she had not yet had its programme made very clear to her.

But mostly she was feminist, — an ardent disciple in that singularly uncomplicated and happy march of the Frenchwomen, already so practically emancipated, toward a definite social recognition of that liberation. The normal Frenchwoman, in all but the richer classes, is an economic asset to her country. And economic independence was a cardinal dogma in my friend's faith. She was already taking a secretarial course, in order to ensure her ability to make her living, and she looked forward quite eagerly to a career.

Marriage was in considerable disfavor; it had still the taint of the Church upon it, while the civil marriage seemed, with the only recently surrendered necessary parental consent, to mark the subjection of the younger to the older generation. These barriers were now removed, but the evil savor of

the institution lingered on. My friend, like all the French intellectuals, was all for the 'union libre,' but it would have to be loyal unto death. It was all the more inspiring as an ideal, because it would be perhaps hard to obtain. Men, she was inclined to think, were usually *malhonnête*, but she might find some day a man of complete sympathy and complete loyalty. But she did not care. Life was life, freedom was freedom, and the glory of being a woman in the modern world was enough for her.

The French situation was perhaps quite as bad as it was pictured. Friendship between a girl and a young man was almost impossible. It was that they usually wished to love her. She did not mind them on the streets. The students — oh, the students! — were frightfully annoying; but perhaps one gave a *gifte* and passed rapidly on. Her parents, before she had become genuinely the captain of her soul, had tried to marry her off in the orthodox French way. She had had four proposals. Risking the clean candor of the French soul, I became curious and audacious. So she dramatized for me, without a trace of self-consciousness, a wonderful little scene of provincial manners. The stiff young Frenchman making his stilted offer, her self-possessed reluctance, her final refusal, were given in inimitable style. These incidents, which in the life of a little American *bourgeoise* would have been crises or triumphs, and, at any rate, unutterably hoarded secrets, were given with a cold frankness which showed refreshingly to what insignificance marriage was relegated in her life. She wished, she said, to *vivre sa vie* — to live her life. If marriage fitted in with her living of her life, it might take her. It should never submerge or deflect her. Countless Frenchwomen, in defiance of the strident

Anglo-Saxon belief, were able both to keep a household and to earn their own living; and why not she also? She would always be free; and her black eyes burned as they looked out so fearlessly into a world that was to be all hers, because she expected nothing from it.

About this world, she had few illusions. To its worldlinesses and glitter she showed really a superb indifference. I brutally tried to trap her into a confession that she spurned it only because it might be closed to her through lack of money or prestige. Her eloquent eyes almost slew me with vivacious denial. She despised these 'dolls' whose only business in life was to wear clothes. Her own sober black was not affectation, but only her way of showing that she was more than a *poupée*. She did not say it, but I quite appreciated, and I knew well that she knew, how charming a *poupée* she might have made.

Several of her friends were gay and worldly. She spoke of them with charming frankness, touching off, with a tone quite clean of malice, all their little worthlessnesses and futilities. Some of this world, indeed, shaded off into unimaginable *nuances*, but she was wholly aware of its significance. In the inimitable French way, she disdained to use its errors as a lever to elevate her own virtues.

III

Her blazing candor lighted up for me every part of her world. We skirted abysses, but the language helped us wonderfully through. French has worn tracks in so many fields of experience where English blunders either boorishly or sentimentally. French is made for illumination and clear expression; it has kept its purity and crispness and can express, without shamefacedness

or bungling, attitudes and interpretations which the Anglo-Saxon fatuously hides.

My friend was dimly sensible of some such contrast. I think she had as much difficulty in making me out as I had in making her out. She was very curious as to how she compared with American girls. She had once met one but had found her, though not a doll, yet not *sympathique* and little understandable. I had to tell my friend how untranslatable she was. The Anglo-Saxon, I had to tell her, was apt to be either a school-child or a middle-aged person. To the first, ideas were strange and disturbing. To the second, they were a nuisance and a bore. I almost assured her that in America she would be considered a quite horrible portent. Her brimming idealism would make everybody uncomfortable. The sensual delight which she took in thinking, the way her ideas were all warmly felt and her feelings luminously expressed, would adapt her badly to a world of school-children and tired business men. I tried to go over for her the girls of her age whom I had known. How charming they were to be sure, but, even when they had ideas, how strangely inarticulate they sometimes were, and, if they were articulate, how pedantic and priggish they seemed to the world about them! And what forests of reticences and exaggerated values there were, and curious illogicalities! How jealous they were of their personalities, and what a suspicious and individualistic guard they kept over their candor and sincerities! I was very gay and perhaps a little cruel.

She listened eagerly, but I think she did not quite understand. If one were not frankly a doll, was not life a great swirl to be grappled with and clarified, and thought and felt about? And as for her personality, the more

she gave the more she had. She would take the high risks of friendship.

To cross the seas and come upon my own enthusiasms and ideals vibrating with so intense a glow seemed an amazing fortune. It was like coming upon the same design, tinted in novel and picturesque colors of a finer harmony. In this intellectual flirtation, carried on in *musée* and garden and on quay throughout that cloudless April, I began to suspect some gigantic flattery. Was her enthusiasm sincere, and her clean-cutting ideas, or had she by some subtle intuition anticipated me? Did she think, or was it to be expected of me, that I should fall in love with her? But perhaps there was a touch of the too foreign in her personality. And if I had fallen in love, I know it would not have been with herself. It would have been with the Frenchness of her, and perhaps was. It would have been with the eternal youth of France, that she was. For she could never have been so very glowing if France had not been full of her. Her charm and appeal were far broader than herself. It took in all that rare spiritual climate where one absorbs ideas and ideals as the earth drinks in rain.

She was of that young France with

its luminous understanding, its personal *verve*, its light of expression, its way of feeling its ideas and thinking its emotions, its deathless loyalty which betrays only at the clutch of some deeper loyalty. She adored her country and all its mystic values and aspirations. When she heard I was going to Germany, she actually winced with pain. She could scarcely believe it. I fell back at once to the position of a vulgar traveler, visiting even the lands of the barbarians. They were her country's enemies, and some day they would attack. France awaited the onslaught fatalistically. She did not want to be a man, but she wished that they would let women be soldiers. If the war came, however, she would enlist at once as a Red Cross nurse. She thrilled at the thought that perhaps there she could serve to the uttermost.

And the war has come, hot upon her enthusiasms. She must have been long since in the field, either at the army stations, or moving about among the hospitals of Paris, her heart full of pride and pity for the France which she loved and felt so well, and of whose deathless spirit she was, for me, at least, so glowing a symbol.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF ENGLISH IN AMERICA

BY ROBERT J. MENNER

I

IN 1789, Noah Webster declared 'the pure English pronunciation in Great Britain and New England' to be 'exactly the same in both.' Ever since that time those who undertake the difficult task of preserving the purity of the English language have made statements of a similar nature. But the statements have been made even more inclusive. It has been said that the best pronunciation of America as a whole is identical with that of Great Britain. To many this seems no enlargement upon Webster's remark, because the pronunciation of New England has always been regarded, especially by New Englanders themselves, as unquestionably the best pronunciation to be found on this side of the Atlantic. At any rate, many anxious guardians of our tongue have at various periods in the last century asserted that the pronunciation of the most cultured classes was identical in England and America. Even so general a statement is difficult of refutation, because of the possibility of limiting indefinitely the number of those whom one wishes to consider 'the best speakers.'

There can be no doubt that the number of native-born Americans at the time of the Revolution whose pronunciation was exactly the same as that of Englishmen, was exceedingly small. To-day, if the number of 'best speakers' should be measured by this method, it would certainly be infinitesimal. Yet there are many people of culture

who persist in the opinion that the 'pure' pronunciation of English is the same in both countries; and their assertions that it should be have become more violent and categorical with their growing conviction that it is not.

That Webster would never have agreed with this attitude is evident from the tenor of all his remarks on pronunciation. In fact, in the very book in which he expressed his opinion of the orthoëpic oneness of Old and New England, he candidly directed attention to certain words in which the usage of England and the United States in general even then differed, and he prophesied the linguistic separation of the two countries in most confident and unmistakable terms. And he did not deprecate this separation as a change whose consequences would injure and corrupt American English. On the contrary, he was an ardent advocate of our linguistic independence, and the greater part of his *Dissertations on the English Language* is taken up with arguments for maintaining an American standard, and abandoning the 'absurd imitation' of the English. Naturally, then, he prefers in most instances the American pronunciation as the more elegant or correct. American *deef*, for example, he preferred to English *def*, as the older and more analogical pronunciation. He considers the English use of *lept* as the past tense of *leap* an error which has fortunately not become prevalent in America.

We have evidence of still earlier differences from Benjamin Franklin, to

whose 'Excellency' Webster had dedicated the little volume of essays just mentioned, because of his interest in linguistic questions. About twenty years before, Franklin had published a book on spelling reform, in which he proposed a system of thoroughly phonetic spelling devised by himself. The poetical passages and letters transcribed in this system are documents of inestimable value in determining the American pronunciation of the eighteenth century. Two examples will suffice to show that Franklin's pronunciation differed somewhat from that which prevailed among his British contemporaries. In *would* and *should* he retains the sound of *l*. Marlowe and Ben Jonson bear witness to the fact that the omission of *l* in these words had already begun in England in the Elizabethan period. This pronunciation, however, did not receive recognition from the majority of the seventeenth-century orthoëpists, although it had undoubtedly been spreading rapidly in popular speech. For after 1701 *would* is considered by all English authorities a homonym of *wood*, and Franklin's pronunciation, if it still existed in England in the middle of the century, was certainly antiquated or rare, if not altogether vulgar. Another word in which Franklin's pronunciation did not agree with the majority of his transatlantic contemporaries was *get*, which he pronounced unmistakably *git*. This, again, together with *yis* and *yit*, was a common pronunciation in seventeenth-century England. But by the middle of the next century it had apparently fallen to the vulgar level to which it was later to sink in America.

In these variations in the speech of Webster and Franklin from that of the mother country the remarkable fact is not so much their existence, as the character of the differences. The American pronunciations were not vulgar

innovations or indiscreet perversions of good English sounds; rather were they conservative survivals of sounds which in the meantime had undergone modification and change in England itself. In all the remarks about the pronunciation at the time, it is evident that we were lagging behind our transatlantic brethren in those changes which inevitably accompany the development of a living language.

In the first part of the last century we find outcroppings of this conservative tendency. Americans felt obliged to pronounce the *w* in *sword* for some time after Englishmen had abandoned it. In 1839, the older professors at Yale still pronounced *nature* to rhyme with *later*, a pronunciation which flourished in the time of Addison and Pope.

It is doubtless disagreeable to those who would improve American English to contemplate among the British users of our tongue any precipitancy in furthering changes which every purist would consider corruptions.

Most purifiers of our language have strangely imagined that all corruption of English must necessarily have its origin in America. They have failed to observe that the history of our treatment of the language seems to point plainly to the fact that, in the past, America often clung to the old while England was introducing the new. And this condition is not at all anomalous. The present descendants of those Norsemen who settled Iceland in the ninth and tenth centuries have left the Old Norse language comparatively unchanged, while the inhabitants of the Scandinavian peninsula, though unaffected by invasions or race-mixture, have so much modified this same inheritance as to split it into two distinct and mutually unintelligible languages, Norwegian and Swedish. Similarly the Irish pronunciation of English, so far from having suffered a sea-change by

its transference to the Emerald Isle, is nearer to that of the age of Elizabeth than the best pronunciation of Southern England to-day. In fact, colonists from any country whatever tend to preserve their language in a much more primitive state than those who remain at home.

II

Whether the speech of educated Americans even to-day possesses more of antiquity than that of educated Englishmen, is perhaps a more uncertain question. Several circumstances have combined in opposing a complete conservation of seventeenth-century English in this country. The territory over which the colonists spread was so extraordinarily large, that, even making the untenable assumption that they all originally spoke the same English dialect, it was naturally impossible to maintain a uniform tradition. Moreover, the lack of isolation and the continual and increasing intercourse with the mother country have prevented the speech of Americans and Englishmen from diverging very widely, particularly as there have already existed in this country persons so deluded as to waste much time and energy in the endeavor to approximate as closely as possible every innovation in the British mode of speech.

The fact that the United States has absorbed great numbers of foreigners may also have had some slight effect upon American English. But this influence is easily exaggerated, and it is unlikely that either Irish or German has caused more modification in our speech, — except in certain localities, — than has Italian or Russian. Indeed, all these circumstances have hardly been sufficient to neutralize our tendency to adhere to older forms of speech.

One can adduce almost as many particular words in proof of conservatism

in England as in America. But in the more general changes which are alone worthy of citation as proof, America can be said to have a certain advantage. The dropping of the *r*, which is one of the chief characteristics of the so-called standard dialect of England, is obviously a later development than the retention of the letter in the speech of most Americans. The almost complete disappearance of the secondary accent in *difficulty* and *laboratory* is another important change to which we have not yet succumbed in any perceptible degree. At any rate we have treated our inheritance in quite as respectful and exemplary a manner as the English. To ask us to anglicize our pronunciation in order to preserve it pure and undefiled would be altogether ridiculous.

Before considering what other reasons may exist for the regulation of our pronunciation by that of cultured Englishmen, it may be well to enumerate some of the points upon which the two countries obviously differ. Several have already been mentioned. The majority of educated Englishmen certainly do not pronounce the *r* before a consonant. Just as certainly the majority of educated Americans pronounce it distinctly. Another important deviation of English from American pronunciation is the amount of stress given to the third syllable of polysyllabic words. The English say what to American ears sounds like *litrrrrry*, as opposed to our distinct *literary*, *holidy* as opposed to *holiday*. It is evident that our so-called secondary accent is in many cases almost as important as the primary. In England a secondary accent in such words as *temporary* and *necessary* has practically ceased to exist. Which mode is the better is a question both unprofitable to discuss and perhaps impossible to decide. But be it remarked that if the secondary accent had first suffered this desuetude in America, the

loss would have been stigmatized as a monstrous corruption which only the linguistically unfit could perpetrate.

Again, the flat *a* in such words as *blast* and *command*, although condemned by all orthoëpists, seems to have many more adherents in this country than the English *ah*. Here, it is said, we are inferior in elegance. The contrary may be affirmed in a fourth point of difference. In England such words as *fertile* and *hostile* are pronounced with the *i* long as in *tile*. This change cannot be out of any respect for Latin quantity, which happens to be short in the one case and long in the other. It appears to be one of those 'spelling-pronunciations' which have influenced the speech of both countries to a great extent.

Besides these general differences, many particular words at once distinguish an Englishman from an American. In *trait* the English have thought it proper to keep the French pronunciation. In *schedule* the tremendous influence of Webster has made us conform to what he deemed to be consistent with its Greek origin, while the very unclassical *shedule* prevails in England. All these differences are not so important as to make Englishmen and Americans mutually unintelligible; yet they are not so negligible that they remain unnoticed and undisputed by those who long for that linguistic Utopia in which the English language shall be at once elegant and uniform.

III

Both the possibility and the desirability of attaining this state of affairs seem to be taken for granted by most orthoëpic reformers. Generally they deem it unwise or perhaps unnecessary to obliterate all distinctions at once. They content themselves with the task of suppressing our most flagrant vio-

lations of purity of speech. But they never seem disturbed by the thought that language in general, and pronunciation in particular, have never been changed in this artificial way.

When a certain sound is obsolescent, or when it has already arisen in one section of the country, it may be possible, by excessive 'school-mastering' of the young and much heroic endeavor on the part of the old, to revive it and prevent its extinction in the one case, or to hasten its spread in the other. In the pronunciation of particular words, especially, it is possible by persistent assertion of authority to effect a change. But a general innovation involving numerous words or sets of words, such as the substitution of a broad *a* for a flat one, cannot be brought about by mere voluntary endeavor. Phonetic changes have always occurred, not because of any desire on the part of speakers to effect them, but simply because of the workings of a natural law of which they were unconscious or which they were at least powerless to check. Even the failure after long years of effort to pronounce naturally and consistently *blahst* and *commahnd* has not convinced the Anglomaniacs of the uselessness of their attempts. Some, in fact, with the true spirit of martyrs, seem to imagine that the struggle is the more glorious because the object is impossible of accomplishment. We have heard of the man who votes for a presidential candidate merely because he is certain to win. But the man who would vote for a presidential candidate merely because he is certain to lose possesses a mental equipment even more peculiar.

Although people still refuse to recognize the futility of their labors, and persist in the opinion that our speech should conform to that of England, one might presume that they must have the best of reasons for asserting the desirability of accomplishing this change.

It may be well to mention that many imitators of the English are inspired only by that love of the exotic which admires everything indiscriminately from China to Peru. They imitate English pronunciation merely because it is not American. On the other hand, there appear to be people who honestly believe that they are benefiting their fellow countrymen and the language by practicing themselves and imposing upon others what they regard as the only true pronunciation of English. But even these more serious-minded mortals are strangely reluctant to advance any reasons for their position; and the arguments they do propound are generally not very convincing. It has been necessary at the outset to dispose of the belief which underlies many of the pronouncements on the subject, — the mistaken notion that existing differences in pronunciation are corruptions introduced by America. In enumerating these differences we have seen that, though comparatively few, they are not of such a nature as to be affected by individual effort. It now remains to examine what few reasons have impelled many intelligent people to attempt this impossible task.

At least two arguments can be discovered which are either definitely stated or unmistakably implied. The first may be given in the words of Richard Grant White: 'For English is the language spoken by the English people, and while the most important and most cultivated part of the English race, that which is the direct continuation of the original state, remains in England, where it was first planted and grew to maturity, it is manifestly to England that we are to go if we would find that which is emphatically and unquestionably English.'

To some people this declaration may not appear so obvious and irrefutable as it evidently did to the propounder.

The statement that 'English is the language spoken by the English people,' is naturally true as a mere assertion; but as a definition it is entirely inadequate. Its use as an argument is nothing but sophistry and confusion of names. English is just as truly the language spoken by the American people. Therefore, we might say by this method of reasoning, to America we must turn for the purest English. Again, one must be extremely humble, if not altogether sycophantic, to admit unconditionally that in England is 'the most important and most cultivated part of the English race.'

The whole question, it may be remarked, is bound up with our right to independence in other linguistic matters. No one can have read Professor Lounsbury's recent articles on Americanisms without realizing the necessity of differences in vocabulary. In this respect, indeed, it is now generally recognized that a dual standard not only was inevitable, but is actually salutary. Many Americanisms have become valuable additions to the English vocabulary, and our 'joint-ownership' of the language — as Mr. Brander Matthews calls it — is, in this particular, being gradually conceded by England herself. Differences in the living language are naturally greater and more noticeable; it is perhaps for this reason that attempts to efface them utterly are still being made. None the less, they are even more inevitable, and the fact that no perceptible benefit arises from their existence, and several distinct disadvantages seem to attend it, cannot prevent their continuance.

The second reason for our adoption of the pronunciation of Southern England seems to be that Englishmen of culture are not subject to the same linguistic lapses and hideous errors which beset the speech of Americans. Two pronunciations in particular have been

repeatedly and violently condemned by Americans as American traits. The insertion of an *r* before a vowel, as in the expressions 'the lawr of the land,' 'the idear of it,' has been described as an American fault. The teachers of the New York schools have found this 'unhistoric *r*' flourishing among the rising generation; there has been frequent notice and complaint of it in the metropolitan newspapers; and the outcry has become general. But, as is often the case in matters of language, the outcry is loudest among those who are totally ignorant of the reasons for the origin and spread of this sound, and consequently most incompetent to suggest any means of eradicating it.

The first references to this rhotacism consist of attacks upon the extension of the practice in England in the early part of the last century. Its rise was contemporaneous with that of the weakening of *r* before a consonant, and though at first regarded as a vulgarism, it generally became so wide-spread that in 1891 a well-known phonetician wrote: 'As far as I can observe among educated Southerners [in England, of course], about nine tenths of the men and half of the women introduce this *r*.' The most defamatory of critics could not bring the same accusation against the United States. It may well be remarked that 'drawering' and 'I sawr it' are rarely, if ever, used by persons who do not at the same time rhyme 'morn' with 'dawn.' The phenomenon is precisely similar to that by which the *h* is inserted promiscuously in cockney English after the correct sense of it has been lost by omitting it where it rightfully belongs. Whether this intruder will remain a permanent visitor and spread to more than one section of the country, depends entirely on our ability to distinguish between *ah* and *r*, and to avoid the confusion which has followed upon its banishment from its

rightful domain. And if we succeed in this in America, it will be only because the appearance of this *r* is much later, and its prevalence much less general, in this country than in England.

Even more cacophonous to some ears than this insertion of *r* is the omission of *h* in such words as *when*, *where*, and *while*. One severe critic classes *wen* along with *gal* and *bilin'*, as Americanisms having a 'distinct odor of tobacco-chewing about them.' Doubtless each one of us can think of respectable persons of both sexes who consistently omit the *h* in *when* and are nevertheless far from using the 'vile weed' as a means of maxillary exercise. Whether it be regarded as an odious vulgarism or as a natural phonetic development, it cannot properly be designated an American fault. Even in the late eighteenth century the *h* was generally silent in England. To-day the pronunciations *hwen* and *hwere* are so uncommon among educated Englishmen as to be often considered harsh or dialectal. If Englishmen are to be held up as models because of their freedom from laxity of speech, it is certainly strange that the very errors which have been ignorantly condemned as peculiarly American should happen to be those in which England herself is the worst offender.

IV

When one reads Henry James on *The Question of Our Speech*, one despairs of our American pronunciation. The novelist appears to have exhausted his vocabulary of uncomplimentary epithets (and it is a very large one) in describing it. One imagines that the American people treat the English language with as much pernicious unconcern as the English treat it with circumspection. It is therefore surprising and somewhat comforting to find in a treatise *On the Present State of English*

Pronunciation by the newly appointed poet-laureate a severe criticism of the growing slovenliness in pronunciation and the general decadence of pure speaking in England. If the influx of vast hordes of foreigners is wholly accountable for the corruption of the language in this country, it is remarkable that a condition of affairs quite as disturbing has arisen in England without their assistance. Now, it would be unwise to assert that we speak the English tongue with as much perfection as we might or ought to speak it. But the remedy surely does not lie in endeavoring to anglicize our pronunciation, because the faults as well as the merits of the two countries are different.

Still another argument might be brought forward for adopting such British pronunciations as differ from our own. If any one language should ever become universally used as a medium of intercourse, none seems more likely to attain that position than that which we possess in common. No other language has had so extraordinary a growth. From a scant five million in 1500 it has become the language of over one hundred and twenty-five million people. Unquestionably one of the greatest dangers to a further extension of English would be a lack of uniformity in the two powerful nations speaking it. But when reformers of pronunciation urge us to embrace unnatural pronunciations because they believe the present differences sufficient to develop into a hindrance to the universality of English, they forget two things. One, which they never remember, is the utter impossibility of making such revolutionary changes at will. The other is the very important fact that, after all, the greatest difference between English and American speech is not a matter of pronunciation but of intonation. It is a difference much more difficult to define, but it is nev-

ertheless that which contributes most of all to the strangeness of the English 'accent,' as it is popularly called. Unfortunately for the seekers after linguistic unity and concord, it is almost impossible for an individual to imitate these speech-tones. No one has, as yet, made so absurd a proposal as that of forcing them upon a nation. It is unlikely that any one will. But in view of the possibility, it may be well to suggest that it would be somewhat less absurd, though more heretical, for the English to conform to our mode of speech than for the larger nation to conform to that of the smaller.

The most fervent of Anglomaniacs have scarcely demanded that we accept in every particular the pronunciations which prevail in England. On the contrary, the method of most has been so eclectic that they might be suspected of sheltering behind the bugbear of an English standard the pronunciations approved by their own caprice. If English *bean* seems to them more richly euphonious than the simple American *bin*, nothing will vindicate their position more than the declaration that the speech of England is necessarily the standard of America. The time will come when such dogmatic assertions will no longer be received with reverent submission. Of course the majority of educated Americans have never, and will never, consciously imitate the English. They have nevertheless been taught that in not doing so they are violating the purity of the language.

Perhaps there will always be people so uninformed as to desire to adopt a foreign standard of pronunciation. But those of us who prefer not to make so complete a change in our mode of speech may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we have an unquestionable right to the pronunciation natural to ourselves.

IS A PERMANENT PEACE POSSIBLE?

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

WHEN the war began, certain writers, notably Mr. H. G. Wells, exhilarated by the romance of great events, and yet believing themselves to be lovers of peace, invented the theory that this was 'a war to end war.' Both in England and in Germany, men who have professed a horror of war, but who do not wish it thought that they oppose this war, have argued that their own country is notorious for its love of peace, of which it has given repeated proofs laying it open to the charge of weakness; but that it has been attacked by unscrupulous enemies, and must quell their ruthless pride before the world can be relieved from the dread of war. This language is not insincere, but is the result of a very superficial analysis of the events and passions which led up to the conflict. Such an analysis, if allowed to pass unchallenged, is dangerous, since it leaves untouched all the misjudgment, suspicion, and pride out of which future wars, equally devastating, may be expected to grow in the course of the years. Something more than the mere victory of one party is necessary for a secure peace, and something deeper than a belief in the enemy's wickedness is necessary if the nations are to move toward that goal. I shall attempt first an analysis of the causes of modern war, and then a discussion of means of preventing future wars between civilized states.

The present war springs from the rivalry of states. And the rivalry of

states springs from certain erroneous beliefs, inspired and encouraged by pride and fear, and embodied in a political machinery intended to make the power of a state quick, effective, and terrible. If wars between civilized states are to cease, these beliefs must be seen to be mistaken, pride must take a different form, fear must become groundless, and the machinery of international relations must no longer be designed solely for rivalry.

In surveying the larger causes of the war, we may leave altogether out of account the diplomacy of the last fortnight in July. Since the conclusion of the Anglo-French *entente* in 1904 the war had been on the point of breaking out, and could have been avoided only by some radical change in the temper of nations and governments. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine had caused a profound estrangement between France and Germany. Russia and Germany became enemies through the Pan-Slavist agitation, which threatened the Austrian influence in the Balkans and even the very existence of the Austro-Hungarian State. Finally, the German determination to build a powerful navy drove England into the arms of Russia and France. Our differences with those two countries were suddenly discovered to be unimportant, and were amicably arranged without any difficulty. By a treaty whose important articles were kept secret, the French withdrew their opposition to our occupation of Egypt, and we undertook to support them in acquiring Morocco, —

a bargain which, from our own point of view, had the advantage of reviving the hostility between France and Germany at a time when there seemed a chance of its passing away. As regards Russia, our deep-rooted suspicions of its Asiatic designs were declared groundless, and we agreed to the independence of Tibet and the partition of Persia, in return for an acknowledgment of our suzerainty in Afghanistan. Both these arrangements show that, if good-will and reason presided over international affairs, an adjustment of differences might have been made at any time; as it is, nothing but fear of Germany sufficed to persuade us of the uselessness of our previous hostility to France and Russia.

No sooner had this grouping of the European powers been brought about than the Entente and the Alliance began a diplomatic game of watchful manœuvring against each other. Russia suffered a blow to her pride in the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; Germany felt humiliated by having to acknowledge, though with compensation, the French occupation of Morocco. The first Balkan War was a gain to Russia; the second afforded some consolation to Austria. And so the game went on, with recurring crises and alternate diplomatic victories, first for one side, then for the other.

In all this struggle, no one on either side thought for a moment of the welfare of the smaller nations which were the pawns in the struggle. The fact that Morocco appealed to Germany for protection against French aggression was not held to put England and France in the wrong. The fact that the Persians — the intellectual aristocracy of the Moslem world — had freed themselves from the corrupt government of the Shah and were becoming liberal and parliamentary, was not regarded as any reason why their northern prov-

inces should not be devastated by Cossacks and their southern regions occupied by the British. The fact that the Turks had for ages displayed a supremacy in cruelty and barbarism by torturing and degrading the Christians under their rule was no reason why Germany should not, like England in former times, support their tottering despotism by military and financial assistance. All considerations of humanity and liberty were subordinated to the great game: first one side threatened war, then the other; at last both threatened at once, and the patient populations, incited cynically by lies and claptrap, were driven on to the blind work of butchery.

A world where such cruel absurdities are possible is not to be put right by a mere treaty of peace. War between civilized states is both wicked and foolish, and it will not cease until either the wickedness or the folly is understood by those who direct the policy of nations. Most men do not mind being wicked, and the few who do have learned ways of persuading themselves that they are virtuous. But, except in moments of passion, men do mind being foolish. There is more hope of preventing war in future by persuading men of its folly than by urging its wickedness. To a dispassionate observation its folly is evident, but most observation is not dispassionate: unconsciously men tend to adopt the opinions which will justify them in indulging their passions. Just as a libertine, in order to excuse himself, comes to think that the women have no deep feelings, so a militant patriot comes to think that the interests of his country are vitally opposed to those of some other country, in order that he may have an opportunity to indulge pride, the desire for triumph, and the lust of dominion. What the pacifist has to contend against is a system of false beliefs,

inspired by unrecognized evil passions which are thought to be justified by the beliefs. If the beliefs are seen to be false, there is some hope that the passions may be recognized as evil. And the falsehood of the belief in the essential conflict of interests between nations is easily recognized by any candid mind.

Among men, as among all gregarious animals, there are two kinds of economic relation: coöperation and competition. There is coöperation when the activities which the one undertakes in his own interest tend to benefit the other; there is competition when they tend to injure the other. Neither coöperation nor competition need be conscious; it is not even necessary that either should be aware of the existence of the other. But in so far as they are conscious, they bring into play quite different sets of feelings. On the one side we have affection, loyalty, gratitude; on the other, fear, hatred, triumph. The emotions out of which war springs result from a combination of the two groups: they are the emotions appropriate to coöperation against a common competitor. In the modern world, where men are grouped by states, these conditions are summed up in patriotism.

Coöperation and competition have governed the lives of our ancestors since the days before they were human, and in the course of the struggle for existence our emotional nature has developed so as to respond deeply and instinctively to these ancient stimuli. There is in all men a disposition to seek out occasions for the exercise of instinctive feelings, and it is this disposition rather than any inexorable economic or physical fact, which is at the bottom of enmities between nations. The conflicts of interest are invented to afford an excuse for feelings of hostility; but as the invention is uncon-

scious, it is supposed that the hostility is brought about by some real conflict of interest.

The cause of this absence of harmony between our instincts and our real needs is the modern development of industry and commerce. In a savage community, where each family lives by its own labor, there is no occasion for *peaceful* coöperation in any group larger than the family. But there is often occasion for *warlike* coöperation: if all the members of some other tribe can be killed, it is possible to appropriate their hunting-grounds and their pastures. In such a state of things, war is profitable to the victors, and the vanquished leave no descendants. The human race is descended from a long line of victors in war; for, although there have been just as many vanquished, they failed in early days to leave any posterity. The feelings which men now have on the subject of war and international relations are feelings which were in agreement with facts, so far as the victors were concerned, in those primitive internecine combats of savage tribes. But in the modern world our economic organization is more civilized than our emotions, and the conflicts in which we indulge do not really offer that prospect of gain which lets loose the brute within us. The brute within us refuses to face this disappointing fact, and turns upon those who bring it forward with savage accusations of unmanliness or lack of patriotism. But it remains a fact none the less.

The international character of our economic organization is due to division of labor, taking partly the form of exchange, partly the form of multiplying stages in production. Consider some quite simple example: say a loaf of bread baked in Holland from Argentine wheat grown by the help of English agricultural machinery made from

Spanish ore. Holland, Argentina, England, and Spain, all, through this loaf of bread, have an interest in each other's welfare; any misfortune to any one of the four is likely to cause some injury to the other three. And so it happens that times of good trade and times of bad trade are both world-wide. Yet in spite of the fact that when Germany is prosperous England is prosperous, and when Germany has hard times England has hard times, men persist, both in England and in Germany, in concentrating attention on the comparatively small amount of economic competition, to the exclusion of the very much greater amount of economic coöperation. It is thought that if Germany were ruined England would be enriched, and *vice versa*. Yet every tradesman knows that the ruin of his customers is an injury to him, which cannot be compensated by the ruin of his competitors. Instinct makes us want a nation to hate, and diplomats have decided that, for the last ten years, that nation should be Germany; and since we hate Germany, we imagine her interests opposed to ours. But one moment's thought without hatred shows that the whole opposition is merely imaginary.

The diplomatic conflict is even more unreal and disproportionate to any possibility of gain than the economic conflict. Apart from the satisfaction of a somewhat childish pride, what does it matter to either France or Germany which of them owns Morocco? Neglecting the fact that France had to promise the open door in order to win Germany's acquiescence, the extreme limit of possible advantage would be the capture of the whole foreign trade of Morocco. This is a limit which cannot, in practice, be reached, since, even with the most restrictive tariff, there will be some commodities which will have to be imported from elsewhere. But even

if it could be reached, it is a mere fallacy to suppose that the necessary restrictions would be advantageous to France. England, after much experience, has abandoned the attempt to impose any restrictions on foreign trade in its Crown Colonies, because they hamper the development of colonies, diminish their purchasing power, and in the long run injure English trade more than they benefit it. With every disposition to profit by injury to others, experience has taught us that our own profit is best secured by allowing equal opportunities to other nations, and that injury to others, however delightful in itself, has to be paid for by a corresponding injury to ourselves. But even if we adopt, for the sake of argument, the view that a nation owning a colony can profit by securing the whole trade of that colony to itself, what proportion is there between the gain and the cost?

In order that the French might acquire Morocco, England and France, in 1905 and again in 1911, were brought to the verge of war with Germany, causing huge increases in the French army and the English navy, embittering the relations of both with Germany, and producing a state of public feeling which made the present war possible. A solemn international conference deliberated at Algeciras, and arrived at decisions which England and France regarded as 'scraps of paper.' Finally, Germany, as the price of abandoning its claims, acquired a bit of African territory, at the expense of a similar increase of armaments, a similar exacerbation of public feeling, and an exhibition of bullying methods which prepared the whole world to view all Germany's proceedings with suspicion. And as everybody knows, the loss due to mere uncertainty, produced in industry and finance by a 'vigorous' policy, was so great that the German business

world at last compelled the government to give way. And all this turmoil was over the question whether France should have the empty right to call Morocco 'French'!

Viewed as a means of obtaining any tangible gain, a diplomatic contest such as that which was waged over Morocco is a childish absurdity. The diplomatists who conduct it, and the journalists who applaud their ridiculous activities, are ignorant men — ignorant, I mean, in all that is really important to the welfare of nations. Their only training is in the kind of skill by which a horse-dealer palms off a bad bargain upon a foolish customer, and in the knowledge of personalities which is required in all games of intrigue. But such training, though it had its importance in simpler times, grows less and less useful as the organization of society becomes more complex and as the interdependence of men in widely severed parts of the world increases. More and more the important facts are dry, statistical, impersonal; less and less are they of the sort that lends itself to expression in traditional literary form. Men's imaginations are governed to an extraordinary extent by literary tradition; the fact that the really important knowledge can be acquired only by industrious investigation makes it 'vulgar' and not such as any aristocratic diplomatist would condescend to know.

The economic absurdity of our diplomatic and military conflicts is not denied by well-informed advocates of international strife. They will admit that, in a war between civilized states, even the victor can no longer hope to gain in wealth. But they reply that such considerations are sordid, and that they, the warlike party, have nobler ideals than mere money-grubbing. This is an even more preposterous absurdity than the pretence of trading advan-

tages to be obtained by victory. Let us admit at once that the interest which most people felt in the Moroccan question was not, except in a very small degree, an economic interest. But was it something higher than an economic interest?

The main thing involved in all such contests, and the thing that makes the average man tolerate them, is national pride. The Germans felt that France had failed to treat them with proper respect by not informing them officially of the Anglo-French agreement; the English and French felt the sending of the Panther to Agadir an act of aggression which must be resented; the Germans felt Mr. Lloyd George's high language at the Mansion House in 1911 a threat to which no great power could yield with dignity. This is the nobler stuff with which the idealists of war confront the money-grubbing economists! Compared with this schoolboy desire for cheap triumphs, money-grubbing is humane, enlightened, and noble. The man who builds up an industry confers benefits upon countless others in the course of pursuing his own advantage: he becomes rich because he is doing something of real use to the community. But the pride that wishes to humiliate, and the pride that *can* be humiliated, by yielding trivial diplomatic advantages rather than risk war, are alike childish and barbarous, springing from low ambitions, and enviously regarding one man's gain as consisting in another's loss. Diplomatic victory rests with the side most willing to risk war; so long as men feel proud of their country on account of its victories, and not on account of its contributions to civilization and the welfare of mankind, so long they will feel humiliated when their country is reasonable, and elated when it is brutal, overbearing, ready to plunge the world into the chaos of armed conflict. As against this state

of mind, the man who urges the economic loss involved, nowadays, even in successful war, is a humane advocate of sane coöperation, not a man blinded by sordid considerations to the supposed splendors of what is really the most degraded form of 'patriotism.'

The disease from which the civilized world is suffering is a complex one, derived from the failure of men's instincts to keep pace with changing material conditions. Among savages, where there is no trade and little division of labor, the only economic relation between different tribes is that of competition for the food-supply. The tribe which attacks with most cunning and ferocity exterminates the greatest number of others, and leaves the largest posterity. Disposition to ferocity and cunning is, at this stage, a biological advantage; and the instincts of civilized men are those developed during this early stage. But through the growth of commerce and manufactures it has come about that nine tenths of the interests of one civilized nation coincide with nine tenths of the interests of any other.

So long as the disposition to primitive ferocity is not excited, men are able to see their community of interest, — as, for example, most men do in America. But there remains in the background a readiness for enmity and suspicion, a capacity for all the emotions of the savage on the warpath, which can be roused by any skillful manipulator; and there remain many men who, from a brutal nature or from some underground effect of self-interest, are unable to see that friendship between nations is possible and that hostility has lost whatever *raison d'être* it once possessed. And so the old rivalries, now become an unmeaning and murderous futility, go on unchecked, and all the splendid heroism of war is wasted on a tragic absurdity.

II

The old methods have brought us to the present disaster, and new and better methods must be found. So much is agreed on all hands.

But as soon as we attempt to specify better methods, disagreement breaks out, partly from conflict of opinion concerning the facts which have brought about the present situation, partly from desire to find a heroic solution which shall once for all make war impossible by some mechanical arrangement.

The steps to be taken for securing a lasting peace fall into three categories: (1) the conditions of peace; (2) the subsequent machinery for adjusting international disputes; (3) measures for producing, throughout Europe, a more sane, well-informed, and pacific public opinion.

(1) Nine men out of ten, in all the combatant nations, consider, or at least considered when the war broke out, that the conditions of peace are the only question of importance. Nine out of ten Englishmen believe, or believed, that England, France, and Russia are essentially peace-loving countries; that they made every conceivable effort for the preservation of peace; and that the one thing necessary to secure the permanent peace of the world is that they should smash the military power of Germany and Austria. Nine out of ten Germans believe, or believed, that Germany and Austria are essentially peace-loving countries; that while they were struggling to preserve the peace, Russia, secretly encouraged by England, treacherously mobilized under cover of negotiations between the Czar and the Kaiser; and that the one thing necessary to secure the permanent peace of the world is that Germany and Austria should smash the military power of the Allies.

These opposing views are merely

melodramatic: no nation is quite black, and none is quite white, but all are of varying shades of gray. Like every one else in Europe, I think my own nation of the lightest shade of gray; but no participator in the game of Alliance and Entente which statesmen have played for the past ten years, ought to flatter itself that it is wholly unspotted. And in any case, as a solution, the complete destruction of the enemy has the defect of being impossible. England and Germany will both exist after the war; if they fought each other for five centuries, like England and France, they would still both exist. This fact is beginning to be realized on both sides, and to compel even the most bellicose to seek some way by which they can learn to endure each other's existence with equanimity. What is wanted is a change of heart, leading to a change of political methods; and victory or defeat must be considered in the light of their power of producing a change of heart.

From this point of view, it is important that no nation should make such great gains as to feel that it was worth while going to war, and that none should suffer such humiliating losses as to be impelled to revenge. The result of 1870 was the worst possible from the point of view of mankind. The Germans were encouraged in militarism by success, the French were goaded into militarism by the intolerable shame of defeat and dismemberment. Whatever happens at the peace, there should be no new Alsace-Lorraines: any transfer of territory should be such as can be recommended to neutral opinion on the ground of the wishes of the inhabitants. So far as the West is concerned, it may be reasonably hoped that this condition will be carried out; but in the East it is to be feared that none of the combatants will respect it. No one believes that any part of the Turkish Em-

pire will be allowed any voice in deciding its fate; but it must be admitted that the Turks, throughout their history, have done as little to deserve consideration as any nation on earth.

(2) But changes of territory are the least important part of what may be hoped from the peace. In all nations every sane man and woman will desire a completely new system in international affairs. The only men who will desire to prolong the present system are statesmen, sensational journalists, and armament-makers — the men who profit by slaughter, either in credit or in cash, without running any risk of being slaughtered themselves. Since these men will control the actual Congress, they will be able to postpone the inauguration of a happier age, unless America undertakes the championship of mankind against the warring governments. All humane people in Europe would wish America to participate: if possible, they would wish the Congress to take place in the neutral atmosphere of Washington, with Mr. Wilson as its president. The governments may oppose this plan, from the wish of officials to retain power in their own hands, and of combatants to avoid having to hear the voice of reason. But public opinion is against the governments in this question, though for the moment it has difficulty in expressing itself.

New methods in international affairs are required, not in the interests of one side or the other, but in the interests of mankind, lest civilization and humanity should perish from the world. It would be disastrous if new methods were imposed by the victors upon the vanquished as part of the humiliation of defeat: they ought to be adopted by all, at the suggestion of neutrals, as an escape from the tragic entanglement which has dragged a horrified Europe, as though by the compulsion of an external fate, into a cataclysm not desired

beforehand by one man in a hundred in any of the nations involved in the struggle. In every nation, men believe they are fighting for the defense of home and country against wanton aggression; for they know that they themselves have not desired war, and they know or suspect the sins of foreign governments while they are ignorant of the sins of their own. In every nation, when this war comes to an end, men will welcome any means of avoiding the risk of another such war in the future.

Most of the friends of peace are agreed in advocating some kind of international council to take cognizance of all disputes between nations and to urge what it regards as a just solution. But it is not easy to agree either as to the powers or as to the composition of the council.

The council ought not to be composed merely of diplomatists. A diplomatist represents national prestige, and his credit among his *confrères* depends upon his skill in securing supposed advantages for his own nation. He focusses in his own person the spirit of rivalry between states, which is the chief obstacle to internationalism. The mental atmosphere in which he lives is that of the eighteenth century, with its 'Balance of Power' and other shibboleths. Classification by nations is only one way of classifying mankind, but the diplomatic machine ignores all other ways. The world of finance, the world of learning, the world of socialism — to take only three examples — are international, each of great importance in its own way, each having certain interests which cut right across the divisions of states. If each nation appointed to the council, not only a diplomatist, but also a financier, a representative of learning, and a champion of labor, there would often be cross-divisions, and the voting would not always be by nations. International

interests, as opposed to merely national advantage, would have some chance of a hearing in such a council, and it might occasionally happen that the welfare of civilization would be the decisive consideration. Foreign policy has remained everywhere the exclusive domain of an aristocratic clique. What they have made of it, we see. It is time to secure a less ignorant and less prejudiced conduct of affairs by the admission of the democracy to an active administrative share.

The deliberations of the council should be public, and it should refuse to regard as binding any treaty, agreement, or understanding, of which the terms had been kept secret. By means of secrecy, an air of mystery and hocus-pocus is preserved, of which the sole use and purpose is to keep power in official hands, and to prevent the intrusion of common sense into the arcana of diplomacy. The public is hoodwinked by the assurance that secrecy is essential to national security. Hitherto, on this plea, even the most democratic countries of Europe have handed over their destinies blindfold to men who have abused their trust by policies diametrically opposed to what their followers desired. Only publicity can prevent a repetition of this crime.

In urging that men who are not professional diplomatists ought to take part in the international council, I am not intending to suggest that diplomatists, as individuals, are any worse than other men, but only that their training, their traditions, their way of life, and the fact that they represent the national interest to the exclusion of all other considerations, must tend to close their minds to an order of ideas which lies outside the scope of their official duties. Even men who are wholly estimable in private life will be governed in their political ideas by the interests which they represent. The secretary of the

Automobile Association — I speak hypothetically, since I do not know who he is — may be an ardent patriot, and anxious, as an individual, to bear his share of the expense of the navy, but he will infallibly protest when it is proposed to put a tax on petrol. The editor of the *Licensed Victualler's Gazette* may be a zealous temperance man in his private capacity, but as an editor he is bound to raise an outcry when any fresh burden is placed upon 'the trade.' So a diplomatist may, during his holidays, be an international pacifist, but in his working hours he will struggle to obtain small advantages for his country, even by threatening war if necessary. This is the inevitable effect of the interest which he represents, and can be counteracted only by men who represent interests which conflict less with those of civilization in general.

Should the powers of the council include military intervention for the enforcement of its awards? Very strong arguments may be urged on both sides.

It is assumed that, when a dispute arises, the council will at once invite the powers concerned to submit to its arbitration, and that, if one party expresses willingness to abide by its award while the other does not, it will throw whatever weight it possesses against the intractable party. It should also have the power of examining questions likely to cause disputes in the future, and of suggesting such adjustments and compromises as may seem just. But if its authority is flouted, shall it rely upon moral force alone, or shall it have power to invoke the armed support of all those neutrals which send delegates to it?

In favor of armed intervention, it may be urged that otherwise the council will be futile, and will afford no security against an aggressive military power. It will therefore not allay pan-

ics, prevent wars, or tend to diminish armaments. If, on the other hand, neutrals can be relied upon to be willing to threaten armed intervention, and if their intervention would always secure an overwhelming preponderance of force on one side, then the mere threat would be sufficient, and actual war would be prevented.

But this argument involves many doubtful hypotheses, and is perhaps inspired less by a sober review of the facts than by the wish to find a short cut to universal peace. Unless almost all the powers sincerely desire peace, an alliance among the more bellicose powers might be strong enough to flout all the others, and in that case the only result of the council would be to make the war world-wide. Also it is much to be feared that neutrals could not be trusted to intervene by force of arms in a dispute in which they had no interest beyond the desire to preserve the peace: the whole system would be in danger of breaking down just when it was most needed. The most pacific powers — notably the United States — would probably refuse altogether to enter a system entailing such vast and manifold obligations. And within each nation, the necessity of being constantly prepared to go to war would run counter to the wishes of peaceful people, although it is from such people that the scheme would have to derive its support, since its aim would be the prevention of war. For these reasons, it does not seem desirable at present that the decisions of the international council should be enforced by military intervention.

I do not think the decisions of the council would have no weight if they rested upon moral force alone. The efforts made by both sides in the present war to persuade the United States of the justice of their cause show how highly the sympathy of neutrals is

valued, when there is hardly a thought of their abandoning neutrality. And the mere existence of an impartial tribunal, to which each side could yield without loss of dignity, would in most cases suffice to prevent the diplomatic deadlock which precedes war. Public opinion, which at present has no means of hearing any unbiassed statement, would be powerfully influenced by an authoritative award, and the pacific forces in the countries concerned could bring pressure to bear on the governments to bow to the decisions of the council. If the pacific forces were strong, this pressure would probably be sufficient; if not, no system could make peace secure. For, in the last resort, peace can be preserved only if public opinion desires peace in most of the great nations.

(3) Far more important than any question of machinery is the problem of producing in all civilized nations such a horror of war that public opinion will insist upon peaceful methods of settling disputes. When this war ends, it is probable that every nation in Europe will feel such an intense weariness of the struggle that there will be little likelihood of a great war for another generation. The problem is, so to alter men's standards and outlook that, when the weariness has passed away, they shall not fall back into the old bad way, but shall escape from the nightmare into a happier world of free coöperation.

The first thing to make men realize is that modern war is an absurdity as well as a crime, and that it can no longer secure such national advantages as, for example, England secured by the Seven Years' War. After the present war, it should be easy to persuade even the most ignorant and high-placed persons of this truth.

But it is even more necessary to alter men's conceptions of 'glory' and 'patri-

otism.' Beginning in childhood, with the school textbooks of history, and continuing in the press and in common talk, men are taught that the essence of 'glory' is successful robbing and slaughter. The most 'glorious' nation is the one which kills the greatest numbers of foreigners and seizes the greatest extent of foreign territory. The most 'patriotic' citizen is the one who most strongly opposes any attempt at justice or mercy in his country's dealings with other countries, and who is least able to conceive of mankind as all one family, struggling painfully from a condition of universal strife toward a society where love of one's neighbor is no longer thought a crime. The division of the world into nations is a fact which must be accepted, but there is no reason to accept the narrow nationalism which envies the prosperity of others and imagines it a hindrance to our own progress. If a better and saner world is to grow out of the horror of futile carnage, men must learn to find their nation's glory in the victory of reason over brute instincts, and to feel the true patriotism which demands that our country should deserve admiration rather than extort fear. If this lesson can be taught to all, beginning with the children in the schools, we may hope for a lasting peace, and the machinery for securing it will grow out of the universal desire. So long as hate and fear and pride are praised and encouraged, war can never become an impossibility. But there is now, if men have the courage to use it, an awakening of heart and mind such as the world has never known before: men see that war is wicked and that war is foolish. If the statesmen will play their part, by showing that war is not inevitable, there is hope that our children may live in a happier world, and look back upon us with the wondering pity of a wiser age.

JOFFRE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

I DOUBT if there is in the whole world, at the present moment, a man so universally known, and at the same time so unknown, as General Joffre. Everybody repeats his name and yet almost everybody wonders what he is personally; and things have reached the stage when one imagines that everybody else knows what one is ignorant of, and feels almost ashamed to ask questions.

In his own country General Joffre is little more than a name, or at best a mysterious force, the elusiveness of which has long baffled curiosity. The papers, it is true, publish articles about him, but they are everlasting, wearisome variations on what are supposed to be the great characteristics of the general, namely: temporization and taciturnity. Since M. Georges Clemenceau compared him, months ago, to Fabius Cunctator, people have repeated the same things *ad nauseam*, without adding one detail to the description of his so-called temporizing inclination, and, above all, without asking themselves whether there are proofs that he is naturally so like the Cunctator of Roman history.

The career of General Joffre was one which could not but pass unperceived by most of his countrymen. In times of peace the soldier who is usually spoken of as socially brilliant is nearly always obscure. Many a really distinguished French general who was a young lieutenant in 1870 got pensioned off years before the present war, with-

out ever becoming known outside the narrowest circle. The only exceptions have been colonial soldiers, men like Duchesne, Galliéni, Marchand, and d'Amade, in whom the national taste for daring and for military intelligence found a satisfaction the higher because it was rare. Now Joffre was indeed a colonial soldier, but, apart from one expedition, he was employed overseas in his capacity as an engineer; and no Frenchman since the days of Vauban has reached celebrity by raising fortifications, which even to the average officer are either perplexing or a matter of course. In the last ten years, after he had been promoted to the higher grades, and especially in the past three years, after he had become Generalissimo, his name naturally grew more familiar; but it was still known mostly to technicians. Not one Frenchman in a thousand could repeat the succession of the supreme chiefs of the army in the past fifteen years. In times of peace the Generalissimo is hardly ever before the public notice, and his work is of an even more recondite nature than that of the engineer. General Brugère, General Hagron, General de Lacroix, General Trémeau have passed in and out of office without ever finding their way from the *Annuaire de l'Armée* into the popular almanacs.

So, had it not been for the coincidence that I shall point out between the appointment of Joffre and the warlike wave created by the Agadir incident, had it not been above all for the exciting debates on the Three-Year-Service

Law and for the great reforms bearing the name of M. Millerand, Joffre, in spite of the extraordinary esteem in which he was held by experts, would have remained little more than a name, or at best a huge slow-moving figure occasionally seen at reviews.

Living thus outside the broad currents of public curiosity until the war began, and since then having raised an impassable barricade between himself and inquisitiveness, it is not surprising that Joffre should be as unknown to the interviewer as if he were a phantom, and that the psychological analysis of his character published by the newspapers should be of the flimsiest.

Yet with the exercise of some sympathetic curiosity, it is not impossible to gather from people who have enjoyed his intimacy, enough human information to understand of what flesh this bulky hero is made. I shall here attempt, not only to describe the historic rôle played by Joffre in the conduct of the war and to analyze his generalship, but also to point out the more conspicuous traits of his character.

II

Joseph-Jacques-Césaire Joffre ¹ was born at Rivesaltes on January 12, 1852. Rivesaltes is a small town near Perpignan, in the department of Pyrénées-Orientales, the most southern department of France, formed at the time of the great Revolution from the province of Roussillon. The present writer once made a prolonged stay in that part of the country. He has preserved ever since imperishable recollections of the charm of its Pyrenean scenery, everywhere austere, yet elegant wherever it is not sublime; and he remem-

bers the singular dignity of the inhabitants. They speak a Catalan dialect, and are in fact the near relatives of the Aragonese population on the other side of the Pyrenees; but their characteristics are after all those to be found in all the mountainous regions of southern France. They are intelligent; they would appear remarkably shrewd and practical if their nonchalance did not often interfere with matter-of-fact decisiveness; they can be wonderfully self-possessed in spite of their hot blood; and their courtesy delights the stranger who approaches them with proper deference.

Joffre belonged to a modest family. His father was the secretary of the *mairie* and spent his days transferring in official French on the municipal records the Catalan statements which tam-o'-shantered ratepayers made over his desk. The boy Joseph was exceptionally intelligent, and it was natural that his father—a functionary with the functionary's knowledge of opportunities—should think of 'pushing' him—as the French phrase goes—up to some one of the situations which the visits of the prefect, the judges, the departmental engineer, the departmental architect, or the recruiting officers, made living realities. So Joseph went on from the elementary school at Rivesaltes to the Perpignan College, and afterwards to the Montpellier *lycée*, and before he was sixteen completed his course both in the classics and in mathematics. This was a remarkable achievement, and the greatest ambitions were permissible to the lad and his friends. He astonished nobody by declaring his intention to read for the Ecole Polytechnique. The Ecole Polytechnique is the most difficult of access of all the great French schools, not only because of the courses—mostly in higher mathematics—in its curriculum, but, above all, because of

¹ This name, which seems to have puzzled many foreigners, is only the Southern variation of Jauffre, a name derived like Jeoffrin, Jauffret, Jouffroy, etc., from Geoffroy. — THE AUTHOR.

the competition. Since its foundation in 1803, it has attracted the pick of ambitious young Frenchmen, and year after year eleven or twelve hundred candidates stand for the two hundred and fifty vacancies. The roll of famous men produced by the Ecole Polytechnique can be rivalled only by that of the Ecole Normale Supérieure.

On September 21, 1869, Joseph was admitted to the Ecole Polytechnique. He was only seventeen and a half years old, and stood fourteenth on the list. With him was entered another lad from Rivesaltes, his playmate from infancy, to-day one of his fellow generals, General Roques. This man's name was long more familiar to the French public than that of Joffre himself, as the latter remained partly unknown for the reasons I stated above, while the former organized the highly popular aeronautical service of the army.

The Ecole Polytechnique is a military college, conducted on military principles, but as a rule the most distinguished of the cadets seldom join the army. It is understood that they provide the mining corps and the Ponts et Chaussées with valuable recruits. Joffre is so absolutely the soldier that it seems improbable that he should have taken advantage of his qualifications for obtaining a highly paid and much-respected post in some one of the civilian departments. But one momentous circumstance almost compelled him to make his choice a year before the usual time. In July, 1870, the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and in the course of the next month Joffre was appointed sub-lieutenant in the Engineer Corps. He was only eighteen, and as the war was of short duration he does not seem to have seen much active service. It is not impossible that this great soldier will die without having ever been really in action; and this is not the least curious paradox of modern warfare.

On both sides, but especially on the German side,—which has had no experience of anything like the Tonquin, Tunis, and Moroccan expeditions,—most of the generals had never heard cannon fired in earnest until last August; and as they are brave enough not to think of exposing themselves to danger merely to show their bravery, many will never know the whiz of the bullet.

After the war, but only in due time, on September 21, 1872, Joffre received his commission as a lieutenant, and from that moment until he was made a brigadier general,—a long and tedious period of almost thirty years,—he rose obscurely and slowly from grade to grade, remaining a captain for thirteen years, mostly spent at Montpellier. He was never once before the eyes of the public. His friends say two apparently contradictory things of him: they say that he always was what one is agreed, in default of a better phrase, to call ambitious; and they also admit that, extraordinary as it may sound nowadays, he has his share of southern indolence, and only began to exert all his activities after 1897, when he was given a regiment. It is not impossible to reconcile two such statements in the case of a French soldier of the second half of the nineteenth century. With the exception of a few critical moments this was preëminently a time of peace, and even a time when public opinion had come to believe in the impossibility of a war. The so-called ambition, then, was only the natural wish of a gifted man to pass from humdrum routine to something like an opportunity to use his initiative; and the apparent indolence was the attitude of an officer superior to his employment and discharging it without any effort.

Yet, we should not forget that even in that stage of his career Joffre had the good luck to be given several important missions on which his civilian

friends did not accompany him, and which must have taxed his energy to a degree which outsiders cannot well imagine. As I said above, Joffre belonged to the Engineers. Shortly after the war of 1870, he was employed in the transformation of the outworks of Paris and Pontarlier. Later he accompanied Admiral Courbet to the Pescadores Islands and organized the defense of Formosa; in Africa, he built the railway from Kayes to the Niger, conducted a column to Timbuctoo after the failure of Colonel Bonnier, and succeeded in reaching and occupying the mysterious city;¹ finally, he built the whole of the enormous fortifications of Diego Suarez in the island of Madagascar.

It is difficult to imagine that a march like that to Timbuctoo could be accomplished by a man who had not in him the indomitable perseverance of which we now see him give the daily proof. As to the fortifying of Diego Suarez, that was an enterprise that entailed considerable responsibility, financial as well as military, and if, as experts say, Joffre produced a masterpiece of engineering, he also showed that he was equal to the accomplishment of a work of exceptional magnitude.

On his return to France, Joffre was appointed to a professorship at the Ecole de Guerre, — the finishing school of breveted officers, — and from that date the attention of his superiors never seemed to leave him. They must have been struck, not only by his mastery of the technicalities of his specialty, but above all by the intellectual power and the invariable self-control which his quiet and direct speech betrays. At any rate, they rapidly promoted him to the higher grades, and never appointed him to any post which would have

kept him out of easy reach of Paris. He had been nominated a colonel in 1897; four years later he became brigadier-general in command of the artillery at Vincennes, and in 1905 he received the command of a division. The army corps to which this division belonged has its headquarters at Rouen, but the division is quartered in Paris, and Joffre was appointed at the same time member of the Technical Engineering Commission. In 1909 the command of the Second Army Corps (headquarters at Amiens) was given him, together with the inspectorship of the military schools. A year later he became a member of the Superior War Council, and the last and great phase of his career began. A few years before he had married Madame Lozès.

The Superior War Council is the supreme organ of the military authority in France and the centre of national defense. I shall be obliged presently to enter into further details concerning its constitution and working, but the reader should know at once that it consists of only eleven members, from among whom the army commanders should be chosen in time of war. One of the members acts as vice-president, under the presidency, too often ephemeral, of the Minister of War.

The year after Joffre's nomination to the Superior Council, the Vice-President, General Trémeau, died. His succession, it had always been understood, was to devolve on General Pau (born in 1848), a remarkable officer who had stayed in the army after losing an arm in 1870, and had made a brilliant career. But when the vice-presidency was offered to him, Pau declined, and said that no man ought to be entrusted with that formidable responsibility while General Joffre was available. So it was, then, that in 1911 Joffre became the head of the French army, under a curious restriction which I shall have

¹ This expedition he narrated in his only published work, *La Colonne Joffre* (Paris, 1895), a log of Cæsarean brevity. — THE AUTHOR.

to explain. But head of the French army he was all the same, and the rest of this paper will be devoted to an examination of how he acquitted himself, first in the preparation for the present war, and second in the conduct of the war itself.

III

The work of Joffre during the past three momentous years was partly technical and unknown, but also partly visible, because it found its expression in legislative measures which were the object of debates in the chambers, and were recorded in the parliamentary proceedings. Here Joffre had the good fortune to come across a wonderful collaborator whom I must introduce at some length. This person was none other than M. Millerand, to-day Minister of War, and one of the undoubted mainstays of his country. Of all the republican politicians who made their mark in the last twenty years M. Millerand is by far the most interesting because his line of development has been perfectly straight, and because he has never yet disappointed expectation. He is a lawyer like M. Poincaré, and it is difficult to say which of the two men enjoys the greatest reputation at the law courts; nobody rivals this remarkable pair. M. Millerand passed almost insensibly from the bar into politics, because of one circumstance. During the years 1890-1902, he frequently acted as counsel for individuals or corporations prosecuted for labor offenses, and this naturally caused him to become acquainted, not only with the particular legislation he had to deal with, but with the chief representatives of the labor party. Syndicalism had not made its appearance at that time, and Socialism was the broad expression which was used to cover all labor reforms. It was, then, as a Socialist that M. Millerand was first elected a deputy and asserted

himself in the Chamber. He had no rival, for Jaurès had not yet made up his mind to exchange his seat among the moderate Republicans for one on the extreme Left; and when in 1899 the political necessities incident to the Dreyfus case compelled M. Waldeck-Rousseau to take a Socialist into the cabinet, it was M. Millerand who was made the recipient of the unexpected portfolio.

M. Millerand is a man who must throughout his whole life have strained after truth and justice. His appearance is more powerful than graceful; in speech, he is strong, lucid, direct, intent on accuracy, and regardless of elegance. All his printed utterances produce the same impression. If he had lived in the times when the language, instead of being universally shipshod, was undefiled and terse, M. Millerand would have had something Demosthenic in his speeches; to-day his style seems rough and unkempt, but its indifference to minor graces is power in itself. Nobody can call M. Millerand persuasive, but, on the other hand, nobody will deny that he is wonderfully convincing.

Before his tenure of office, M. Millerand had been looked upon as a man whose business was to achieve things and produce results; but these results were those which his party, not his country at large, welcomed and applauded. The moment he became initiated in the difficulties and responsibilities of government he seemed to be another man. From a partisan he turned into a patriot; he began to judge everything from the patriotic standpoint. No trace of the politician's vulgarity has been visible in him since those days. He gave a striking proof of his preference for national interests as contrasted with the mere interests of a party at the time of the military scandals in 1904. The reader may remem-

ber that the secretary of the Masonic headquarters ¹ on rue Cadet delivered to a well-known deputy in the opposition, M. Guyot de Villeneuve, documents proving that the lodges favored, and had actually organized, a vast system of *espionage* resulting in the denunciation and eventually the cold-shouldering of officers — no matter how unimpeachable professionally — who were suspected of unfriendliness to the governing party or publicly acted as professed Catholics. When these facts were exposed in the Chamber, M. Millerand, though a Free Mason himself, resolutely seceded from his brethren, branded their action as a *régime abject*, and got excommunicated by his lodge in return.

Had he not made his mark so brilliantly before this incident it is probable that his career would have been rendered difficult for him; but it was too late, and every time the Republic felt in need of really strong men, M. Millerand was one of those men. His method as Minister of Labor in 1908 was conspicuous for its novelty: it was nothing else than a resolute application of the principles of common sense! He merely discarded political interference, had issues expounded and solutions propounded to him by professional people, — in the present instance, Syndicalists, — and resolutely abided by what seemed to him immediately possible reforms. The results he obtained surprised everybody.

This was the man, then, who, in January, 1912, was appointed Minister of War, a few months after General Joffre had been promoted to the Vice-Presidency of the Superior Council.

¹ One should bear in mind that the French Masonic lodges have very little in common with those of England or America. Their object is political, and the fact that in 1876 they struck every mention of the Grand Architect out of their rituals sufficiently shows their atheistic tendency. — THE AUTHOR.

The situation of France at that date was insecure. The Agadir affair had left no sensible person in doubt that Germany was trying to pick a quarrel, and the army was yet badly in need of reforms which MM. Berteaux and Messimy had not been strong enough to put through. It will always remain to the credit of M. Poincaré — then Prime Minister, and according to the arrangement of the French constitution, much more influential than he became after his election to the presidency — that he brought together two such men as General Joffre and M. Millerand.

The new Minister of War immediately went to work in his usual manner. 'I know only one method,' he wrote in *Les Lectures pour Tous* some time after leaving office. 'The Minister of War has the responsible chiefs at his elbow; let him take their advice; any other procedure will be found to be perilous.' What he recommended in these terms M. Millerand had done himself without losing one minute, as will appear from a cursory glance at the record of his ministry. It is clear that his first contact with the 'responsible chiefs,' Joffre and his collaborators, — above all, Pau and de Castelnau, — had left a deep impression upon him. When this matter-of-fact handler of questions, this keen-sighted reader of men, spoke of the leaders of the army, his tone invariably assumed, even in the Chamber, something like a religious respect, with an undercurrent of affectionate comradeship. Evidently M. Millerand had been struck with the intelligence and the high moral value of those soldiers whom he had too often, since the Dreyfus affair, heard represented as obtuse technicians or narrow-minded partisans. There was the same expression in a speech delivered at the manœuvres of 1912 before the Grand Duke Nicholas, now Russian Generalissimo,

and General Wilson of the United States Army. The minister said little: he barely referred to 'the judgment, the tact, and the self-possession of General Joffre'; but it was with a manner which betrayed a consciousness of the inadequacy of these words and gave them an impressive freshness.

It would take too long to recapitulate, even in the briefest way, what Joffre and Millerand did during the one year of the latter's tenure of office. A volume entitled *Pour la Défense Nationale*, in which M. Millerand's speeches and circulars were collected, gives an idea of what the conjunction of two lucid intellects, assisted by will-power worthy of the name, can do in spite of the dallyings of an assembly like the French Chamber. By the end of 1912, the army, which had been left humiliated, depressed, and too often divided by the long tail of the Dreyfusist tornado, had been restored to an unprecedented popularity; politics had been banished from it by the repeal of an odious measure which since 1905 had empowered the prefects to give their opinion twice a year on the officers, and consequently on their promotion; several material reforms had been carried out; above all, there had been effected a reorganization of the supreme command. Obviously Joffre regarded this change as of paramount importance, for it was to it that he first drew M. Millerand's attention. This transformation put an end to a dangerous quality in the command, under which politics, as usual, was lurking. The Vice-President of the Superior Council of War was, it is true, by right, the Generalissimo in case of war; but beside him there was a head of the General Staff, whose business it was to remain by the Minister of War, and to assist the latter in the nomination of the personnel. This meant that in case of war a civilian minister might force men of his own choosing on the Gener-

alissimo. M. Millerand took office on January 14, 1912; by January 20 the duties of the head of the General Staff had been made over to the Vice-President of the Superior Council. In concrete terms this meant that in case of war Joffre would have undisputed freedom, not only as to the plan which the armies should endeavor to realize, but also as to the choice of the men who were to help in this realization. The bane of our democracy, namely, divided and elusive responsibility, had been removed from the organization in which it appeared most dangerous. Nobody thought for one moment of putting this down to personal ambition on the part of Joffre. On the contrary, even the most jealous radicals felt that here was a victory of pure patriotism and common good sense over an absurd prejudice.

Everybody knew that what M. Millerand was executing with incomparable intelligence and energy was the outcome of conceptions long cherished and probably many times despaired of by the Vice-President of the Superior Council and his colleagues. These conceptions were intelligible enough and even obvious enough. But it was not so with the mysterious work carried on in the Superior Council of War itself. We heard officers constantly repeating that if war was inevitable, they would wish it to come while Joffre was at the head of the army and assisted by Pau and de Castelnau. But why this opinion should be so universal was not clear, and the attitude of many people was one of hopefulness checked by an everlasting note of interrogation.

To-day we understand better what we had so long to take for granted. The technical business of Joffre was to prepare, not one plan, but a variety of plans answering to all possible hypotheses connected with German aggression; it was also to test in every possible

manner every detail of the mobilization plan devised by General Pau and General de Castelnau. Joffre did all this in the scientific spirit of which the German staff under Moltke and Von Roon gave the first great example in 1870, but which can be not only imitated but even improved upon by intelligent and properly trained specialists. It was partly the facility with which the Generalissimo handled the enormous mass of details connected with the mobilization, the armament, and the rapid transportation of two million men, which excited the admiration of experts. After the manoeuvres of 1913 — the last rehearsal before the drama of 1914 — General Maitrot, a well-known critic never inclined to flattery, published his remarks on the operation. He found fault with practically everything, and his book would have been depressing if it had not left the impression that the chief cause of the shortcomings he pointed out was the artificiality of manoeuvres and the unreality of decisions given by umpires and not imposed by facts. But General Maitrot's judgment on Joffre, who was responsible for the instructions given to the generals of both parties, was striking in its brevity. 'The direction,' he wrote, 'defies criticism; the lucidity, simplicity, and completeness of its instructions are perfection.'

However, this technical superiority was only one element in the greatness of Joffre. It was fortunately associated with a moral power without which mere generalship is little and in fact hardly ever exists. When Lord Kitchener, a man who does not deal in superlatives, said in Parliament that Joffre is not only a great general but a great man, he simply recognized this rare association of two orders of superiority in the same person. M. Briand had the same impression as early as 1911, when General Tréneau died and Joffre was sug-

gested as his successor. 'This is our man,' he said to M. Poincaré after their first meeting. M. Briand is no strategist; he only felt the personal power of the future general-in-chief.

What this power consists of can be stated only in general terms. People wrongly speak of Joffre as the great Taciturn. It is true that he cannot speak in public, and prefers silence to the ordeal of attempting what he knows he cannot do well; but all his friends are unanimous in describing him as a sociable, nay, a genial person. The many Parisians who have met him of a summer morning, merrily riding in the Bois with his step-daughters, are sure that this powerful horseman, with an open countenance and the shrewdest eyes to light it up, is no mere cold-blooded scientist. In fact, all those who have come in contact with Joffre have felt the presence of a welling source of inner conviction which may not be enthusiasm but which creates it. What is this particular faith the contagion of which nobody can resist? Nothing more than the certainty of victory, but in a degree which nobody else has attained, and with a background of judgment which cannot be mistaken for mere sanguineness. That is the conviction which Joffre communicated, not only to his military collaborators, but also to the five or six cabinets which have succeeded one another since 1911. Even the last two, consisting of Radicals who were opposed to the Three-Year-Service Law, who leaned to pacifism, and who must have been startled when the written proof was placed before them of the aggressive intentions of Germany,¹ were reassured on the eve of the formidable war by something irresistible in the voice of the Generalissimo.

A certain class of journalists will,

¹ See *Le Livre Jaune*: M. Cambon's despatches of May 6 and Nov. 22, 1913. — THE AUTHOR.

even now, occasionally harp on Joffre's anxiety to save his soldiers, and on the fact that he is, or once was, a Free Mason, and will attempt to depict him as a sort of Socialist general. But this is pure imagination. Joffre is a soldier in the old and not in the apologetic acceptance of the term; his professional ambition is entirely patriotic. In this respect there is no difference between him and his bosom friend General de Castelnau: the latter is a devout Catholic, while Joffre is at least indifferent to religion; but both are soldiers to the core.

IV

This attempt at a portrait of Joffre must include an effort to draw psychological conclusions from his conduct during the war, at least so far as the events of the war have revealed it. The *Bulletin des Armées* has published at least three considerable reports enabling us to proceed rather securely.

On the last day of July, when Germany mobilized her army and all hopes of peace made room for a strange feeling which those who experienced it will never forget, France had on her side four things about which there was little uncertainty. Joffre was a real leader. He had plans for the defense of the country. The French soldier was as full of resources as in the days of Napoleon; and an American general present at the manœuvres of 1913 had said he was the first infantry soldier in the world. Finally, the national spirit was equal to any trial, and the mobilization, coming four days after the scandal of the Caillaux affair, proved it.

But there were also strong points in favor of Germany. Having chosen her time, she must be better prepared, as the rapidity of her invasion proved. Her numerical superiority was even greater than in 1870. Her staff was probably abler than the French staff.

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Lastly her superiority in heavy or long-range artillery, in the number of machine-guns, and in several important items in commissariat organization, was overwhelming.

France being undoubtedly peaceful in her European attitude, Joffre had been compelled to discard all except defensive plans; and as it was certain that Germany's concentration would be more rapid than that of her opponent, the line of French defense could not even be near the frontier. It has been stated since the beginning of the war that the concentration had been planned to take place as far from the frontier as Langres to the east and the immediate vicinity of Paris to the north. This meant that Joffre took the invasion of about an eighth part of the French territory as a matter of course; but this also meant facing a possible depression of public opinion at the very outset. It was here that the wonderful self-possession of the Generalissimo appeared. He saw the resistance of the little Belgian army crushed on the Meuse. He saw the German armies flooding the greatest part of Belgium, and in little more than three weeks overflowing the French territory along a line of a hundred miles, at the terrific rate of forty to forty-five kilometers a day. He heard daily reports of the phenomenon which he knew he must fear: the *bourgeois* classes — never the people, thanks to the splendid courage of the press — gradually began to waver, then to become openly pessimistic; a few of their political representatives began to speak of peace at dishonorable cost. Yet he never betrayed the least emotion. Day after day his brief *communiqués* recorded the advance of the enemy with as much honesty as if everybody else had been as sure of victory as he was himself. All the time he and his staff bore in their minds the clear design of what was to take place on the

banks of the Marne; and finally, after five weeks, he sent to every regiment the announcement long defined in its tenor and wording, 'stand or die,' that retreat was at an end, and that the positions on which he intended to break the German advance had been reached. Reverse at that crisis would have been an almost unthinkable cruel trial, but it was victory that came, and a victory thus prepared, expected, and announced had not been recorded in the French annals since Bonaparte, laying his finger on the map, had definitely indicated the battlefield, near the banks of the Po, on which he would beat M. de Mélas.

How much energy he had expended over the preparation of this battle appeared later when it was made certain that the resignation of the Minister of War, M. Messimy, the return of M. Millerand to office, and the dismissal of some forty generals had been his work. How he had hung on the hope of victory was confessed clearly, in plain language, by the pathetic passage in his order to the troops, in which he thanked them for satisfying the longing planted in him forty-four years before, in 1870.

The battle of the Marne was known to be a victory on September 13. Since then Joffre has not lost an inch; but he seldom seems to have made much progress. Once more people — though never again giving way to the slightest doubt — have been tempted to call him the Temporizer. Day after day the *communiqué* has mentioned attacks, sometimes violent attacks, merely stating that these attacks were repulsed, and we have been more than once inclined to say in a rather superior tone that this war is monotonous. It takes the appearance, at long intervals, of the admirable reports in the *Bulletin des Armées* to make us realize with a blush on our brows that when Joffre speaks

in his bald style of violent attacks, this means, as it did during the three weeks of the battle of Ypres, the most furious assaults by masses of troops invariably superior in numbers, and amounting at some critical moments to seven hundred thousand men. Then we understand what lies under the everyday language used at headquarters. Joffre, on the first day of the war, drew between us and his armies a thick veil which keeps curiosity away, but which also keeps heroism and epic grandeur in the dimness of an unperceived background; and this is not the least astonishing trait of this greatest of wars.

While holding the enemy at arm's length and wearing his force out by daily losses, sometimes enormous, the so-called Temporizer has turned time to good account. The French army now possesses the heavy artillery, the machine-guns, and the commissariat material of which it felt the want so terribly at first; it has become more conscious of its resources; and the leader knows his men better. The confirmation of the military capacity of a man like General Dubail; the passage of a man like General Foch from the command of an army corps, not only to that of an army, but to the position of substitute Generalissimo; the discovery of a man like General de Maud'hui, a plain brigadier, one of six or seven hundred, at the beginning of the war, to-day one of the six army commandants, are worth victories and surely worth a few weeks' temporizing. But let it be remembered that Joffre never gave any indications of being more than reasonably prudent, and that he appeared in his most natural attitude when he took the offensive at the battle of the Marne.

The conclusion of this estimate of Joffre's generalship must be that in the conduct of the war, as well as in its preparation, he has given proofs of un-

paralleled faith in what he regards as the truth; and that his moral energy is on a par with his military ability.

There is another side to Joffre's influence which would well deserve consideration, but which is of another order: I mean the moral effect of his action on his own country and even on the whole world. Certainly France is happier than she was before the war, notably happier than she was during the oppressive week of the Caillaux case; and she is also more respected. I appeal to the consciousness of all foreigners whose insight enables them to understand the spirit of a nation. What

I should like above all to point out is that Joffre, although an exceptional Frenchman, is at the same time eminently French. Judgment and balance, ambition and energy, patience and intelligent perseverance, were certainly not characteristic of the superficial society which casual observers have often mistaken in the past fifty years for the true France; but the many Americans who, as Mr. Brander Matthews bore witness a few months ago, know through the study of the best French literature what French civilization really stands for, will not think Joffre unrepresentative.

THE RUSSIANS AND THE WAR

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

I

THE Russian peasant soldier regards the enemy as vermin that must be destroyed. He has no doubt that he is clearing away something ugly and full of evil. He is fighting something pestilential, like the cholera or the plague.

The bodies of the Germans and the Austrians lay rotting on the fields of Poland this autumn and early winter, and infecting the air with odors. It was with difficulty that the Russian soldiers could be persuaded to bury them.

'Bury these corpses,' said a general to one of his servant soldiers.

'No, your excellency,' said the latter, 'let them lie there like dogs; they are not fit to be buried in the good earth.'

When I told some soldiers of the sink-

ing of the Emden and the capture of Von Müller, they could not understand our leniency toward the German admiral.

'Such people ought to be destroyed directly they are caught,' said one of the soldiers. 'He ought to have been executed at once.'

In this spirit, of course, the peasant soldier goes forth to any of the Czar's work; and whether it be war against Japan, or suppression of the Trans-Caucasian cutthroats in North Persia, or a pogrom of the Jews, he has much the same outlook. He is unswervingly loyal to the word of the Czar, or what is told him is the word of the Czar.

There has been no bandying of wit between German and Russian soldiers. For one thing the Germans do not understand Russian. For another, the

Russian soldiers are carefully trained not to enter into any sort of converse or familiarity with their enemies. During the time of the revolutionary outburst in Russia it was indeed rather difficult for ordinary Russian civilians to joke or talk with Russian soldiers. One could, however, offer them cigarettes.

This necessarily adds value to the peasantry as reliable fighting material.

Then the religion of the peasant helps him to be brave. The Russian army on the offensive is something like an elemental destructive force. There is no hesitation about the Russians, little giving of quarter, little seeing of white flags, no malice, no lust, not much delight in cruelty, but on the other hand no squeamishness. The blood flowing does not turn the Russian sick; the sight of the dead does not make him pale. He is striking with the sword of the Lord.

True, the principal function and purpose of war is going to kill. And therein lies not only a denial of Christianity but of the primitive Judaic law, 'Thou shalt not kill.' But the function of Russian war that has struck me most was that of going to be killed.

When, in the Altai Mountains, in the middle of the consecration service, I learned that it was Germany that had declared war upon Russia, I felt that the consecration was consecration unto death, that the strapping of the knapsack on the back was like the tying on of the cross.

The religion of Russia is the religion of death. As I wrote in my book on the Russian peasant-pilgrims journeying toward the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, 'All pilgrimages are pilgrimages to the Altar, to the place of death. Protestantism reveals itself as the religion of the mystery of life; Orthodoxy as the religion of death.' The Russians march to battle as they tramp to shrines. Death is no calamity for them. It is

the thrice beautiful and thrice holy culmination of the life pilgrimage. Watch the Russian soldiers at one of the many funerals of fallen comrades. They are calm and reverent, but it is the calm and reverence that are the accompaniment of an exaltation of spirit.

When the wounded soldier is brought to the hospital and laid in his bed, his first wish is that the priest may hold the cross for him to kiss. The priest who visits every bedside every morning carries a little cross in his hand, and each poor soldier presses his lips to the centre of it and kisses it vehemently.

War to the Russian soldier is a great religious experience. 'He liveth best who is always ready to die,' says a holy proverb of the Russians. And readiness to die is the religious side of war. The Russian soldier kills his enemy without religious qualm, yet without hate. He does not feel that to shoot at a fellow man, to charge at him with a bayonet, is doing an evil thing to him. The great reality that confronts him is not that he may kill others, but that he himself may suffer terrible pain or may lose the familiar and pleasant thing called life. In order to face this, the Russian has to dive down deep in himself and find a deeper self below his ordinary self; he has to find the common spirit of man below his own ego; he has to live in communion with the fount of Life from which his own little stream of life is flowing. No relic of the war is more precious than the little loaf of holy bread which the soldier saves from his last communion before going to battle or going under fire for the first time.

The Russian soldiers go to war in very much the same spirit in which the Russian pilgrims go toward Jerusalem. Indeed many a man was just about to start for Jerusalem when the war broke out and he was summoned to

fight against the Germans. In the fields of East Prussia and of Poland he found as veritable a Jerusalem as that he sought in Palestine. It is perhaps a shorter way thither.

The priests serving in the army and in the hospitals tell wonderful stories of religious experience, of touching peasant mysticism, of holy patriotism.

A dying soldier lies on the battlefield and the visiting priest thinks him gone too far to receive the Holy Communion. So he says the *otkhodnaya*, the prayer for the departing soul. Suddenly the dying man opens his dim eyes and whispers just audibly, —

‘My countrymen, my dear countrymen — No, not that — Little Father — my own one — thou hast come to save me.’

He tries to get up, crosses himself widely, — that is, from shoulder to shoulder and from brow to chest, — and repeats, ‘Thou hast come to save me.’

There is a short confession, as of a child. Communion. The soldier with a great effort crosses himself once more, drops back on the wet mud of the battlefield, and slips into oblivion, with glazed eyes, set lips, but white, calm brow. The priest, bending over him, lays a cross upon him, and goes on to the next suffering or dying one on the field.

The Russian religion is the religion of suffering and death, the religion that helps you to meet suffering calmly and to be always ready to die. Many Catholics and Protestants among the Russian ranks ask the Orthodox blessing. In the moment of the ordeal they know that true religion is never divided against itself.

The war is the great wind that blows through our life so that the things that can be shaken may be shaken down and that the things that cannot be shaken may remain. Religion is never

shaken down by war. But strange to say, the logicians are shaken in their logic, agnosticism is shaken, materialism is shaken, atheism is shaken, positivism is shaken. The intellectual dominance is shaken and falls; the spiritual powers are allowed to take possession of men’s beings.

‘Many is the time,’ said a priest to me, ‘that an officer has called me to his side and has said, “I am an atheist: I believe in nothing”; but I have confessed him and he has emptied his life to me — to the very dregs — and I have put him in Holy Communion and left him all melted and holy.’

II

The Cossacks are different in their religious temperament. They are the descendants of robber tribes and mercenary bands. To realize what the Cossacks have been you must read Gogol’s *Tarass Bulba*, and when you have realized what they used to be you have a notion of what they are. There is much Russian blood in them, but there is also much of the Tartar and the Mongol. They have not much in common with the gentle Slav. Their conception of Christianity is very different from that which animates the moujiks.

The Cossack is always a soldier. In Cossack villages every man has to serve in the army; only sons have no privileges. It is rarely that a Cossack is rejected on medical grounds, and rarer still is his acceptance of rejection. By his passport he is a soldier. When he is farming he is said to be ‘on leave.’ The village is not called a village but a station, a *stanitsa*. Almost every man in the station works in trousers that have a broad military stripe. By that stripe you may tell the Cossacks and the Cossack stations in the country.

I tramped through several hundred miles of Cossack country last summer,

and I have a very bright impression of the people. They have a considerable quantity of land. The government pursues a set policy of giving the Cossacks land, space wherein to live well and multiply. The whole of Central Asia and Turkestan is preferably settled by Cossacks. The Russian government trains the men for two or three years, and when the time of training has been run through, the authorities propose to them that they settle down near the place where they have been encamped. Land will be given them free. They can bring their sweethearts and their wives. The docile Kirghiz and Chinese and other aborigines can be practically forced to build houses for them and dig out irrigation canals and plant poplars and willows. A company of Cossacks accepts the government proposal, and so a new station is marked on the map. A church is built. A horizontal bar and a wooden horse and a greasy pole are put up. A vodka shop is supplied. And that constitutes Cossack civilization. (Now the vodka shops are all closed, and there is talk of reopening them as schools.)

The talk and the songs and the life of the station are all military. The talk is of battles lately and battles long ago and the battles of the future; the songs are recruiting songs and war songs; the life is ever with the gun and on horseback.

Children ride on horseback as soon as they can walk and jump. Little boys get their elder brothers' uniforms cut down to wear: the trousers, be they ever so ragged, have still the broad colored stripe that marks the Cossacks. Siberian Cossacks have red stripes, Don Cossacks have blue stripes. Marching songs are on the children's lips, and one of the most frequent sights is that of a company of Cossacks riding up the main street of the *stanitsa*, carrying the long black pikes in their hands and

singing choruses as they go. The pike is another distinction of the Cossack; it is a long black wooden lance, steel-pointed like a spear.

No woman grudges her children to the war. War is the element in which they all live, and the official manoeuvres are so wild and fierce that many get killed in them, kill one another even, forgetting that they are only playing at war. The Cossacks even in remote Asia take themselves seriously as the personal bodyguards of the Czar; formerly robbers and border riders of the wildest type, they are now, thanks to tactful handling, the most loyal subjects of the Czar, and are bred — out on the Seven-Rivers-Land and the Altai Mountains, for instance — much as one might breed a type of horse, for sterling qualities. They are called Orthodox Christians, but have seldom any mystical sense of Christianity. They are baptized barbarians and are of course extraordinarily superstitious. They hand down their ikons and their battle-charms from generation to generation, and worship them almost with idolatry.

Their homes are neither comfortable nor clean, — the homes of eagles rather than of men. The women are lazier than ordinary Russian peasant women, and eat more and sleep more.

As a fair companion of the road explained to me, —

'It's the women who must be blamed for the dirt in their cottages. After dinner the women always lie down and fall asleep, and they leave all the dirty dishes on the table, and let the pigs and the chickens come in and hunt for food.'

That is true. You enter the little room that is all in all of a home, and you find fifty thousand flies buzzing over everything. Often, of an afternoon, I have entered a cottage in order to get milk and have found every one

asleep, even the dog, who but opens one eye at the noise of my step. The baby lies in the swing cradle and tosses now and then and cries a little. He would be almost naked were he not black with flies. The children keep picking flies off his body and hurting him — that is why he cries. None the less that baby will grow up to be a sturdy Cossack. And they seem none the worse for dirt and disorder, to judge from the fine young men we see: tall, agile, hawk-faced, — the rising generation no weaker than the fathers.

They are hospitable, but because of the biting flies I have found it more comfortable to sleep out of doors, even in bad weather or when mosquitos are thick. They always give you full measure and running over when you buy from them. But they are altogether left behind in hospitality by their neighbors the Kirghiz or the Mongolians.

The Cossack has settled where of old the Kirghiz had his best pastures. He has harried the gentle man of the East into the bare lands and wildernesses, and over the border to China. The winter pastures that the Kirghiz has discovered for himself and marked out with stones, the Cossack has pitilessly mown for hay. Even his houses, the long village street of them, the Cossack makes the Kirghiz build, while he stands by like a *barin* or a master. The Kirghiz will work for lower wages than the Chinese; sometimes he can be persuaded to work for nothing.

‘You are entering Kirghiz country now; there are no Russian villages,’ said one to me. ‘No matter; you can always spend the night in a Kirghiz tent and you will always get food from them, as much as you want. Don’t ever pay them anything. They don’t expect it. They will give you the best they have, but don’t pay. You need n’t. They are that sort of people: *glupovaty*, stupid-like.’

The favorite adjective applied by Russians to Cossacks is *otchainy*, which is supposed to mean ‘desperate,’ but certainly does not mean it in the ordinary sense of hopeless. It means past-praying-for, wild-beyond-all-hopes.

‘The Siberian Cossacks, they are the wildest of all,’ you will hear.

They are spoken of by ordinary Russians much as the Highlanders are spoken of by the English, and in some respects they resemble the clansmen. They are brave beyond any qualification. They are all expert horsemen and ride like the wind. Their favorite exploit is to charge the enemy lying close to their horses’ sides, even under their bellies, so that it looks to the enemy as if a drove of riderless horses were plunging toward them. And when the Cossacks arrive at the object of their charge, Heaven help the poor Uhlans or ordinary European troops who happen to be in the way! The Cossacks delight in the cutting off of heads.

It was the Siberian Cossacks who turned the scale at the first battle of Warsaw; and with them, as brothers in arms, were the Caucasian cavalry. The Caucasian tribesmen are if anything more warlike than the Cossacks; they are stronger physically, always wear arms, understand life as military gallantry, have much less regard for the value of life, and are much more given to fighting in time of peace. Murder has no moral stigma in the Caucasus; the man who has killed another man is not troubled about his crime, — not upset in his mind, not obliged to return and look at the corpse, not obliged to confess at last. Indeed, many of the pleasantest and most courteous men you may meet in the mountains have several ‘murders,’ as we should call them, to their charge. Their success in fighting gives them more confidence and more politeness.

They are not quite so brave as the

Cossacks, being considerably more intelligent and a very calculating people. They are also not so loyal to the Czar; they consider themselves liberals. They are corruptible, and the Russian system of bribery has been much improved by them. They are more cruel than the Cossacks, less Christian. A fine body of people, however, — the handsomest men in Europe, the hardest.

War for them is also the most interesting thing in life, and conversation over the endless stoops of red wine always turns to battles. By the way, the prohibition of the sale of vodka and beer leaves the Caucasus just as drunken as before. The government had no monopoly there in the sale of spirits. Every one could sell who wanted to. Vodka, however, was never much drunk, owing to the fact that the Caucasus has its own good vintage and the natives despise the use of spirits as a sign of lower caste.

They are a poor people as money goes. It is marvelous that they retain their physique, considering the poorness of the food they eat and the quantity of wine they drink. Many villages subsist on black bread and wine. They are always hungry. They could live much better than they do. They love clothes, love rich carpets and elegant ornaments. They would put jewels on their wives, would be princes not only in title but in estate, and would hold court and go out hunting or to battle with retainers in the good old way.

III

One of the phenomena which show how popular the war is in Russia is the participation of the children in the conflict. There is scarcely a town school in Russia from which boys have not run away to war. Hundreds of girls have gone off in boys' clothes, and tried to pass themselves off as boys and en-

list as volunteers; and several have got through, since the medical examination is only a negligible formality, required in one place, forgotten in another, — the Russians are so fit as a whole. So among the wounded in the battle of the Niemen was a broad-shouldered, vigorous girl from Zlato-Ust, only sixteen; nobody had dreamed that she was other than the man for whom she was passing herself off. But not only boys and girls of sixteen and seventeen, but children of eleven and twelve, have contrived to have a hand either in the fighting or in the nursing.

Whilst I was in Wilna there was a touching case. A little girl of twelve years, Marusia Charushina, turned up. She had run away from her home in Viatka, some thousand miles away, and had got on the train 'as a hare,' that is, without a ticket. The conductor had smiled on her and let her go on. At Wilna, she was a little bewildered by the traffic of the great Polish city, but she asked a passing soldier the way to a hospital; he took her to one, and she explained to him that she had come to nurse the wounded. At the hospital, a Red Cross nurse questioned her, and she gave the same answer. The nurse telegraphed to the little girl's father and asked his permission for her to remain in the hospital nursing the wounded soldiers. The father gave permission, so little Marusia was allowed to remain. A uniform was made for her, and now, as the smallest Sister of Mercy of all, she tends the soldiers and is very popular.

There was Stefan Krafchenko, a boy of ten, who said he wanted to fight the Germans and so was taken along by the indulgent soldiers. He was attached to the artillery, and handed up shells out of the shell-boxes during three battles, and came out of all unscathed and glorious and happy. Then Victor Katchalof, a boy of thirteen, had

his horse shot under him and was himself wounded in the leg during the fight against the Austrians below Lföf. Bonstantim Uföf, a boy of thirteen, was wounded by shrapnel at Avgustöf.

Perhaps the greatest schoolboy hero of Russia is a boy named Orlöf, from Zhitomir town school. He fought in eleven battles, and was eventually decorated by the Czar with the Order of St. George. While reconnoitring he came into collision with a great force of the enemy. He lay in a trench with his fellows and fought all day. But ammunition ran very low. Orlöf saved his corps by creeping out in the dark and finding his way through heaps of corpses to the main Russian force. He was under gun and artillery fire all the time, but he succeeded in getting across, and so saved his friends.

These are but random instances. The Imperial Academy of Science is collecting, and will probably edit and publish, all manner of printed and unprinted impressions of the war, — diaries, minor dispatches, or authenticated stories of deeds of derring do. When these are issued it will be seen to what an extent the children of Russia have been fighting this war. Ten years ago, war was unpopular in the playgrounds. The war with Japan did not fire the minds of the young ones, who were all agog then with the idea of revolution, so precocious are the young in Russia.

Now Russia is pulling all together, — not only school-children and students and police and soldiery, but all the various tribes and races, — Russians, Cossacks, Georgians, Finns, Poles, Jews.

IV

While I was at Petrograd, I had a pleasant talk with M. Sazonöf, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and learned something of his opinion of the future of the Empire. I was very

glad to see the Minister for Foreign Affairs face to face, and to come in personal contact with a man whose voice counts for so much in the councils of Russia and the Allies. He seems a hard man, yet kindly, brisk, alert, European. You would not say you were in the presence of a Russian except for the conversational vivacity of the Minister and a certain Slavonic impulsiveness which lurks only half suppressed, half masked in the eyes of this strong and determined man. He has an English manner, an English way of living, and evidently has a strong personal liking for English things and English ways. He has lived eight years in England in his time and so knows the English pretty well. He, as much as any one on either side, realizes the value of mutual friendship, — not only now, when we can coöperate with soldiers and cannon and sailors and ships, but afterwards, for the working out together of the problems of peace.

I spent an hour with him at the official residence in the Downing Street of Petrograd, a fine old crimson-walled mansion on the Dvortsovy Proyezd. I entered by a door parallel to that which leads to the Department. A lackey met me; I was put into a tiny lift, and slowly raised to a parquet-floored gallery, that led to a bright reception room warmed and illumined by an open log fire. Mme. Sazonöf came forward to meet me, and with her an interesting dog, her pet *laika*, which walked behind me and caught my instep in its teeth each time I lifted my right foot.

‘He is finding out about you,’ said Mme. Sazonöf, with a smile. ‘He always makes sure of every one who comes in here. He almost frightened the Austrian Ambassador away altogether, and in the days before the war the Ambassador used to send up and have the dog taken away before he would make his appearance.’

'He knew who was the enemy,' said I.

'Yes; you see now, he quite takes to you.'

The dog and I were soon on friendly terms, and he sat on his tail all through luncheon and looked up into my eyes. I was advised to give him little bits, which I did.

M. Sazonof came in and we spoke together in Russian. But when we went in to luncheon, a typically English luncheon by the way, we all spoke English. The Russians spoke so well and so charmingly that you might imagine you were listening to a party of English talking in a similar circle in London.

The Minister made light of the danger of being attacked in London by the British Russophobes. What he feared in going to England was the Channel passage, no more. He thought I might have a bad time going home, might get captured by the Germans, and he thought I had better stay in Russia. I said I thought of going by Archangel, but he assured me it was closed by ice.

We talked of the Czar. 'I wonder if people abroad realize what a great thing the vodka prohibition is,' said Sazonof. 'We are sober from end to end. We look for extraordinary results when once the war is over and we have time to develop in peace.'

'It is making the Czar very popular,' said I. 'Even in our country, many of those who have felt themselves out of sympathy with Russia begin to point to the Czar as to an ideal monarch.'

'Is n't the Czar splendid?' said a young baroness who was present; and she told a story of his visiting a hospital in Poland and talking with the soldiers.

'He entered the hospital accompanied by many officials and court dignitaries, and passed with them into one of the great general rooms where lay

several hundred wounded men. The chief surgeon was about to show him round when the Czar, evidently in great emotion, turned to him and the rest of the decorated officials around him, and said, "Leave me here alone." They bowed and scraped, but did not go out. "Leave me here alone with the soldiers," said the Czar again. "I wish to speak to them myself." When he had said these words the surgeon and the rest slowly and, as it were, unwillingly went out, and the Czar was left alone with his poor wounded soldiers. He talked with them for a whole hour. So he got rid of that terrible old background of official Russia and was himself. Don't you think it a beautiful picture of the Czar alone with his people?'

'The Czar has a beautiful character,' said Mme. Sazonof. 'Every one who comes into touch with him personally feels his tenderness toward his fellow men, his delicate consideration for all people with whom he has to deal.'

After luncheon we adjourned to a beautiful old room warmed and lit by a log fire burning on a large hearth. Here we had coffee, and I chatted with the Minister by the fire, while the ladies sat round a table beside one of the great windows and talked. Among other things that Sazonof said were the following:—

'I hope you English are making up your minds to have a larger army, not only now, but after the war is over. Your fleet is splendid. It is surpassing all expectations, but your army was far too weak when the war broke out, and is too weak for your imperial needs. . . .

'I think that as the years go on there will be even greater scope for Russian and British friendship than before. We have yet to know one another better, of course. There is really no room for jealousy between the two empires. . . .

'What is the feeling in your country

about the settlement? How do they look now at Constantinople? We should much prize the opinion, not only of the British government, but of the British people, for we realize that when peace is made, it will be a peace between peoples as much and even more than between governments.'

I asked about the autonomy of Poland and the position of the Jews there. I suggested that something be done to help out the Jews who wish to go to America.

'They will not go,' said he. 'They don't want to go. They had much rather settle in Russia or in Siberia.'

'Is anything likely to be done to relieve the tension caused by the Jewish problem?'

M. Sazonof thought it possible that they might be excused military service in future if they wished it. He recognized the great difficulty of dealing with the Jewish problem, but spoke enthusiastically of the coming restoration of Poland. Russia, he said, ought to have made up the quarrel with the suffering Poles long ago.

Finally we spoke of the prospect of Russo-British friendship, and of the mutual coöperation of the two great powers in Asia. He thought that with the war the old Asiatic rivalry would completely disappear. Russian civilization was a help to British civilization. The Christian churches on the north of the Himalayas were brother churches of the English on the other side.

A rather amusing thing happened to me the day after I had seen Sazonof. A secret agent took me apart and said,

'You saw Sazonof yesterday. What did you think of him? Is he a strong man?'

'Yes; a strong man, I should say, with plenty of common sense. Of course he knows where to look to take his cue.'

The agent lowered his voice and said in a hushed whisper, 'Where would you say he looked? To Baron ——?'

He mentioned a certain influential German Russian, supposed to be carrying on an intrigue in favor of peace with Germany.

'Why no,' said I, 'I meant to the Czar, of course.'

I felt like a person speaking in some novel of diplomatic life!

V

I have now just returned to London after a year in Russia, — after three months of Russia in wartime; and I am surprised at the difference in atmosphere. There is an unmistakable depression in London. Among those who have no personal stake in the war, no one fighting in the trenches, no one drilling, no one serving on special duty, there is a certain amount of apathy and pessimism. But in Russia there is no apathy. There the whole atmosphere is one of eagerness and optimism. They are full of thankfulness for the things the war has brought to Russia: national enthusiasm, national tenderness, national temperance, and moral unanimity. The war has closed the vodka shop; it has healed the age-long fratricidal strife with Poland; it has shown to the world and to themselves the simple strength and bravery of the Russian soldiers and the new sobriety and efficiency of their officers. It has in fact given a real future to Russia to think about; it has shed, as from a great lamp, light on the great road of Russian destiny. Russians have always dimly divined that they were a young nation of genius; they have held faith in themselves despite dark hours; but now they feel confirmed and certain of their destiny, of their progress from being an ill-cemented patchwork of countries to being a single body feeling in all

limbs the beat of a single heart; of their progress from quietness and vast illiteracy to being confident possessors of a strong voice in the counsels of nations; of their progress from denial and anarchism and individual obstinacy to affirmation, coöperation, and readiness to serve.

As nations go, Great Britain is like a man of forty-five, Germany like a man of thirty, but Russia like a genius who is just eighteen. It is the young man that you find in Russia: virginal, full of mystery, looking out at a world full of color and holiness and passion and sordidness.

Despite the beauty and self-sufficiency of the old life, Russia is definitely committing herself to the new. She is going to have a puritan intolerance for sin; she is beginning to manifest that passion for solid education that has marked Puritan Scotland, America, Germany. More and more people are going to take up with materialism and ethics and agnosticism. Not that Russian pilgrimaging or asceticism or religious observance can ever cease, or that the mystical outlook will be lost. But Westernism and success and national facetiousness and lightheartedness will be more clamorous.

I am a great admirer of the popular saint, Father Seraphim. He is the Russian St. Francis: he tamed the bears and the wolves and the birds of the forest of Sarof. He was so holy that bears, so far from hurting him, actually inconvenienced him a little by their officious helpfulness. But his chief claim to holiness lies in his mystical denial of life. He lived alone in the forest, wore a heavy cross on his back, and prayed a thousand days and a thousand nights, still kneeling on the same stone; he made a vow of silence and did not open his mouth to speak for twenty-five years, and when the end of the twenty-five years came, he remained silent for

ten years more. Such an act of denial is called a *podvig*.

I spoke of the *podvig* this autumn to Loosha, a woman friend of mine of whom I wrote in *Changing Russia*. I was working out the essential idea of Russia's religion.

'I like to think that even now, in all this noise of the war, you have, in the background of Russia, men and women who have taken like Father Seraphim this oath of silence, who will never utter a word whether Russia wins or seems to be in danger. It is an astonishing fact that he was silent throughout the whole time of the great Napoleonic campaigns, and did not utter a word even in the culminating distress of the capture of Moscow in 1812.'

So said I to Loosha.

Loosha replied, —

'That is old-fashioned. Seraphim's greater feat and that which did indeed make him a holy man, was when at last he renounced silence, and, after thirty-five years, opened his mouth once more to converse, not oracularly, but kindly and cheerfully and wisely, with his fellow beings. I think spring is a greater victory than autumn. It is a victory over death, whereas autumn is a victory over life.'

To this, Western minds will readily give assent. It is a purely Western idea. But it is a new feeling in Russia. A few years ago, Loosha was of opinion that she herself was really dead and that the woman who spoke to me was but a shadow, a ghost, something without warmth, without heart, without hope. She was glad to have conquered life. Now she wants to conquer death and win again.

Russia the silent one, silent for twenty-five years and then silent for ten years more, is either speaking now, or is about to speak. The spirit moves mysteriously in her. She begins to know that her time is at hand.

LONDON UNDER THE SHADOW OF WAR

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

I

I HAVE known London in many moods and phases, which is natural, as I have lived in London for the greater part of thirty years. But never have I known it as it is to-day under the shadow of war. Not that this is the first time in my experience that the shadow has fallen. But hitherto war has been no nearer than Asia or Africa, quite another matter from war just beyond the Channel, with the chance thrown in of the invasion England has not had to face since William the Conqueror, or to fear since Napoleon, and with an occasional warning, in the shelling of an East Coast town, of what invasion means. And, certainly, if London since my coming has never been under so near and so heavy a shadow, neither has it ever seemed to me so extraordinary and so interesting.

Before Great Britain had declared war, the fear of war held London in its grasp. I have read the boast of some Englishmen that the turmoil in Europe and their own plunge headlong into the depths could not stir them out of their natural stolidity. But they were not in London when they boasted. In London the tension could be felt; the knowledge of what such a war must involve, the unthinkable risks, the magnitude of the enterprise and its cost, weighed upon the town like the sense of doom in an old Greek tragedy; the shrinking from the catastrophe was so unmistakable that no White Paper was needed to explain how far Great Britain was

from being its immediate cause. And the very season added to the effect, tightened the tension. The end of July as a rule brings to London the repose that makes it, in my opinion, the most desirable place to spend the late summer and early autumn in. But there could be no repose while this unspoken dread, this fever of waiting filled the air. The money and food panics of that long week of suspense came almost as a relief, giving everybody something to do or an excuse to do it. I know that when the bank rate began to go up by leaps and bounds, and the Stock Exchange closed its doors, and gold disappeared, and Penny Saving Funds were besieged, and rumors were everywhere of men driving from bank to bank and filling their motors mountain high with sovereigns, I passed an agitated quarter of an hour trying to decide whether or no I ought to fetch and bring home, under my arm, my own little molehill. And if I had the sense to keep my head in this crisis, I lost it when London prepared for famine as well as bankruptcy; hurrying to Jackson's, — the grocers who sell American delicacies in Piccadilly, — I invested in enough canned corn and lima beans, Virginia pickles and California olives, gumbo soup and clam chowder, to save my family from starvation for at least a fortnight. It was absurd, I confess, but I score now over my more practical friends who invested in such sensible things as macaroni, dried peas, rice, tapioca, and the cereals they never eat if they can help themselves, in such

sensible quantities that a siege might be a convenience.

It was as well in those days that London had something to laugh at sometimes, or it must have cried all the time. Even in memory I have not so much as a smile for the other chief event of that eventful week — the flight from London of French and Germans, for the front. People in many parts of the town may have known nothing of it except what they read in the newspapers; but I, who live round the corner from Charing Cross, saw of it more than I wanted, when French *chefs* and German waiters, at the first summons, dropped their work at hotels and restaurants, and Soho lost half its population and the City half its clerks. I am not given to sentiment, but the unflinching gaiety of the Frenchmen gripped my throat as I passed groups of them on their way to the station; or as I saw them at the station piling into their trains at one platform while Germans crowded into theirs at the next; or as from our high windows I watched them waving their last good-bye when the train steamed out to the bridge.

It is the little things in life that often make the big things real to us, and I felt the grim tragedy the more because of the personal, the intimate, the everyday manner in which it interfered with me. First it was my French butcher who left, taking with him all immediate chance for the neat French *fricandeaus* and *filets piqués* that reconcile me to the occasional joint. Then it was the porters of my French grocer, so that the superior Italian in *pince-nez* was obliged to leave the cashier's desk and struggle up the four flights of our back stairs with bags and boxes, to his supreme wrath and my equal embarrassment. Then it was somebody from almost every shop where I deal in Soho. And worse, almost at once it was Marcel, a *chef*, who is also Augustine's hus-

band, — in which capacity he has lived with us many years and become an indispensable member of our household. On Monday morning came his call from the French Consul; by Tuesday afternoon he had given up his excellent post in the City, his good wages, the chances of that careful education it is his ambition to give to his two small daughters, and was well on his way to Paris. Even M. Jules, who shampoos my hair, wrote me that 'the outbreak of hostilities between his country and Germany had placed him in the position to serve under the French colors'; and though he had never worn the *petit piou-piou's* red trousers and blue coat, never handled a gun, never done a day's march and was too old to begin, his capable hands, whose heaviest task had been the washing and waving of ladies' hair, could be useful in the harvest fields and vineyards of France. I had been served and waited on by heroes without knowing it.

II

But during the week of panic and flight, London was calmness itself compared to London during the week of Bank holidays given it to recover in. One Bank holiday in three months is about as much as I can stand. I seldom stir out of the house as long as it lasts. But I could not shut myself up for a week of Bank holidays; and besides, while I hated the streets in their new excitement, they fascinated me and I did not want to keep out of them. They were really astonishing: all about us, filled with the crowds I am used to, — the tradespeople and housekeepers and little clerks and shop-girls who every Sunday and holiday afternoon make the Strand look for all the world like the High Street of a country town; the respectable sightseers whom any public spectacle attracts from East and

West, North and South, to the centre of London; the degenerates who emerge from none but the police know where at any public crisis, and who, throughout the week, drifted into our corner of easy-going, open-all-day front doors, until we had to remind our housekeeper again what locks and keys and hall-boys are made for. But there were also the crowds I am not used to; for now war and not merely the fear of it had London in its grasp: everywhere officers wearing in broad daylight, without shame, the uniform that at normal times they would rather die than let the public see them in; and soldiers in khaki, and recruits in any clothes under the sun, and Red Cross ambulances, and nurses, and trains of business-like artillery, and wagons laden with field-telegraph and telephone apparatus, and armored motors, and tents, and more soldiers and horses in the parks, — all the machinery of war in a town accustomed only to the parade of war; and, sprung from the gutter, hawkers selling little flags and war-buttons and caricatures of the Kaiser. To add to the uproar and congestion and confusion, at our end of the Strand and at the top of Parliament Street, the road had been taken up for the summer mending, war not having entered into the contracts of peaceful borough councils; and buses and motors and taxis and carts were blocked for squares, and every time I went out or came home I had to push my way through the seething, gaping, bewildered crowds and cross the congested streets at the risk of my life.

And just when not an inch of room seemed left in our part of the town, the American invasion of London, now passed into history, began: Americans flying from France and Belgium and Germany and Austria; Americans with passage on German boats no longer running; Americans with passage on French and British boats turned into

cruisers and transports; Americans with not a cent except on letters of credit and travelers' cheques which not a bank was open to cash; Americans with their nerves shattered and their manners lost; Americans grieved and shocked that Europe could go to war at a moment so inconvenient to them and allow mobilization to interfere with their comforts and luxuries as tourists; Americans congregating in and near American steamship offices and American bankers and American agents, for mutual support and encouragement and indignation; Americans haunting St. Martin's Churchyard, although to have discovered one special trunk in the pile of American luggage dumped there would have been about as easy as finding the proverbial needle in the haystack; Americans flying to the newly constituted American Committee at the Savoy, demanding passports over the counter, until the Haymarket and Pall Mall and Cockspur Street and the Strand were converted into a little America; until my native American became the common language of the London streets; until the steamship companies and clerks had no time for anything more than the soothing of scared schoolma'ams and the heartening of timid university professors; until Brown, Shipley and Co.'s was the scene of a daily Philadelphia reception; until I began to think that there was nobody in London except Americans and soldiers, — altogether a mad, topsy-turvy, unbelievable London.

An unbelievable London even as I saw it without crossing the threshold of our flat. For the American invasion swept on to our terrace, into our house, up in our lift. From the Haymarket and Pall Mall and Cockspur Street and the Strand, Little America adjourned to our rooms; we held a daily Philadelphia reception in rivalry to Brown, Shipley and Co. I had not heard so

much American talked in a year; I could not have seen more Americans in the same length of time had I been at home. And each came with a tale of adventure, a special grievance, a case of nerves. This one had been held up in France, this one in Germany; some had escaped with the clothes on their backs and some had not lost as much as a pin; some had commandeered special trains and some were forced to travel with the troops; some had lost their steamers and were sailing in the steerage, and some had not lost their steamers but had made up their minds they were going to; some had just arrived on steamers guarded by cruisers, and some were just going on steamers through waters strewn with mines. Most of them — fortunately not all — were convinced that the war had begun when it did simply to annoy them, and too many were not only annoyed but frightened, losing their heads, as well as their manners, to say nothing of their good solid flesh, — I am told that more than one went home several pounds lighter than he left. I am puzzled to this day to understand why my fellow country-people, who face their own wars with courage, should have been so routed by a war other people have to fight.

The daily reception which we were surprised into holding was as English as American. Apparently, after the orgy of Bank holidays nobody could get back to business again. Publishers, whom as a rule we must beg humbly beforehand for a morning interview, dropped in at eleven for no reason except that, as they were doing nothing at their office, they thought they might as well come round and do it with us. Directors of galleries whom we had not seen in a year made equally early visits with no excuse whatever save to retail the gossip of their clubs. Women, whose calls are usually ceremonies,

rushed in at any hour because they were passing on their way to the numerous women's aid societies that had sprung up like mushrooms in our neighborhood. Writers came because they had no heart to write articles and books which nobody wanted. Artists appeared, recklessly squandering the best hours of daylight, because their every commission was canceled, and also because, had they had work to do, they could not have done it. Nobody could do any work, and as nobody would let us do ours, we put it up and accepted the inevitable. Other friends, who had given up their old tasks only to take on new ones, dropped in to show themselves off with the special constable's baton in their pocket or the red cross on their arm, in Yeomanry or Territorial uniform, in Despatch Bearer's or Special Intelligencer's outfit.

Another of the rare humors of these dreadful months was the spectacle of an Englishman to whom long generations of ancestors have bequeathed but few short feet of stature, pirouetting round that we might enjoy him from every point of view in his new khaki, proud as a small boy in the first cowboy suit or first Indian feathers; while Augustine — with whom he is on excellent terms, but whose prejudice is for the substantial red trousers and blue coat of France — laughed to scorn his fine braiding and belting, his jaunty spurs and cap and cane, calling them '*rien que de la fantaisie*.'

And the excitement trickled in, not only by way of the lift, but at the back stairs. Augustine, whose sixteen years in England have taught her no English, was perpetually summoning me to get the latest budget of news from every messenger and tradesman's boy, and above all from my ice-man, who would have made the fortunes of the yellow press: in a week he had sunk the German Navy and driven the German

Army out of Belgium, — ‘it takes us Englishmen to do it,’ — and swamped Harrod’s, Whiteley’s, Shoolbred’s by millions of orders, and bankrupted every shop in the French quarter, and swept the country clean of flour, and run up the price of sugar and meat, and stunned me by so many amazing rumors, so much more amazing than any of the hundreds about town reaching me by the front door, — from people who knew somebody on the inside, as everybody did, — that it was a mere trifle to swallow whole the story about the phantom Russians which everybody was swallowing.

The phantom Russians grew miraculously from thousands to millions; the time of their encamping on Salisbury Plain and going into khaki was known to the day and the hour; and they turned up again only yesterday in the passes of Servia. The myth itself needed no explanation; it was itself one of many explanations of the emotional state everybody was and still is in. The English are the most emotional people in the world, but their manner of expressing their emotion varies with circumstances and always differs from other people’s because it is their fond belief that they do not show it at all. In the last war the pleasant emotion of self-confidence took the form of noisy send-offs to the troops, of blustering boasts of a holiday walk into the enemy’s capital and back home in time for Christmas. In this war the emotion is charged with doubt, the intensity of which can be gauged by the official silences and the surprise of the British public that British soldiers can fight, and by the consequent hysterical adulation of Tommy Atkins. I have heard usually sensible Englishmen talk of Tommy’s exploits in Belgium and France with the fond, fatuous pride of a mother praising her babies; while the newspapers, during the early weeks of the war, were so

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preoccupied with his heroism that they forgot how tiny a space he filled in that grimly long line of trenches; and the question often heard in London, asked in tones of virtuous surprise and complacent superiority, was, ‘But what are the French doing?’ ‘As if the handful of British soldiers in France were holding up the hordes of Germans, while the French soldiers sat snugly at their own firesides toasting their toes!’ an indignant French friend said to me.

III

However, the British have never been emotional to the point of permitting their emotions to detract from their interests as a nation of shopkeepers, — which Napoleon called them with a truth that has made the name stick. When, after a week or so, it was evident that London was not starved out and was not going to be, that prices had not leaped up out of reach, that buying and selling had not stopped dead, it seemed to me that I could positively hear London’s breath of relief, as the jubilant shout of ‘Business as Usual’ was raised, became the new popular war-cry, appeared in large letters in every shop window alongside the Call to Arms, headed every popular advertisement, and inspired endless talk of war against German commerce.

It is no wonder that many people in England began to believe that fighting the Germans meant — for the British anyway — no more than doing them out of their trade. The few with common sense knew better: knew that the English, to catch up with the Germans, must get rid of the present government-bred belief in work as a wrong and the present reliance upon government to see that they get as little of it to do as possible; that while German militarism is an evil to be crushed, German industry is an asset to be

cultivated. But common sense is not a common attribute of the Briton; I can tell — by the way, some of my tradesmen ask me if I do not think the French and Russians are very slow — how much people of their class have been convinced, by all this talk, that fighting with shot and shell is the Allies' share of the work, while the Briton's is to run off with the business the German is too busy in the field to attend to. The excuse of the laborer's wife, reproached because she did not force her husband into Kitchener's army, 'Why, the Germans ain't comin' 'ere, are they?' shows the same misunderstanding of what the war is about and what it involves, — a misunderstanding incomprehensible to me. I am sure that to the multitude the mere bravado of behaving as if business really were as usual seems a defense against the Germans no less admirable than the trenches into which the army has dug itself in France and Belgium.

Though I can feel the tension, the nerves, the fright of the classes which the English call 'Upper'; though I know how the men of these classes have all gone in one capacity or another, I find it hard to accept the fact that business is 'as usual' with the great mass of the public, when I see the long lines waiting at the pit-doors of theatres and music halls, the crowded restaurants, the overflowing tea-houses, and above all, the uninterrupted devotion to sport. I am not astonished that Americans arriving in London from France — where they had seen towns emptied of every man, regiments composed of every class and trade and profession marching to the front, Paris sad and in mourning, tragedy in every woman's face — were appalled by the contrast. Night after night while summer lasted, the Americans who sat with us on our high balcony outside the studio windows would cry out in dismay at the

gayety, the apparent unconcern of the people below in the gardens, listening to the music, drinking tea at the little tables under the trees, laughing and talking, while England's allies across the Channel were being driven out of house and home, their fair land ravaged, their fair houses razed to the ground. Belgians, on the same balcony, faced by the same scene, have told me that, seeing London so unmoved and gay, they could but ask themselves in bewilderment if these things really were, — if they were sleeping now, or if the horrors they thought they had lived through in Belgium were the hideous nightmare.

One of my most vivid memories of the early days of the war must ever be of the evening of the Sunday when London heard for the first time the true story of Mons and the British defeat there, and of the flight of the British troops over the Pas de Calais into Picardy as far as Dieppe — one of the perfect evenings which, like the perfect days, followed each other in heart-breaking succession through August and September and October and well into November. The beauty and the pleasant heat had crowded the gardens at the music hour as I had not seen them crowded through the summer: the women in their gayest summer dresses; gay lights glowing round the bandstand and from the tea-house; within the big windows of the Hotel Cecil, lights flaring softly and discreetly from under their pink shades; taxi after taxi driving up to the doors of the Savage Club on the Terrace, where a man in slippers sauntered up and down, taking his little Pekinese for an evening airing; at the near windows of the Society for the Study of Germs, the student in his linen coat working with his accustomed serenity and patience; and, in the intervals when there was no music, St. Martin's bells ringing for

evening service as peacefully as the bells of a peaceful village church. Soon the moon swung high in the heavens, and I shrank from the cruelty of London taking its pleasures in the tranquil night; nobody, it seemed, could spare a thought for the British dead piled high at Mons and the British soldiers flying for their lives a few short hours away.

It is harder still to accept the supremacy of sport, an affair not of an evening but of every day that passes, — the refusal of big burly Britons to be exiled from their golf links or tennis court or football field or race-course for so trivial a duty as defense of their country, or even to be interested in the defense as much as in their play. By some Englishmen of this type the war at its outbreak was summed up as 'a jolly nuisance' that cut short their summer's golf on Continental links. If anything could have made the fall of Antwerp more bitter, it was the poster of the afternoon papers that same day announcing 'Football Results' in as big letters, and their columns devoting almost as much space to one struggle as to the other. I have seen as glaring posters of racing results when London was afloat with wild rumors of a British naval disaster. If the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, evidently there are modern Londoners who believe the Germans will be beaten on the race-course and at the cup ties and international matches of the Professional Football Association; and, curiously, while the persistence of football has at last got to be a scandal at home and is tabooed by some papers, racing flourishes unreproached and columns and pages continue to be spared to its daily record.

IV

'Business as Usual' may be shrieked from the house-top, — or the shop-win-

dow, — but though London has settled down to the fact of the war and, to this extent, has got over its attack of nerves, business, except the business of sport, is about as unusual as it can be. The Board of Trade, I do not doubt, can supply the figures and facts to prove me wrong; but my interest is in London as it looks, and as my life in it is affected, not in the London of facts and figures. The statistics I have most confidence in are provided by my personal experience; and there is not an hour of the day, nor a quarter of the hour, — there is nothing I can do, not a step I can take, — in which I am not brought face to face with the unusualness of everything. I do not exaggerate. My habits of years are interrupted, and this in the simplest, the most commonplace details of everyday life. For instance, in London as it was, when I wanted to know the hour, Big Ben told me in good loud strokes and chimes, quarter by quarter; now, Big Ben does not strike by day or by night. Of old, I could hope for, or dread, a letter every hour, from eight in the morning until nine at night; now there are but five posts in the day, — almost five too many, for they bring petitions for such innumerable funds that if I answered a tenth of them somebody would have to start a new fund for me. As things used to be, if my soul yearned to relieve itself in complaint, I had the landlord's agent safe in his office a minute away; to-day, he is drilling in a remote camp in the South of England. If I attempt now to find fault with the boys downstairs, I am reminded that Arthur, who understood my ways, is with some Territorial cavalry in France. Once, at the first sound of street-organ or street-cry, I was sure that my determined neighbor would pounce on the offender and save me the trouble; to-day even she listens without a murmur to the untrained buglers who, under the

Arches, practice their calls. If I stop my work to look out of the window by my desk,—as I have a pleasant fashion of doing at frequent intervals,—it is to see on the Embankment, not only taxis and trams, but regiments or companies or squads of the new breed of British soldiers, in khaki or tweeds or blue serge or black coats or corduroys, in military caps or cloth caps or top hats or bowlers or no hats at all, without a gun to their name, or a band or a bugle, singing, whistling, straggling in anything but time; the same soldiers who whistle, sing, and straggle down Regent Street and up Oxford Street, through Knightsbridge and Mayfair, in every section and slum and suburb of London, holding up busses and motors, blocking the way for shoppers, giving London the air of a garrison town.

But I cannot go out of the house without being held up by something just as unusual. At the top of our dingy little passage leading to the Strand, there is a crowd waiting for royalty to drive away from Charing Cross Hospital. At Trafalgar Square, between three and four in the afternoon, there is a crowd listening to the military band at the base of Nelson's Column. At Charing Cross Station, another crowd watches the arrival of wounded soldiers—strangest and saddest sight of all, except the still stranger, sadder one of the arrival of Belgian refugees who have made of London a Belgian town: *L'Indépendance Belge* and *La Métropole* sold at street corners, Belgian families advertising for each other in the London papers, French and Flemish talked everywhere, Belgian plays in the theatre, fantastic Belgian uniforms mixed with sober khaki, Belgian wounded in the hospitals, invitations to 'Our Belgian Allies' decorating the shops, elaborate Belgian bows and greetings startling Piccadilly and the Strand out of their wonted

awkwardness, a Belgian invasion following the American invasion on to our terrace, into our house, up in our lift.

Everything is strange in my daily round of duties and pleasures. The *Times* now supplies me with a Sunday edition; my druggist will sell me only British-made cologne suddenly sprung upon the market: the landmarks on my most familiar routes are no longer recognizable: in Cockspur Street, the office of the Hamburg-Amerika line is transformed by the irony of things into a busy recruiting office; rows of Red Cross ambulances are drawn up in sleepy St. James's Square; there is a soldiers' shelter in Grosvenor Square; tents stand in the court of Devonshire House; there are horses tethered in Green Park, soldiers drilling in Hyde Park, trenches dug behind Westminster Cathedral; the smartest hotels and theatres, almost every taxi and bus and many private motors, are pasted with placards summoning every man to enlist for the duration of the war; a once popular *delicatessen* shop breaks out in despairing proclamations that the proprietor is a naturalized Briton, that it employs no Germans, that its best Frankfurter sausages and Hamburger caviare are manufactured in Islington; it protests so strenuously that already its biggest branch is closed, while the path of the unprotesting German about the Court or in the City is all pleasantness and peace. And the old Gambrinus, the haunt of artists, has become a *Café-Brasserie*, the Vienna Café a British and Continental Restaurant. The most fastidious art-dealers in Bond Street display in their windows Calls to Arms or portraits of Kitchener and Nelson; Baedeker's three-starred masterpieces have disappeared from national collections. The courtyard of Burlington House is a drilling ground for the elderly artists in white sweaters, who call themselves

the 'Roaring Forties' and are called by the refused the 'Back Numbers,' and who are to help defend London should the need arise. And everywhere is something different, something startling, something incredible.

If I go farther afield, I find the White City at Shepherd's Bush turned into barracks, the Alexandra Palace into a home for Belgians, the Crystal Palace into an annex to the Admiralty, and every open space, from Hampstead Heath to Clapham Common, a drilling ground — a battlefield in the popular conception. 'Is Mr. Blankin?' a friend of mine asked a clerk in an office the other day. 'Oh no, sir, he's gone out of town,' was the answer. 'When will he be back?' 'Can't say, sir; he's at the front.' 'At the front! But where?' 'Clapham Common, sir!'

If I leave the streets to go into the shops, the offices, the houses which I know best, I am as sure to run up against the unexpected. At my tailor's, when I ask timidly to have my last winter's gown cleaned and pressed, I am assured that, *really*, it would not seem 'quite nice' to be getting new gowns just now. At my bank I discover a woman typist installed for the first time. At the big Regent Street shops, if I look for the latest modes, I am shown 'comforts for the soldiers.' My way into big Oxford Street shops is blocked by people staring at war-photographs and war-bulletins in the windows. The woman who sold me flowers has given up because nobody comes to buy them; the man who sold me salads in winter can give me none for love or money, because for love or money he can get none from Belgium or France. At the theatre the women on either side of me knit steadily, as they do in the bus that takes me there. When I call to see my friends on their afternoons, baskets with big red crosses litter their halls, and in their drawing-

rooms everybody is sewing shirts, — an amusement in which I decline to join out of consideration for the soldiers. Other friends whom I knew as models of domesticity I never find at all, their every minute being now spent in committee rooms or at committee meetings.

And this reminds me that more unexpected than anything in my friends' houses is the new development in ours, where the women in the offices below, who used to frighten London by fighting for themselves, now leave the fighting to the men, and in Aid or Auxiliary Corps charge themselves with the care of women and children. In fact, the longer the war goes on, the more evident it is to me that 'Business as Unusual' is the sign that should be hung everywhere in London.

V

I feel the change most keenly at night, when London has grown beautiful as it never was before, — and, I suppose, as I should hope it will never be again. It has always been very wonderful from our windows, which overlook the wide sweep of the Thames between St. Paul's and Westminster, though of late years the river had become almost too brilliant, yielding up its shadowy secrets to the new electric glare. The Embankment and the bridges were great circles and lines of light; every double-decked tram was a chariot of light, every boat a beacon of light; Big Ben showed the hours on a face of light; the walls and towers on the opposite shores advertised teas and whiskies in flashes of light. The worst offense was the tower facing us, covered, and after dark illuminated, from top to bottom, by a horribly realistic picture and as horribly vulgar letters, bad enough as an advertisement of tea, but a crime as an advertisement of the

centre of London to a hostile airman approaching from Dover or the Surrey Hills. The danger was finally realized, and at last an unlit tower, a campanile in the night, again faced us. One by one the other advertisements up and down the Thames vanished. Big Ben went out. Half the number of lights burned on the Embankment and the bridges. The double-decked trams drew their blinds and the taxis' lights grew dim. The Hotel Cecil pulled the curtains together in the rose-lit dining-room. And mystery returned to the river; once more, with the lights dwindled into vague points of gold, it flowed in dimly revealed beauty into the shadows.

There is, however, one short half hour after this darkness has fallen, when the river is lit up with a splendor I could never have imagined. From Charing Cross, from Lambeth, from Whitehall, from St. Paul's, from Cannon Street, from still farther beyond, long threads, great cones and cylinders, wide shafts, short plumes of light sweep the heavens, the water, and the town; now flooding the Thames and its shores; now bringing out in strong relief the dome of St. Paul's or the towers of Westminster; now transforming the commonplace group of hotels and clubs in Northumberland Avenue into a fantastic mediæval town; now shooting out in long parallel shining lines to the north and the east; now meeting overhead in a soft, swaying mass of fleecy golden cloud; and always searching, until I feel that they could not search so hard were there not something to search for. For their beauty will not let me forget that their message is danger. The evening they began their search, Augustine told me that, for the first time since the war began, she was frightened; and I could understand.

All the town now, from dusk to dawn, is shrouded in darkness — half

the street lights out and the other half under black shades, blinds and curtains drawn everywhere, awnings let down above shop-windows, the lamps of buses and taxis and trams burning low, not an advertisement flashing light anywhere.

Although getting about after dusk has grown perilous, although it is affirmed that the darkness is more fatal than a raid of Zeppelins or Taubes, I am never in a hurry to go home, often taking the longest way for the sheer wonder of it: to see Bond Street — once on a winter afternoon the most brilliant street in London — as dim as an alley, Piccadilly Circus an island of darkness, Trafalgar Square steeped in gloom, national galleries and museums unsubstantial shadows, theatres and restaurants and hotels opening in funereal gloom, the Strand dull as a Bayswater terrace; and then, as I get nearer home, suddenly over the house-tops, stretching across street and square, the threads and cones and cylinders and shafts and plumes of light pointing north and east, meeting overhead, busy at their task of searching, giving me again the thrill of conviction that they could not search so diligently were there not something to search for, — a conviction that London shares but does not allow to interfere with its pleasures, even now that civilians are officially informed how to act when the lights no longer search in vain and the bomb falls.

London closes its public houses and goes to bed at ten; at eleven its streets are as silent and deserted as the streets of a provincial town. But this new London of dim distances and glimmering lights and old churches and buildings like pale ghosts against the sky, and mystery everywhere, and long nights of silence, has taken on a beauty so rare and fine that I almost dread the time when peace will set it alight again.

VI

I must not give the impression that London is to be enjoyed as a sort of glorified Drury Lane spectacle. Each of its shifting scenes is too eloquent of the tragedy that is its real cause and meaning; like the searchlights, each is heavy-laden with the message of danger or sorrow or horror. I may smile as I stop to look at the middle-aged artists drilling while the crowd from Piccadilly, in the dusk of the winter afternoon, drift into the courtyard to watch; but the smile ends in a sigh, for I know that art is the first luxury the world can do without, that already more than one artist is dependent on funds which he of old was the first to contribute to, and that so it is also with musicians, and actors, and writers, with the men of all professions that deal in beauty. I may smile at my tailor's deference to the 'quite nice,' but there too a sigh goes with the smile, for the idle hands in the workroom, for the skilled workers, artists too in their way, thrown upon the charity they shrink from.

It is to the business of the Centre and the West of London that the war has been most cruel. I read in the papers of busy scenes now at the docks, of busy factories turning out khaki, of busy workrooms fashioning it into uniforms, of the decrease of crime and unemployment in the East End, usually the first part of London to suffer from hard times. But the essentials of war, the essentials of commerce, the essentials of life, must be had at any price; the unessential, the superfluous, the luxury of any kind must be sacrificed, if sacrifice is called for. Of course business does continue in the West. Shops have not closed; publishers have no more empty hours to waste with us; there are picture-shows open in the galleries; tailors and dressmakers have not gone bankrupt. A brave face

is turned to the public. But many a flaunting sign of 'Business as Usual,' many an impressive display of modes and models, conceals a costly idleness and want as sad as can be found from one end of London to the other. And if the West is now the first to suffer, it will be the last part of London to which relief will come. The English understand better how to contribute to funds than how to distribute them. Besides, when money is to be distributed tradition sends it flowing into the East, sure that the West is rich enough to take care of itself.

If London has settled down to the great fact of the war, London cannot forget it. Every day that haunting message of danger and sorrow and horror is brought to it with fresh poignancy. Just as I see nothing save war in the aspect of the town, so I hear nothing save war in the talk about me. And friends who came so gayly in August to show themselves to us in khaki are coming back again to show themselves limping, their arms in slings, their hands bandaged, and in their faces the story of what they have gone through. Those who came with the red cross on their arms are strangers who return only during rare hours off duty from their too busy hospitals.

Nor is it possible to be in London and not to see the Belgians a little nearer than arriving at Charing Cross and bowing in the streets. Always after this the very name of Belgium must bring back to me memories of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on autumn afternoons: the autumn gold fading from the sky, the bare branches of the trees in the great court black with starlings flying home to roost and filling the air with their chatter; and under the trees and up in the airy, spacious wards, Belgian soldiers with heads, arms, legs swathed in bandages, and no thought save for the day when they could once more take

up the fight and help drive the Germans out of their country. Other memories are of Belgian artists forgetting for one moment, as they looked out on the Thames from our studio windows, their own deserted studios, the unfinished canvases, the forgotten paints; and of Belgian professors who, had they stayed at home, would have been obliged to be civil to the Germans, and who preferred to do their work free

of such obligations in the British Museum; and an occasional deputy, or minister, or correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge*, toiling for the day when Belgium will be Belgium again, if with its old towns laid low and its ancient beauty desecrated. The Belgians are and will be remembered as one of the most tragic features in the tragic spectacle of London — sad with the sadness of a people in exile.

THE SCANDINAVIAN REVIVAL AND THE WAR

BY T. LOTHROP STODDARD

I

THE recent meeting of the three Scandinavian monarchs at Malmö, the historic Swedish seaport opposite Copenhagen, has moved but slightly a world engrossed with the greatest struggle of recorded history. Nevertheless, this conference may well presage a permanent union of the Scandinavian North as significant for future history as the battles now raging in Flanders and Poland. When we recall the great part that Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, despite their remorseless internecine wars, have played in history, the possible union of these intensely virile peoples cannot be disregarded.

It has been quite the fashion to regard the Scandinavian states as belonging to that category of 'little nations' whose day is over; whose very existence, indeed, depended upon mutual jealousies of greater neighbors or sentimental consideration for a heroic past. That Scandinavia could ever develop

within itself such renewed national energy as might assure its independent future, probably occurred to few persons who are unfamiliar with Scandinavia's somewhat obscure internal history.

To be sure, this is not strange. A generation ago most Scandinavians held similar opinions. Throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century the prevailing note in Scandinavia's political thought was a pessimistic acceptance of national insignificance, a desire to be let alone, a tendency to seek safety in external guaranties rather than self-defense. Sweden continued stunned by the Russian conquest of Finland in 1809, Finland being considered an integral portion of the fatherland rather than a dependency. Of course the Vienna Congress had handed Sweden Norway as compensation, but this 'compensation' proved the cruelest of delusions, for the Norwegians refused to forget the age-long blood-feud with their Swedish kinsmen, and both peoples consumed their ener-

gies in chronic bickerings, culminating in the violent separation of 1905. For Denmark, also, the nineteenth century was a time of loss and sorrow. Forced to cede Norway to Sweden in 1814, she lost Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia just fifty years later. Amid those clashing imperialisms of world-empires which marked the closing decades of the last century, the lot of the Scandinavian peoples appeared at first sight to offer little save vain regrets for a dead past.

Nevertheless it was during just this period that the Scandinavian states laid the foundations for that national revival which has been one of the most extraordinary phenomena of recent years. These foundations were in the first instance economic. A century ago Scandinavia was profoundly poor. Sweden, with her cold, frost-bound soil, could never hope greatly to extend her cultivable area. Denmark, though possessed of rich farm-land, was very small and had suffered greatly from the Napoleonic wars. Norway was but a strip of barren mountains. However, all three peoples proceeded resolutely to the development of what they had, and the economic tendencies of the nineteenth century presently brought into play latent resources unknown or unutilizable before. Rapid steamship and railway transportation gave Denmark an inexhaustible market for her farm and dairy products in England and Germany. These same transportation facilities unlocked Sweden's vast mineral wealth, carrying iron ore and timber from her remote mountains to the seaboard and thence to the outer world. In Norway the steamship developed the Arctic fisheries and bore to her remotest fjords annual freights of tourists with their welcome tithes of gold. Furthermore, for Sweden and Norway, electricity presently wrought as great a miracle as had steam. The myriad torrents and waterfalls of these moun-

tain lands became sources of wealth as well as things of beauty; and, already richly dowered with iron as they were, this 'white coal' gave Sweden and Norway the second prerequisite of modern industrial life. Soon factories sprang up everywhere, and changed Sweden from an agricultural to an industrial land, with Norway following close behind. Lastly, as befitted the sons of the Vikings, all three peoples remembered the open sea, Norway especially building up a great merchant-marine. In fine, by the beginning of the twentieth century, the poor and backward Scandinavia of former days had been transformed into one of the most prosperous regions of the earth, striding forward daily in wealth and population.

The mental and spiritual consequences of all this were as obvious as they were inevitable. The Scandinavian peoples ceased to gaze sadly backward into the past. Furthermore, as they looked upon their works, they felt a growing pride in themselves and in their type of civilization. It was their intelligence, their virile energy, which had transformed these apparently unpromising Northlands into realms of prosperity and plenty. It was their character which had made them pioneers in the solution of many vexed political and social problems. It was their genius which had produced masterpieces of literature and music. These achievements, together with a glorious past, convinced the Scandinavians that theirs was a race-soul of rare endowment, whose rich promise must be preserved and developed to the full. Accordingly, the old pessimism disappeared before a vigorous, optimistic nationalism. *Littérateurs* and savants no longer professed cosmopolitan doctrines or followed French and German canons: instead they became consciously, aggressively, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians. Even those who realized the

somewhat narrowing effects of such intensive development of the national consciousness asserted that neither cosmopolitanism nor the predominance of any of the great world-cultures could be tolerated if these small nations were to develop freely their peculiar individualities.

It was with such high hopes for their material and spiritual future that the Scandinavian peoples looked out over the new century. But, as they gazed, they grew troubled. While they were busied laying down the bases of national revival, the outer world had been moving fast. Huge empires had spread over the face of the earth, nearing, clashing, striking bright friction-sparks with every flash. Everywhere economic and colonial rivalries were becoming keener, race-hatreds growing deeper. Europe already suffered from that ominous *malaise* which heralded the present world-war. A hungry, predatory spirit was abroad. It was an evil day for the 'little peoples.' The Scandinavians felt their danger and scanned the horizon for latent perils.

Two dangers patently menaced the future peace of the Scandinavian peoples: Germany on the south, and Russia on the east. From the standpoint of Scandinavian unity this duality of danger was unfortunate. A single peril threatening all alike would have driven these kindred peoples forthwith together by a common instinct of self-preservation. As it was, Denmark alone felt herself menaced by the German, whom Sweden and Norway considered a possible counterpoise to Russian aggression; while this same Russia was to Denmark a potential ally against her German neighbor. For this reason the current of national revival, though psychologically identical in all three countries, had such diverse external stimuli that separate discussion becomes a necessity.

II

Modern Denmark long lived under the shadow of the Schleswig-Holstein War and its momentous consequences. Prior to that disaster Denmark cut a very respectable figure in the northern world. The amorphous mass of disunited Germany seemed impotent for aggression, and since it possessed no sea-power, the German coasts lay open before the Danish fleet. The triumph of German unity, however, left Denmark in a position of hopeless inferiority. True, the loss of Schleswig-Holstein as a whole was not keenly regretted. These provinces were overwhelmingly Germanic in blood, and all Danes realized the impossibility of keeping one million five hundred thousand Germans from union with their race-brethren. Nevertheless, in that portion of Schleswig just south of the new frontier dwelt some hundred and fifty thousand true Danes, and persistent and tactless efforts to germanize these stubborn folk kept alive Danish resentment for the unhappy past.

Moreover, besides this somewhat sentimental consideration, there were very practical grounds for dreading further German encroachment. Denmark, by her mere geographical situation, held the keys to the Baltic. In case of war with France or England, Germany might deem the prevention of a naval descent upon her long Baltic coast so vital a matter that the occupation of Copenhagen would appear a prime necessity. On the other hand, should Denmark attempt to close the Baltic straits to Western fleets, or even to preserve a strict neutrality, she might receive the cruel chastisement twice dealt her by England in the Napoleonic wars.

In view of these ominous possibilities what was Denmark to do? Opinions varied extremely and were much influenced by considerations of internal

politics. The Conservatives, heirs of the proud, aristocratic tradition, held that Denmark should arm to the limit of her strength, preferring to fall, if fall she must, in the glorious cause of duty and national honor. On the other hand the Liberals, exponents of cosmopolitan pacifist hopes and national pessimism, asserted that Denmark was too small and poor to maintain her neutrality by force. Instead, therefore, of bankrupting herself on armaments which would surely prove inadequate in the hour of trial, Denmark should devote her slender revenues to internal development.

Up to the early years of this century the pacifists seemed to be gaining ground against the adherents of armed neutrality. Both foreign and domestic events favored the pacifist contentions, at least for the moment. The opening of the Kiel Canal in 1895 distinctly diminished the German peril. Henceforth the German navy could sail freely from the Baltic to the ocean without passing Copenhagen, while Western fleets might be deterred from raids in the Baltic by the threat of German attacks upon their rear. In Denmark itself a widened franchise had admitted the proletariat to public life, and Socialist deputies with cosmopolitan theories and absorbed in social reform brought powerful aid to the pacifist idea.

However, before long there came a turn in the tide. Denmark, as we have seen, had gained enormously in wealth and prosperity. New generations who had never known the dark days of the Schleswig-Holstein War had come to the fore: generations proud of Danish culture, confident in Denmark's future. These men took up the patriotic watchword, not in the grim spirit of the old aristocrat Conservatives ready to fall in a hopeless fight for the national honor, but with the proud conviction that Denmark had grown strong and rich enough to maintain her neutral dignity

in arms. Pointing with alarm to the solemn warnings then passing before their eyes, — russification of Finland, British conquest of the little Boer Republics, threatened partition of unarmed China, — the Danish patriots begged their Liberal and Socialist fellow countrymen to eschew the dangerous chimera that small defenseless states could safely exist amid hungry imperialism and the clash of world-empires. Indeed, the whole course of recent history tended to drive this teaching home. In 1905 occurred the first of those great European crises foreshadowing the present catastrophe. During those tense months a British fleet swept defiantly into the Baltic, while a German battle-squadron answered this demonstration by paying a visit to Copenhagen. In this critical hour the spirit of young Denmark stood revealed. Old-line Liberals and Socialists, it is true, talked of non-resistance, international neutralization, or alliance with some Great Power, according to their respective personalities. Georg Brandes advised an English protectorate; others counseled a German alliance and the closing of the Baltic in time of war. But these voices were lost in the full-toned cry of patriotic exaltation, demanding the maintenance of absolute, unpledged neutrality, and unsparingly condemning all suggestions of foreign entanglements which should drag Denmark in the wake of some world-power and make her the battleground of warring empires. As Copenhagen's leading newspaper expressed it at the time of the English and German naval demonstrations, 'We shall receive both fleets courteously — and with no illusions. England has bombarded Copenhagen, Germany has dismembered our territory. We know that both things may happen again.'

The 1905 crisis passed, but the air refused to clear, and from that time on

Europe was never free from rumors of war. The Danish Liberals made grudging concessions to the cry for national defense, but the patriots' battle was not easily won. The Socialists obstinately opposed all military programmes, and even in Conservative ranks many tight-fisted peasant deputies shrank from the prospect of fresh loans and increased taxation. However, the national spirit was in no mood for half-measures. The Agadir crisis of 1911 caused a fresh outburst of patriotic feeling, and when the Danish Parliament still paltered, the country showed its temper in no uncertain fashion. A great popular subscription bought the heavy artillery refused by Parliament; a 'volunteer movement' supplemented the standing army and proved its value beside the regulars in the manoeuvres of 1912. Even the 'boy scouts' trained with the idea of fitting themselves for the hour of national peril. The fatal summer of 1914 found Denmark awake and undaunted.

III

Before we discuss the events immediately preceding the recent Conference of Malmö, a brief survey of Swedish and Norwegian affairs seems necessary. Like Denmark, the northern Scandinavian states were absorbed in their local economic and political problems throughout the nineteenth century, the continuous quarrels of these ill-assorted partners giving them scant leisure for a study of external relations. Not till the year 1899 did the Russian peril loom insistently on the eastern horizon. Of course statesmen had long foreseen the latent danger of Muscovite aggression, and as far back as 1855, at the time of the Crimean War, England and France had signed a treaty pledging armed assistance to Sweden in case of Russian attack. Up to 1899, however, the Swedish people

had felt no particular uneasiness on this score, for the very good reason that the Russian Empire stopped at the outskirts of St. Petersburg, the land facing Sweden across the narrow Bothnian Gulf being not strictly Russian territory at all, but the 'Grand Duchy of Finland.' At the time of the Russian invasion of 1809, the Finns had threatened war to the death rather than submit to unrelieved Muscovite domination, and Czar Alexander I had bought their surrender by the grant of full local autonomy, Finland being erected into a grand duchy of which the Russian Czars were to be grand dukes. Thus, bound to Russia only by a personal union, and possessing its own constitution, its own laws, and even its own army, Finland made a perfect 'buffer state' between the Scandinavian countries and their Russian neighbor.

After 1899, however, this condition of things was violently altered. In that year Czar Alexander III issued his famous 'military rescript' assimilating the Finnish forces to the Russian army. This flagrant breach of his ducal oath infuriated the Finns, and the stubborn land braced itself for passive resistance. But the stern autocrat was not to be turned from his purpose. Under the arbitrary rule of Governor-General Bobrikoff Finland's liberties were menaced by a ruthless russification, and the civilized world soon rang with tales of Cossack violence and brutality.

To the outer world the russification of Finland signified only the irritation of a centralizing autocracy at the proximity of an autonomous, liberty-loving people. But to Sweden and Norway it meant a threat to national life. Across that Gulf of Bothnia whose narrow waters often froze over in winter, Sweden saw rising a huge Russian entrenched camp; when her eyes turned to the far north fear became downright terror. The outer world might shrug

its shoulders at Russian 'stupidity' in turning Finland from a contented, loyal dependency into a hotbed of revolutionary despair. Sweden, however, felt that, whatever else Russian statesmen might be, they were no fools, — that they would never have taken this step unless deep ulterior motives lay behind. And just such motives were discernible on the Russo-Norwegian frontier. Norway stretches to the Arctic Circle, yet despite its high latitude the waters of the Gulf Stream keep its deep fjords always free from ice. Now the keynote of Russian policy has ever been a determination to reach a warm-water port on the open sea. For this she fought Turkey two hundred years; for this she built four thousand miles of railroad to Port Arthur and waged her terrific duel with Japan. Yet here, at her very doors, is her supreme heart's-desire — an open window on the Atlantic Ocean. Northern Norway is backed, not by Sweden, but by Russia. At one point in particular a long tongue of Russian territory reaches within eighteen miles of the Lyngen Fjord, near whose mouth lies the port of Tromsö — a splendid haven which a few heavy guns would transform into an impregnable base for Russian battle-fleets. Furthermore, dangerously near by is Sweden's border province of Norrland, containing her chief treasure, the richest iron-ore deposits in the world. Before 1899 these were largely academic questions; but now a friendly buffer state had turned into a Russian province flooded with Russian troops. Even the factor of remoteness was eliminated, for Russia at once built a strategic railroad across the dismal wastes of Northern Finland right up to the Swedish frontier.

Nevertheless, Sweden met her danger with unflinching courage. As in Denmark, growing wealth and population had begotten a confidence impossible half a century before. In 1901 be-

gan the reorganization of the Swedish army and navy, the building of a railroad to the Russian border, and the heavy fortification of Boden, the strategic key to the Swedish North. Sweden was further encouraged by the continued existence of the Anglo-French guaranty treaty of 1855. Of course France, Russia's ally since 1896, could probably not be counted on to the end; but England was at that time still anti-Russian and would certainly have fought for Scandinavian integrity.

High as was Sweden's determination, however, it was destined to be sorely tried by a whole series of discouraging events. In 1905 came the Norwegian revolution. This intensely individualistic folk best represents that local separatism, so deep in the Scandinavian nature, which has hitherto wrecked the cause of union and consumed Scandinavia's strength in internecine broils. To the Norwegians, separation from Sweden seemed far more important than future difficulties with distant Russia, now absorbed by the Japanese War and domestic revolution. Accordingly they grasped the occasion, took the plunge, and declared their independence. In Sweden, Norwegian secession was greeted, not merely with rage, but with positive horror. Intent as they had been on the Russian peril, this act seemed to Swedes nothing short of race-treason in face of the enemy. A wave of fury swept the country, and voices were actually raised for acquiescence in Russia's Norwegian designs in return for a Muscovite guarantee of Swedish integrity. This movement was strengthened by the abrogation of the Anglo-French treaty of 1855. The chief motive for this treaty had been the exclusion of Russia from an ice-free Norwegian port on the Atlantic Ocean. But now that Norway was an independent state, the pact with Sweden ceased to have any such meaning.

Accordingly, in November, 1907, England, France, Germany, and Russia signed an instrument mutually guaranteeing Norway's independence and territorial integrity, and in April, 1908, the treaty of 1855 was abrogated. However, this left Sweden with no guaranty whatever against Russia, while the whole trend of European politics made it more and more clear that she could not expect even probable help from her former guarantors. France certainly would never embroil herself with Russia over the Norrland iron mines. As to England, once Sweden's tower of strength, she was moving fast toward reconciliation with Russia. Germany now occupied England's exclusive attention, and Russia might henceforth be permitted many things which in other days would have been deemed just cause for war. In short, Sweden suddenly felt quite alone in the world.

It is not strange that this unfavorable state of affairs led to an internal crisis of acute intensity. As in Denmark, there had always been a Liberal party condemning the principle of national defense and claiming that safety lay in external guarantees or international neutralization. Hitherto the Swedish Liberals had been a minority party. But in 1909 came universal suffrage and the consequent admission of Sweden's large working-class to parliamentary life. In the great industrial centres Socialism of a very radical type had taken root. Accordingly the elections of 1911 saw the Conservatives swept from power before a Liberal-Radical coalition having a working understanding with the Socialist elements. This political overturn had a pronounced effect upon the handling of the problem of national defense. The Radicals were of course pacifists at heart, while their Socialist allies demanded nothing short of immediate and complete disarmament. The issue

was soon raised in an acute form. The previous Conservative government had approved a comprehensive plan of military and naval reorganization worked out by a board of expert investigators. The new cabinet, headed by Staaff, the Radical leader, referred the matter to another board of inquiry, and even refused credits for the construction of a battleship on which preliminary work had already begun.

To the Conservatives this was an open declaration of war. At that very hour Europe, then in the throes of the Agadir crisis, seemed trembling on the edge of the abyss. That the Radical-Socialists should choose this moment for beginning Sweden's disarmament infuriated the Conservatives past endurance. They determined to fight the issue to a finish. In January, 1912, Sven Hedin, the noted explorer and the most popular man in Sweden, published his *Word of Warning*, a ringing appeal to arm against the Russian peril. The success of this little book was tremendous. A million copies were sold, and when a popular subscription was opened to raise funds for the battleship refused by Parliament, over five million dollars was raised in a short time. When we remember that Sweden's population is only five and one half million souls, the full significance of these figures becomes apparent. However, despite all these evidences of patriotic feeling, Premier Staaff still procrastinated. It was at this feverish moment that the spark was struck which fired the train of patriotic indignation. For years it had been an open secret that Sweden was flooded with Russian spies. But early in 1914 the Swedish secret service unravelled the threads of this espionage system, and caught no less a personage than the Russian Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, wife of the Duke of Södermanland, second son of Sweden's King! Exactly what was discovered we

of course do not know, but the charges must have been both well-founded and serious, for Maria Pavlovna was incontinently shipped back to Russia and divorced immediately thereafter.

The effect of this disclosure may be imagined. A wave of wrath rolled over Sweden from one end to the other. On February 6 thirty thousand peasants, representing every province, marched in solemn procession through the streets of Stockholm and petitioned the King to put the country in a proper state of defense. This demonstration was deeply significant. The Swedish 'peasants,' a particularly fine class of freehold farmers akin to the old English yeomanry, have played a prominent part in Swedish history, and have always been considered the backbone of the nation. The Socialists, it is true, countered with a pacifist parade, but the affair fell flat and merely provoked a second patriotic demonstration of the United Swedish students organized in the 'Union of Upsala,' while three hundred thousand Swedish women petitioned the King to establish universal, long-term military service and implored him not to send untrained to battle their husbands, sons, and brothers.

The crisis now reached its climax. In his reply to the students' demonstration King Gustaf promised to do his utmost to further the patriotic cause. This infuriated the Radical-Socialist deputies, who charged the King with abusing his prerogative by thus implying that he condemned the policy of his ministers. Violent scenes occurred in Parliament. Deputies denounced 'personal rule,' and in extreme Socialist quarters voices called for the Republic. Premier Staaff requested the King to explain away his words, and when King Gustaf refused, the Staaff cabinet resigned and appealed to the country.

The spring elections, however, showed that Sweden approved the princi-

ples and attitude of her King. In the new Parliament the Conservatives had a working plurality. The outbreak of the European war thus found Sweden in patriot hands. That the tide of national feeling continues to rise is shown by the fact that a network of women's rifle-clubs is spreading over the country; at this hour a large portion of Sweden's womanhood is learning the use of weapons and the rudiments of military drill.

One thing must have greatly heartened Sweden in her bold facing of present perils, — her reconciliation with Norway. Fortunately for both countries the hostility of 1905 was not of long duration. A little sober reflection showed Sweden that she and Norway must stand or fall together; that Russian annexation of Tromsö would spell the ultimate doom of her own northern provinces.

As to the Norwegians, now that their country was at last their very own they became more jealous of its integrity, while the course of European politics soon made this integrity increasingly uncertain. The instrument of 1907 was in some respects less satisfactory than the treaty of 1855. It contained no explicit obligation of foreign aid in case of violation, and it did not textually forbid indirect encroachments, such as a Russian ninety-nine-years 'lease' of Tromsö on the Port Arthur model.

What disturbed Norwegians most, however, was the feeling that they could no longer count absolutely upon England. The Persian affair made a very bad impression. England had guaranteed Persia's independence and integrity as explicitly as she had Norway's. And yet, to keep Russia in line against Germany, England now abetted the Bear in virtually wiping Persia from the list of independent nations. Suppose that some fine day Russia

should name a lease of Tromsö harbor as the price of campaigns in Germany! Might not England yield, as she had capitulated over Persia? Like Sweden, Norway began to feel alone in the world, and, since misery loves company, old feuds quickly vanished before the consciousness of common interests and race-identity. In the spring of 1914 the dead past was formally buried by Sven Hedin's journey to Christiania and Nansen's return visit to Stockholm, when, amid cheers and ovations, Swedish-Norwegian solidarity was solemnly proclaimed.

IV

And, as the Russian peril has reconciled these ancient enemies, so the European cataclysm seems to be now welding a union of all the Scandinavian peoples. Of course this has been the ideal of northern statesmen for centuries. Only last spring Sven Hedin was preaching this doctrine, though the political corollaries of his plan made it unacceptable to both Norway and Denmark. Ever since the Anglo-Russian reconciliation of 1909, Sven Hedin, like Professor Fahlbeck and many other leaders of Swedish public opinion, has openly favored a German *entente*, asserting that Germany alone prevented a Russian mastery of the Baltic which would spell Sweden's doom. Accordingly Sven Hedin has hinted plainly that his proposed Scandinavian union should be on close terms with Germany and her allies. Here, however, neither Norway nor Denmark could follow. Norway could under no circumstances gratuitously defy England. Not only would such action mean a Russian seizure of Tromsö; it would also bring English cruisers up Norway's undefended fjords, which would literally cut her to pieces.

As to Denmark, a German alliance

would threaten her national identity with slow absorption into her huge southern neighbor. True, since the beginning of the present war, Denmark feels her neutrality more menaced by England than by Germany. Winston Churchill's celebrated 'rat-digging' speech clearly shows England's furious determination to get at the German fleet. A frontal attack on Germany's North Sea coast appears almost an impossibility, but Denmark dreads the day when England's volunteer millions shall be ready to take the field. Just north of the German Schleswig border lies the fine Danish harbor of Esbjerg, — an ideal base for a British land campaign against Germany's naval lifeline, the Kiel Canal. Still, the fact that England may attempt to seize Esbjerg is no reason why Denmark should make such a descent certain by forthwith throwing in her lot with Germany.

From all this tangle of interests and perils what is the lesson for the northern peoples? Obviously, the Scandinavian union apparently foreshadowed by the recent Conference of Malmö. By a mutual guarantee of their respective territories these peoples would do much to avert the perils that now menace their separate identities. All three nations at heart desire the same thing, — the maintenance of strict neutrality. None of them wishes to fish in troubled waters: Swedes and Danes alike realize that Finland and Schleswig-Holstein would be elf's gifts, sure to be lost in disastrous wars of revenge. A united Scandinavia, bent solely on neutrality, however, would be the best guaranty for the peace of the North. The close coöperation of these eleven million people, well armed, full of courage, and known for splendid fighters, should present so stern a front that neither of the coalitions now rending Europe would dare disturb Scandinavia's integrity or vital interests.

THE COST TO HUMANITY

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

I

NOT all the cost of this war will fall upon the belligerent nations. The neutrals cannot escape paying part of the price. 'If we are engaged in war,' said Sir Edward Grey on August 3, concerning Great Britain's position, 'we shall suffer but little more than we shall suffer even if we stand aside.' The warmest admirers of the Foreign Secretary will scarcely quote this sentence as evidence of his statesmanlike insight, but it deserves record nevertheless as an official recognition of a truth too often ignored, namely, that an outbreak of war inflicts severe losses even upon countries that remain at peace. It is an inevitable corollary that any great power engaging in war has a moral responsibility to other powers that is not limited by an exact observance of international conventions respecting contraband cargoes and the like; that, in fact, from enlightened nations in the twentieth century there may justly be required not only a decent respect to the opinions of mankind but a decent regard for the well-being of civilization as a whole. The conventional apology for a so-called 'righteous war' likens it to the act of a householder who defends himself by force against an armed burglar. The parallel breaks down, not only because it begs the question as to who is the householder and who is the burglar, — in war each side regards its opponent as either a burglar or in league with burglars, — but because it leaves out of account the suf-

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ferings inflicted by war upon non-combatants and neutrals. The real analogy is to a feud between two quarrelsome persons who keep up a running fire at each other from the opposite sidewalks of a crowded street.

In some instances the disturbance caused outside the war-zone has been obvious and sensational. The most conspicuous victim has been poor little Holland, suddenly overrun with multitudes of starving and homeless Belgian refugees at the very moment when her own resources are strained to the utmost by the mobilization which is regarded as a necessary measure of precaution. Of the difference the war immediately made to America there is no need to speak here at length. Perhaps the most curious illustration of the Norman Angell doctrine of the mutual dependence of nations is afforded by the hard case of distant Guatemala. Here, if anywhere, one might have thought that the developments of a European war could be watched with as much detachment as the unwinding of a cinema film. But within a few weeks the everyday routine of trade and employment in that remote country was so dislocated that the poor, maddened by hunger, were confiscating the foodstuffs of the wealthy.

For some time after the war is over, our economists will be busy calculating what it has cost the commercial and industrial life of the world. Half a column in a year-book will afford room enough for the sums in plain addition that will show the grand total of direct expendi-

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ture, in men and money, by the combatant powers. This simple reckoning will need to be supplemented by calculations based on other data than official casualty lists and budget statements. But even when expert statisticians have completed their estimates of war's products and by-products, their figures will come far short of an adequate account of the toll levied by the war upon the civilization of our own and following generations.

A single instance will suggest the nature of some of the considerations that can find no place in any statistical table. In August, 1913, the 17th International Medical Congress was held in London. By common consent its most distinguished member was Professor Paul Ehrlich, of Frankfort-on-Main, and its most notable feature was his address on chemo-therapy, with special reference to his famous remedy, salvarsan, 'the discovery of which,' said the *London Times*, 'is the most conspicuous achievement of the day.' Professor Ehrlich himself gives much of the credit for that discovery to a colleague at the Frankfort Physiological Institute, Dr. Bertheim, the greatest recent authority on organic arsenic compounds, without whose researches Professor Ehrlich's success in finding such valuable remedies for the protozoan diseases would have been impossible. Dr. Bertheim was one of the first German soldiers slain in the present war.

In his address to the Congress Professor Ehrlich looked forward to further important developments of chemo-therapy in numerous diseases to which it has not yet been applied, including smallpox, scarlatina, yellow fever, and, above all, the infectious diseases caused by invisible germs. These endeavors will henceforth lack the coöperation of one of the investigators from whom most might have been expected. It is not extravagant to say that the bullet

or shrapnel or bayonet that killed Bertheim killed also an unknown number of future sufferers of all nationalities, whose lives might have been saved by the discoveries he would have made if his career had not thus been prematurely cut short. In the official tables his death is counted technically as a 'loss' to Germany only. Actually it inflicted a loss no less severe upon France, upon England, upon America, and indeed upon every country that profits by the advances of scientific medicine. Was the 'military significance' of getting rid of that one soldier worth to the Allies the price that his death may ultimately cost them? In this case the fact that Bertheim had already made a reputation enables us to realize something of the loss sustained in his tragic end. But there are numerous instances in which, owing to the youth of the victim, who has not yet had time to make his mark, we are scarcely aware that any endowment of value to the world has perished with him. If the war had broken out five years earlier and Bertheim had met the same fate, the loss to medicine would have been still greater, — for there would have been no salvarsan, — while at the same time it would have been unsuspected. And even if Bertheim had been spared, the conditions that surround scientific experiments in the nations at war no longer make possible the patient, costly, and undisturbed investigation which alone can bring Ehrlich's inspiring hopes to fruition.

When they announce the death of a veteran discoverer or inventor, the papers are accustomed to speak of it as a 'great loss' to scientific progress. Actually these terms are quite inappropriate to a bereavement of this kind. When Lord Kelvin died in his eighty-fourth year, science suffered not at all. Had he lived to be a centenarian, the record of his achievements would not

have been lengthened by a single line. The real 'loss' would have been if he had passed away sixty years earlier. In that case his biography in the press, instead of filling several columns, would not have exceeded a paragraph, and the world would never have known what it had missed by the cutting short of his career. In all the reports of the war there is nothing more pathetic than some of the brief obituary notices, published from time to time in the *British Medical Journal*, of young doctors, serving as Red Cross surgeons at the front, whom the wastefulness of war has thrown upon the scrap-heap just when long years of patient study were beginning to bear fruit. We read of one, 'Had his life been spared, there is no height in his profession to which he might not have attained'; of another, that an essay with which he won the prize at the London Hospital 'was regarded as an earnest of a steady outflow of original work in the future'; and of another, awarded the V.C. for bravery in attending the wounded under fire, that he had been investigating the problem of sleeping sickness in Africa and was hoping shortly to bring his work on it to a practical conclusion.

II

The slaughter of a possible Lister or Pasteur strikes the imagination as a particularly hideous incident of the war, but in a minor degree many other casualties reported on one side only are really losses to both, and indeed to civilization at large. The world of scholarship and art and letters is not split up into competitive and mutually exclusive territorial areas. For instance, the death, in the field, of Dr. Max Lebrecht Strack, Professor of Ancient History at the University of Kiel, is not a local or national bereavement only, but makes the republic of learning the poor-

er. It is not German students alone who would have profited by his further researches in Greek numismatics and the other subjects in which he had made a reputation. There will be an appalling list to be compiled presently of Germans of academic or literary distinction who have fallen in this war. Casual newspaper paragraphs that have come in one's way supply such names as those of Professor Hermann Kriegsmann, of Tübingen, a leading authority on criminal law; the jurist, Dr. Karl Kornmann, who had recently been appointed to a full chair at Leipzig; Dr. Heinrich Hermelink, Professor of Church History at Kiel; Dr. Ernst Heidrich, Professor of the History of Art at Basel; Dr. Ernst Stadler (a B.Litt. of Oxford, by the way), Professor of German Philology at Strassburg; Dr. Maximilian Reinganum, Extraordinary Professor of Physics at Freiburg; Dr. Richard von Gizycki, of the Berlin Seminar for Oriental Languages; Dr. Franz Wellmann, director of the Agricultural College at Odenkirchen; Dr. Lattermann, of the Charlottenburg School of Technology; Dr. A. Moller, head of one of the most important schools in Hamburg; Professor Fricke, head of the Hanover Forestry Academy; and Hermann Löns, a distinguished novelist and writer of folk songs.

A dispatch from Paris to a London paper of October 22 reports as a remarkable feature of the French casualty lists the scores of university professors, from all parts of France, who had laid down their lives for their country. Among men known to have fallen while fighting for France are Emile Raymond, not only Senator for the Loire, but a surgeon of distinction; Joseph Déchelette, whose three-volume *Manuel d'Archéologie préhistorique, celtique et gallo-romaine* is described as 'the only approach to a complete repertory of researches and results' on this subject;

Paul Philippe Cret, Professor of Architectural Design at the University of Pennsylvania; Charles Péguy, the leader of a new school in French poetry and criticism; Ernest Psichari, one of Péguy's most brilliant disciples among the younger men; and Alfred Druin, another writer of distinction. Another victim is Albéric Magnard, a musical composer of high rank, whose quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and pianoforte is pronounced by competent authorities to be one of the finest 'wind works' since Mozart's time. M. Magnard, who was living near Paris, barricaded himself in his house when the Germans were approaching, and shot two Uhlans before the entrance was forced. He accordingly paid the penalty imposed by the laws of war on non-combatants who take up arms against invasion.

So far, for obvious reasons, the British casualty lists afford no parallel to these tragic rolls; but the names are beginning to appear of young university men of promise who have met their death in the field.

These are only the first fruits of war's harvest from men whose intellect and training had fitted them for some conspicuous service to humanity. Many who escape alive will return either physically disabled or so shaken mentally by their terrible experiences as to be incapable of any further intellectual work of high quality. A fund of cheering recollections was promised by Mr. Lloyd George to those who responded to his appeal for recruits. Another Verestchagin, no doubt, might hope to bring back abundant treasures of memory as inspiration and material for his gruesome pictures, but life in the trenches offers no such reward to those whose allotted service to humanity is not the representation or interpretation of the morbid and disgusting. In any case, while the war lasts, the employment of

scholars and artists on military tasks suspends altogether their activities in regions where they most excel. The olive and fig and vine in Jotham's parable refused to abandon their fruitful ministries even for the honor of a kingdom. To what a pass civilization has come when it must call away from their work and offer as food for powder such men as Maxim Gorky, who has taken part in several battles in Galicia; Charles Nordman, the editor of the scientific section of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, now serving in Alsace; the French poet, Paul Claudel, also in the field, whose literary merits have so transcended national boundaries that there exist in Germany 'Claudelian' societies for the study of his writings; or Professor Caspar René Gregory, a naturalized German of American birth, now shouldering a rifle on behalf of his adopted country.

An infantry officer at the front has described in a letter home the effect of the shells from the big German guns, which more than once buried whole sections of men in the earth of the parapets. 'Some of them,' he writes, 'took no harm, and we dug them out and used them again. Others died, being torn to fragments.' 'We dug them out and used them again'—that is a phrase to stick in one's mind in reflecting on the employment given by war to some of the finest spirits of our time.

We have not yet begun to realize to what an extent the academic life of Europe is suffering through the war. 'Cambridge is suffering through the war,' says the Cambridge correspondent of the *Athenæum*, 'has been, as a university, practically non-existent.' 'Were I to state,' says the Cambridge correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, 'that, for all the value of the academic work done during this term, term might as well not have been held, I should probably evoke a storm of criticism, but I must

say that, in my opinion, I should not be far from the truth.' Similar reports come from the other British universities. Any one who takes up the new issue of the Oxford Calendar and notes how many names of undergraduates have the note A (Absent on Military Service) appended to their names will see that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's desire to secure 'the cream of the nation' for the war is being amply fulfilled. Amazing figures have been published showing the large proportion of students at Berlin and Paris now under arms. At Heidelberg several professors, unable themselves to go to the front, are taking the place of bank officials who have been called to military service—a respectable and useful function, doubtless, but not one that gives quite adequate scope to the attainments of a *gelehrte*. How scientific research everywhere has been stopped short by the war can be appreciated in some measure from an article in *Nature* of December 10, which mentioned as specific instances the suspension of the international fishery investigations, the interference with the investigation of tropical diseases in Africa, the non-publication of the usual meteorological reports, the cessation of the publication of the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature, and various hindrances to seismological observations and investigations of the upper air. On the continent of Europe and in the British Isles not only colleges and schools, but museums, libraries, and learned institutions and societies of all kinds have to carry on their work as best they can, short-handed. The head of an important specialist library in the north of England mentions incidentally in a private letter that the preparation of his revised catalogue has had to be suddenly suspended owing to the summons of four of his five assistants to the colors. It is only the armament-makers and

the purveyors of supplies for the troops who can count upon unimpaired activity in war-time. In the cultivation of the things of the mind, 'business as usual' is by no means a practicable maxim.

The war seems to have made a special levy upon musicians, both composers and performers. Madame Schumann-Heink has told how, during a performance in which she was taking part at Bayreuth on August 1, a military officer came and took away six of the singers and twenty-two of the orchestra, to mobilize. That interruption appears to be a type of what has happened everywhere in the European musical world. In the lists of musicians serving in the field may be found such well-known names as those of Rachmaninoff, Dohnanyi, Lehar, Fall, Muratore, and Chaliapin. 'Musicians,' says Mr. Ernest Newman in the *Musical Times*, 'may well doubt the sanity of a world in which Kreisler is in arms against Thibaud, and in which it is the business of those of us here who owe some of the finest moments of our life to the great living German composers to do all we can to prevent their pouring out any more of their genius upon us.' Any one who has ever listened to the magic of Fritz Kreisler's playing will indeed wonder at the madness that could find no better use for him than to send him into the field to sleep night after night in the wet grass, and then into the trenches to be ridden over and wounded by a Cossack lancer.

III

At no previous moment in the history of the world has civilization suffered such sore bereavement through the diversion of the highest gifts to destructive tasks. In a minor degree it is suffering further from the pressure of this horror upon the minds of men who

stay at home, deadening their powers of thought and imagination, and inhibiting the exercise of their ripest talents. One hears of artists who lament that they have almost forgotten that they once painted pictures, and of composers who since the war broke out have been unable to write a single bar. Of the deplorable effect of the war upon men of letters who try to use it as a spur to their creative genius one needs no other evidence than Sir James Barrie's pitiful play. Only a passing reference is necessary to the trail of ruin left by the war in the destruction or damage of the literary and artistic treasures that happen to lie in its path. Every war is waged by vandals, and this one not the least. Here, too, anything like a complete estimate of losses is impossible. The most serious are not always those that are most prominent in newspaper dispatches. The burning of a great library attracts general attention, but it may be that the mischief wrought thereby is mainly sentimental. In these days not even an infinitesimal fraction of the great literature of the world perishes when any single collection of books is destroyed. Nothing disappears that would have made any real difference to the welfare of civilization or the advancement of science. Photographic reproductions have made it unnecessary to preserve even some of the rarest ancient manuscripts except for their purely antiquarian interest. It is otherwise when an invader puts to the flames a commonplace private house that happens to contain the accumulated memoranda or the unpublished writings of a thinker or scholar. Yet it is a matter of chance whether depredations of this kind ever become publicly known. Early in December there died in England one of the group of Louvain professors who had accepted the hospitality of the University of Cambridge — Dr. Albert van Gehuchten, a neu-

rologist of European reputation. It was only from an incidental sentence in a newspaper obituary that one learned that the burning of his home by German soldiers had consumed the manuscript records of the last ten years of his work.

'But however deplorable the immediate setback due to the war,' say some, 'compensation will soon be found in the inspiration this world-conflict will give to creative work in art and letters when peace is restored.' Out of the eater comes forth meat. Comforting generalizations are drawn from the masterpieces of Greek genius that followed Marathon and Salamis, and from the indisputable chronological fact that Shakespeare came after and not before the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The theory of the dependence of literary upon military activity is built upon two or three isolated coincidences, and would not survive the test of continuous history. A little reflection will start some awkward questions. If the golden age of Athens was a product of the successful resistance to Persia, why was there no golden age in Macedon also after Alexander's conquests? If, too, the genius of Shakespeare had its birth in national feats of arms, why was he so long in coming? In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries there was surely enough fighting, both abroad and at home, to supply the inspiration required for great works of literature. In comparison with the prolonged struggles of those periods, the Elizabethan conflict with Spain was a mere 'scrap.' The big wars of modern times certainly give this militarist theory no countenance. In America, for instance, the efflorescence of literary and artistic genius that should have sprung from the soil of the Civil War is by this time long overdue. The very people who are most optimistic about the results of the present war are the first to point out

that the world's intellectual debt to Germany has been rapidly diminishing since 1870. For one thing, if a war does arouse literary or artistic genius into activity, it is only, after all, the survivors who can thus be inspired by it. (This truism seems really in need of being affirmed nowadays.) What happened to the earlier Shakespeare that might have been? Quite possibly he was killed at Crécy or Towton. Even the Shakespeare that was would have had less chance of writing *Hamlet* if the struggle between sovereign and Parliament had come fifty years earlier and the more adventurous of the players at the Globe had joined a Bank-side train-band. If we could read the full meaning of the casualty lists appearing daily in the papers, we might perhaps become aware that the death of Sir Philip Sidney was not the final loss sustained by English literature through fighting in Flanders.

However, the activities quickened by a war are of necessity material rather than spiritual. During the period immediately following, the most urgent problem of the nations involved is to regain their means of livelihood, and art and literature are more of a luxury than ever. As Dr. Muck puts it, what Europe will want for many years to come is not music, but houses and food. Those countries especially that have been actually ravaged by the war are suddenly thrown back to a more primitive stage in their development. It is true that in these days the process of recuperation is accelerated by the improved appliances available for rebuilding what has been destroyed, as is illustrated by the recovery of San Francisco from the disaster of 1906; but, at best, to repair the material and physical losses of a struggle on such a scale as the present must mortgage the main energies of a generation. What sustenance can a ruined and desolated

country offer to its Maeterlincks and Verhaerens? Even in lands that have been exempt from invasion the general commercial and industrial dislocation will take years to adjust, and the best brains, as well as the strongest hands, will find engrossing employment in duties that are largely those of a pioneer settlement. The mutual bitterness left behind between nation and nation will be a further handicap to all kinds of intellectual progress. For a long time, to be willing to learn from a recent enemy will be a mark of deficient patriotism. 'French music,' to quote again from Mr. Ernest Newman, 'is still suffering in all sorts of ways from 1870. It is so small because it is so bent on being exclusively French. By its refusal to fertilize itself with the great German tradition it deliberately cuts itself off from permanent spiritual elements in that tradition that would give it a wider range and a deeper humanity. The German tradition in its turn would be all the better for some cross-fertilization from modern France; but again chauvinism intervenes, and new harmonic possibilities are not developed as they might be because they are associated primarily with French music. It is just possible that each of the great nations, swollen with vanity or blindly nursing a grievance, may build round itself a wall more impassable than exists at present; and, if that happens, music will have to wait another twenty years for the new flight that we have all lately felt to be imminent.'

The same danger threatens every form of intellectual activity. The boasted cosmopolitanism of science, of art, and of letters has sustained a blow from which it will take many years to recover.

V

And what of the losses inflicted by the war upon religion? The churches

in every belligerent country are congratulating themselves upon the sudden increase of their congregations and upon the greater responsiveness to emotional appeals. The pressure of anxiety and bereavement has impelled many hitherto thoughtless persons to seek the comfort and support of services of worship and intercession, just as a tornado in Texas will drive a holiday crowd to the shelter of a cyclone cellar. An account of a similar phenomenon may be read in the first chapter of Isaiah. It gave little encouragement to the prophet, and to-day it is a shallow optimism that builds upon such superficial evidence the hope of a permanent religious uplifting. 'History,' writes Principal George Adam Smith in his comment on this passage, 'has many remarkable instances of peoples betaking themselves in the hour of calamity to the energetic discharge of the public rites of religion. But such a resort is seldom, if ever, a real moral conversion. It is merely physical nervousness, apprehension for life, clutching at the one thing within reach that feels solid, which it abandons as soon as panic has passed.' Dean Henson, of Durham, has reason for his forecast that it is the interests not of religion but of superstition that will gain by the present war, and that the tremendous conflict in which his own country is now engaged will strengthen every retrograde and sterilizing influence within the British churches. Fifteen years ago the 'black week' of the Boer War gave a similar stimulus to worship in all parts of Great Britain. But the future historian of religion in England will not note that week as a landmark in any upward spiritual advance. He is more likely to observe that, even by the time the next war broke out, the English churches had not yet recovered the moral influence they forfeited by their condonation and approval of

the war against the South African republics. Whatever flaws may be found in the general argument of Bernard Shaw's pamphlet, his damning indictment of the Christian churches is unanswerable, and there is ground for the fear that the scathing page in which he comments on the ethical collapse of organized religion will be only an anticipation of the final verdict of history. 'Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?'

Less than five years ago, delegates from practically all the Protestant missionary societies in the world assembled at Edinburgh to take counsel how they might combine to use the unparalleled opportunities presented to them in the mission field. This war has shattered the hopes of united action inspired by that unique assembly. Some of the most distinguished members of that conference are signatories to the manifesto of evangelical leaders justifying the action of Germany; the names of others no less prominent are appended to the British reply. To-day there are hundreds of members of the Student Christian Movement to be found in the trenches, some in German uniform, some in British or French. Methodist local preachers are in arms against Bible Society colporteurs. Of the three secretaries of the Y.M.C.A. at Geneva, one is fighting under German colors, one under French, and the third has been called up by the Swiss mobilization order. It is little wonder that Dan Crawford is postponing his return to 'the long grass' until he can hit upon some means of explaining to the African natives why the white men are killing one another when they do not intend to eat one another. In India and China, British and German missionaries have been working for several decades in perfect harmony, coöperating in deeds of mercy and lending one an-

other a hand in times of difficulty and stress. Suddenly the peoples of Asia see these men transformed from friends to enemies on account of a quarrel that has arisen thousands of miles away.

One of the most poignant contributions to the literature of the war is a letter that appeared recently in the London *Challenge*, a new Church of England paper, over the signature, 'An Indian Christian.' He writes as one who desires India to remain within the British Empire and who wishes success to Britain in the present war. But he is deeply concerned as to the effect of it all upon Christian missions in Asia. The difficulty of finance, in his opinion, 'is a very small problem compared with the enormous burden of proof that, in the eyes of the enlightened spiritual Hindu, this war will throw upon European missionaries who come to us hereafter to preach the Gospel of Love.' He is painfully impressed by his observation of the English churches since the war broke out. His criticisms, which are given in some detail, are summed up in his expression of regret that when the State is engaged in an enterprise which at the best is of but doubtful Christian sanction, the Church should find its vocation as the State's advocate rather than as its conscience. He concludes his letter by telling of the 'crushing disappointment' of a sermon to which he listened in St. Paul's near the beginning of the war — a sermon which ended by quoting from a poem which spoke of the 'joyful' sound of the 'rolling drum' and other war delights of old pagan time. 'As I walked home that night, amid the glaring lights and the many khaki uniforms, threading my way through that great throng that seemed continually to pour out of the cathedral, my thoughts went back for a moment across the seas, to my village home in India, far from the military camps and the Legislative

Council, — pagan, heathen, animistic, call it what you will, — but where they love their neighbors, and, if they hate, they hate with a bad conscience; and I felt that there, at least, in the wide world to-day, Christ could still walk as He walked in Galilee.'

It has been said that we need not trouble ourselves about the effect of the war upon missions: God will look after them. No doubt He will. He fulfills Himself in many ways. And it may be that this war will open a new era in the story of missionary progress. At the Edinburgh conference there was a 'feeling in the air' that we were approaching a time when two important new developments might be expected — when the native Christian churches of Asia would assert their complete independence of the churches of the West, combining in each country into a national church free from denominational distinctions; when, also, Oriental thought, working upon the material provided for it by the Christian revelation, would make a contribution of its own to the rectifying of the traditional Christian theology and Christian ethics. These tendencies will naturally be stimulated if the war should be long drawn out, and, by exhausting the resources of the belligerent nations, should alter the balance of power between the continents, giving Asia the position that has hitherto been held by Europe. But even if this cataclysm, like some other works of the Devil, should turn out in the long run for the furtherance of the gospel, the losses of the intervening period will not be any the less grievous, nor will the ultimate result diminish the shame that the impulse to the new developments should have come not from the faithfulness of the churches of the West but from their apostasy.

There has been much discussion as to whether war is murder. This much

is being proved beyond dispute, that, at any rate, it is an approximation to suicide. Well may Romain Rolland call this 'a sacrilegious conflict which shows a maddened Europe ascending its funeral pyre, and, like Hercules, destroying itself with its own hands.' Each nation justifies its own share in the present struggle on the ground that it is virtually waging a war of self-preservation. If all this is the outcome of a war of self-preservation, one would like to know what form a war of self-destruction would take. 'Your king and country need you' is the patriotic appeal, and those who respond are immediately thrust by king and country as fuel into a burning furnace. As Dr. David Starr Jordan has been showing so cogently, nothing is a greater delu-

sion than the notion that war generates virility. On the contrary, it destroys the best, the bravest, and the most healthy human stock. As long as it lasts, it makes every other interest yield to its imperious demands. Learning, art, literature, science, commerce, civilization, humanity, count as nothing if they conflict with 'military necessities.' And then, when peace returns, it is always a crippled nation, — in this case, one might indeed say, a crippled civilization, — bereaved of men as well as of treasure, that has to apply itself to the appalling tasks of reconstruction. When the lean kine have devoured the well-favored and fat kine, the end of their feast leaves them even leaner and poorer than they were at the beginning.

A COMMENTARY ON HERR DELBRÜCK

BY AGNES REPPLIER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

SIR: —

Professor Delbrück's paper, 'Germany's Answer,' should be of value to American readers as embodying those ideals made familiar to us by Professor Treitschke and General von Bernhardi, — ideals which soft-spoken Germans have endeavored to persuade us are without influence in Berlin. It should also be of interest to American readers as illustrating on a large scale the difference between a statement and a fact. It is a series of assumptions proffered as though they were proved. We are asked to base our judgment, not on

what has occurred, — which we know; but on what might have occurred, — of which we know nothing; not on things done, — which are called evidence; but on things surmised, — which have no legal or logical existence.

Professor Delbrück is *not* soft-spoken. Let me hasten to do him that justice. He says distinctly that Austria cannot 'tolerate the existence of the Greater Servian idea either within its borders or on its frontiers'; that 'it was inconceivable that Austria should content herself with the punishment of the assassins and their accomplices, even on the largest scale'; and that 'the only acceptable redress for the murder of the

Archducal pair was to put an end once and for all to the Greater Servian aspirations,' to demand terms which would place Servia under Austria's 'permanent control.'

This is plain speaking. We may or we may not agree with it. We may or we may not think that three millions of people should be robbed of their national life because a shameful murder was committed at Serajevo, with the possible—but unproved—connivance of Servian officials. Things which are 'inconceivable' to Professor Delbrück are perfectly conceivable to his readers. The amazing—and amusing—statement made by this amazing—and at times amusing—German is that Austria's ultimatum (the most bullying document of recorded history) was born of 'dire extremity,' and was sent in the interests of peace. 'Studied politeness,' he affirms, would have fed Servia's swollen pride, and might have beguiled the Czar into threats from which he 'could not draw back.' After which powerful and conclusive argument, the writer adds serenely, 'We have seen that if Austria had made her demands less sharp, sooner or later the war would have broken out just the same.'

'We'—the readers—have seen nothing of the kind. We have heard, but we have not seen. We have read, but we do not of necessity believe. Professor Delbrück tells us that England refused in this great crisis to act 'as honor dictated,' that she 'suppressed all regard for the common welfare of European civilization.' He assures us that Russia represents 'the most pernicious despotism that the world knows.' But when Germany accuses other nations of despotism and dishonor, we are forcibly reminded of that famous passage in *The Fortunes of Nigel* (unknown, we fear, to Berlin professors), where 'Baby Charles' lays down the

guilt of dissimulation, and 'Steenie' lectures on the turpitude of incontinence. Russia is despotic. We used to call her cruel. But Germany's campaign in Belgium has forever altered our standards of despotism and cruelty. Before its blackness the Slavic sins grow pale. It is a blot which can never be effaced from the scutcheon of the civilized world. It has made the very name of civilization ring like a mockery in our ears.

In defense of this campaign Professor Delbrück marshals his most inconclusive arguments. In defense of this campaign, Germany will be kept busy arguing until the end of time. Only a good cause can sustain itself without props. Why tell us that the conduct of the German Emperor, the Chancellor, the General Staff, 'all very sagacious personages,' 'cannot be logically explained unless they were sure, not only that England would join the ranks of our enemies under any circumstances, but that the united Allies would themselves afterward make their way through Belgium'? Is this considered to be evidence? Can we prove an assertion by offering it as an explanation for somebody's conduct? A robs B. A's behaviour cannot be 'logically explained' unless he were sure that C meant to rob him. Therefore C is to blame.

The plain truth remains that England did not violate Belgium's neutrality, and Germany did; that France did not march her armies across Belgium's frontier, and Germany did; that France promised to respect the treaty she had signed, and Germany refused to give such a promise. How can we argue on the basis of what might have happened, instead of what has happened? The one, like paternity, is a matter of conjecture; the other, like maternity, is a matter of fact. And when Professor Delbrück asks us proudly, can we credit his 'sagacious personages' with a

blunder, we answer humbly and truthfully that we can.

As for the naïve regret that Germany found it impossible to secure both the moral advantages which would have been hers had she kept her plighted word, and the material advantages which accrued to her from breaking it, this is expressed with Teutonic simplicity.

So, too, is the confident assurance that Belgium violated her own neutrality, which has now become the rallying cry of German apologists. Because a little nation, weak but not blind, entertained reasonable misgivings, and planned, to the best of her ability, to defend herself, should these misgivings prove well-founded, she is now accused of being the original aggressor in the quarrel, of muddying the water when the wolf came down to drink. Why, asks Professor Delbrück triumphantly, had Belgium built her forts on the German, and not on the French border? 'Is a country lying between two unfriendly neighbors, and taking military precautions against the one of them, and not against the other, in reality neutral?'

'Two unfriendly neighbors!' It is

candid in Professor Delbrück to admit Germany's unfriendliness; but he has no warrant in assigning the same attitude to France. Belgium saw the German strategic railway, with its admirable equipment, built to her frontier. Had she neglected to fortify that frontier, she would have been criminally improvident. When an armed house-breaker plants a ladder against our front wall, we do not run and barricade the back windows.

The final paragraph of 'Germany's Answer' invites a final word of comment. 'We, in Germany,' says Professor Delbrück, 'have the firm conviction that it is not for our own independence alone that we are fighting in this war, but for the preservation of the culture and freedom of all peoples.'

This is more than the world asks at the Kaiser's hand. Most nations prefer to look after their own culture and freedom in the fashion which suits them best. And if the present condition of Belgium, starved, outraged, broken on the wheel, is a sample of the culture and freedom which are Germany's gift, we Americans pray Heaven to preserve us in ignorance and slavery.

AGNES REPPLIER.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE TENDENCY TO TESTIFY

PEOPLE and periods sometimes think strange things about themselves. I am constantly astounded by the contrast between my view of my friend and his view of himself. Tact is the bridge that spans the chasm between a man's opinion of himself and his neighbor's opinion of him. In truth each opinion suffers from the lie of the label. There is nothing so volatile as human personality, yet it has a passion for ranging itself in bottles on a shelf, each with its little gummy ticket. If the peril of the pigeon-hole is great for the individual, it is even greater for a whole period, which is but the aggregate of personalities, each of them only a breath, a vapor, the shaping of a cloud.

One of the largest, loudest labels with which we placard the present age is its irreligion. Because we don't build cathedrals? But let any one of us look about into the hearts of say twenty of his immediate friends: are there no churches building there? As for me, I am quite dinned by their hammers, and often, when I want to steal into some one's soul, for a little quiet communion, I am incommoded by the obtrusive scaffolding. No religion? Never so many religions, and from that very fact, never so genuine. Obviously, if you make a religion yourself, it's your business to believe it. There is an analogy between clothes and creeds: you wear with a different air those your father has bought for you and those you have earned for yourself.

I do not find people indifferent to religion, I find them profoundly responsible for it; my friends stand each at

the door of a temple exacting tribute, although there is not one who would not be horrified by the blatancy of the metaphor. They do not call themselves religious, but they do call to me to come in. The trouble perhaps is with my listening ear. I was born with it, and without my will, or knowledge, it has become an inconveniently obvious appendage. It takes a great deal of time to have a listening ear. It has heard so many creeds of late that I must perforce counter-label this irreligious age devout. I am not inventing the list, and I do not believe the variety among my acquaintance exceptional, — Neo-Hellenic, Neo-Hebrew, Catholic, Christian Scientist, Episcopal, high, hot, and holy, Episcopal, low, hot, and holy, Swedenborgian, Baptist, Presbyterian, and, latest, a sect that scorns a name, but that I would call Destinarian. Miss Sinclair is of this communion, for, in *The Three Brontës*, does she not call upon Destiny to account for every mystery of those three strange lives? The religion of the Destinarian consists in not having one, yet not one of my friends pronounces so reverently the name of deity as my friend of this no-faith murmurs the word, Destiny. 'It is ordained,' she says of some circumstance, and says it with awe, the humility before omniscience with which the Hebrew prophets spoke his name Jah.

There they stand, my twenty men and women, beckoning me to the doors of their temples; and yes, of course, I go in; it saves argument. I go into each and each friend is so busy pointing out the architecture that no one ever notices when I slip out, out into the open. When one stops to think of it, it

is curiously old-fashioned and orthodox, the open, whether it is sea or sun. The planets are conspicuously conservative, but the morning stars still sing together.

Now, not one of my friends here listed is that good old-fashioned work of God, a shouting Methodist, and yet, in effect, there is not one of them who is not exactly this. As a child, I attended camp-meetings, I heard people testify. The tendency to testify is older than camp-meetings, and it will outlast them. To-day, though long grown-up, I find my friends still shouting their experiences, I find myself still the shy and wondering congregation. As in the word 'camp-meeting' there is military reminiscence, so the 'professor' is lineal descendant of *miles gloriosus*, his survivor in the church militant. A puzzling number of people still like to exhibit their scars; a larger number like to exhibit the particular philosophic armor by which they — by implication — win in the battle of life still ever merrily waging. But he who shows a scar deserves another, and no sword ever equally fitted two hands.

It is the implication that I resent in all testifying, — super-sensitive doubtless. I do not want to be converted. I grow shy and secret when I suspect my friend of wanting to remodel me to the pattern of his creed. The most perilous thing in friendship is to let a friend know that we want to reform him. The very essence of friendship is in the lines,

Take me as you find me, quick,
If you find me good!

and in a recent dedication to one who was 'Guide, philosopher, *but* friend.' In all testifying, there is an implied 'Copy me,' which our own skittish *ego* resents. We all incorporate in ourselves our friends' virtues, but only those of which they are most unconscious; whereas people are always conscious of their battles; they always want to talk about them; and yet how many different ways

there are of winning the same battle. If I admire your bravery, I may copy the creed that created it, but you need not hold up that creed for my inspection, for it is you yourself who are under my inspection. You are your sole argument, you need no testifying.

I have been much talked to of late, and much talked at. I have seen the fanatic spark in eyes that would have been aghast to know its presence there. Once upon a time there was only one church, and excommunication from that was a simple and straightforward matter; it can hardly be an irreligious age when one can feel, in listening to the testimony from the score of temples one's friends have built, that one is in danger of being excommunicated from all twenty. But better excommunication than that, entering and accepting, I, too, might feel called upon to testify.

I, too, *could* testify, — I, a mere sun-worshiper. I could point out the vaulted sky of my private chapel, most ancient and most orthodox. I could repeat for you the liturgies the wind has made, much the same that it chanted for Moses on Sinai; for are any of your creeds so new, my friends? I could point out to you altar-lights genial and tolerant, the taper-flames of stars. There was once One long ago who went to the mountain for prayer, for there is nothing new about the temple of out-of-doors; but if I, its worshiper, do not carry forth some peace from its great silence, some joy from its godly mirth, then would not even any infinite temple shrink to the size of words, if I should testify?

A LAMENT FOR HISTORY

THIS, they say, is the age of science, of reason, of intellect. The unforgivable sin to-day is to be unscholarly. Therefore our 'young barbarians' are brought up in intellectual schools and

taught by scholarly methods until no doubt they are all being moulded into little Gibbons, Spencers, and — I had almost said Macaulays. Never! They are not even allowed to read him; he is far too inaccurate. We can thank a merciful Providence that most of us will have vanished from our easy chairs, our fireside corners, and that our Scott, Dickens, and Macaulay will be closed to us forever, before this scholarly generation will have mastered the earth. Now, however, we watch them from the ingle-nook as with perfect concentration they learn their morning's lessons, and the sentiment that stirs us is not envy, it is pity. How much they miss!

Do you remember the school histories? And have you seen a recent one? The contrast is enough to make the warmest blood run cold. The romance of history has all been investigated, the searchlight of science has been turned upon it, it is all 'wede away.'

There was a little Irish girl once, who was learning about the Battle of the Boyne. She was asked if the Irish had been completely subdued. Her dark eyes flashing, she sprang from her seat and cried, —

'The brave Hamilton, when brought before the King and asked if the Irish would fight again, replied, —

"Upon my honor, I believe they will!"'

That was fifty years ago, and the teacher of that time controlled her mirth with difficulty. The teacher of to-day would not be moved to mirth; she would just quietly faint at the shock of such enthusiasm. But the children of to-day have never heard of the brave Hamilton and his spirited reply; it is doubtful if they even meet the Battle of the Boyne; their minds are certainly not burdened with the famous 'Change leaders, and we'll fight the battle over again.'

Many of my generation were introduced to United States history by a little canary-colored book that fairly bristled with romance. Who that studied it can ever forget the Pilgrim Fathers and their landing on a 'stern and rock-bound coast'? Or Pocahontas flinging herself upon John Smith? Or the storming of Quebec, with Wolfe floating up the river quoting, —

'The pomp of heraldry, the boast of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave,' —

and saying he would rather have written that than won all his victories? The next day he was dead on the plains of Abraham. Or the blood-curdling tale of Hannah Dustin? Or the terrors of King Philip? And with the Revolution came the 'wonderful ride of Paul Revere,' the bell that broke its heart proclaiming Independence, the thrilling tale of Lydia Darrach. A little later the pirates of Tripoli were described in all their awfulness, to be followed by Francis Key watching the 'star-spangled banner' by the light of 'bombs bursting in air' of the attack on Baltimore. Then came Barbara Frietchie of the 'old gray head' and dauntless valor, the 'Yankee cheese-box on a raft,' 'Sheridan twenty miles away,' while the description of Lee at Appomattox left us all with wet eyes, only to be dried by the rage inspired in us by Booth's 'Sic semper tyrannis.' To be sure, even the incurable romanticist of this canary-colored volume could not do much with the politics and labor troubles that follow. The Ku-Klux-Klan was omitted as being probably too spooky for our childish imaginations, but the station at Washington was thoroughly blood-stained by Garfield's wounds; the theory being no doubt that, blood being natural, we could assimilate it with only a healthful amount of horror.

Where are they all, that stirring band? You will look in vain for them in the pages of the 'latest and best history of the United States for young people.' Pocahontas, Hannah Dustin, Barbara Frietchie, Lydia Darrach, even in this day of Feminists, are with the 'snows of yester-year'; the Pilgrim Fathers are there, of course, together with Wolfe, Paul Revere, the Monitor, Sheridan, Lee, Booth, and Garfield, but 'Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.' The Pilgrims say never a word of the 'rock-bound shore,' Wolfe is a 'young English general' intent on strategy and quite above poetry, Paul Revere is a 'Boston Patriot,' the Monitor is described from the point of view of naval architecture without any Kipling touch, Sheridan is barely mentioned, Lee surrenders without a qualm, Booth shoots Lincoln without the help of oratory, and Garfield is shot without the addition of a single gory detail. Worst of all, we are told with care how the bell was cracked ringing for the death of a half-forgotten Chief Justice.

'O tempora! O mores!' These modern children explain to you the development of a nation; they can point out to you the reasons for democracy, the influence of the French Revolution on modern thought, the merits of Labor *vs.* Capital; but their eyes never flash, their voices never change; it is science they relate to you, not history.

A teacher, who recently found a pu-

pil of hers in tears over the bombarding of Fort Sumter as described by the latest historian, was divided in her mind as to whether she was dealing with overwrought nerves (yes, they have them even in school nowadays), or an imagination that suggested Carlyle or Poe, which in the last analysis comes to the same thing.

Once, in my wanderings through the recesses of the College Library, I came upon a stout volume labeled *Cinderella*, from the annals of the Philological Society. It seemed an odd society to be dealing with fairy tales, but as the book looked fat and promising and as I have an incurable love for fairies under any guise, I opened it. What greeted my horrified eyes? There, in little paragraphs, with every interesting detail left out, was the story of Cinderella, first as the Finns tell it, then as the Swedes tell it, then as the Norwegians, the Danes, and so on through all the people of Europe. There was never a word about her golden hair, or the radiance of the Fairy Godmother, or the sparkle of the glass slipper, or the unspeakable characters of the haughty sisters, or the marvels of the ball, or the beauty of the Prince. It was the bare bones of the fairy tale picked clean, and a woman had done it. I think of this terrible book when I see the children learning history. The eagle glance, the ringing voice, the essenced hair, the curled plume, the doublet and hose, all are gone; only the ghastly skeleton remains.